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PETER AND POLLY

IN SPRING • IN SUMMER • IN AUTUMN • IN WINTER

COMBINED EDITION

AND

STORIES OF
AMERICAN DISCOVERERS
FOR LITTLE AMERICANS

BY

ROSE LUCIA

Published in 1983 by
KELLOGG-HUBBARD LIBRARY
135 Main Street
Montpelier, Vermont 05602

Printed at
CAPITAL CITY PRESS
Montpelier, Vermont 05602

FOREWORD

This re-publication of the "Peter and Polly" series is a memorial to its author, Miss Rose Lucia. She wrote the books over seventy years ago, but it has been learned that children today still enjoy them.

Rose Lucia was born in Vergennes, Vermont, in 1874. She died in 1938 after a long life of teaching primary school in Montpelier and as Supervisor of Rural Schools in Vermont. Teachers and children were always glad of her visits. The designation of rural schools as either Superior or Standard was her brain child.

Paul Willard and his sister, Cecile, of East St. Johnsbury, were the basis for the book characters Peter and Polly. Marcus Hovey, also of East St. Johnsbury, was the prototype for Farmer Brown. The East St. Johnsbury home of Rose Lucia's lifelong friend, Caroline M. Griswold, and adjoining farms and brook provided the locale for the stories.

A friend suggested the re-publication of these long out-of-print books and I agreed to finance the project, making "Peter and Polly" come alive for the children of today. The Trustees of the Kellogg-Hubbard Library of Montpelier voted to see the task through.

E.B.L.
1983

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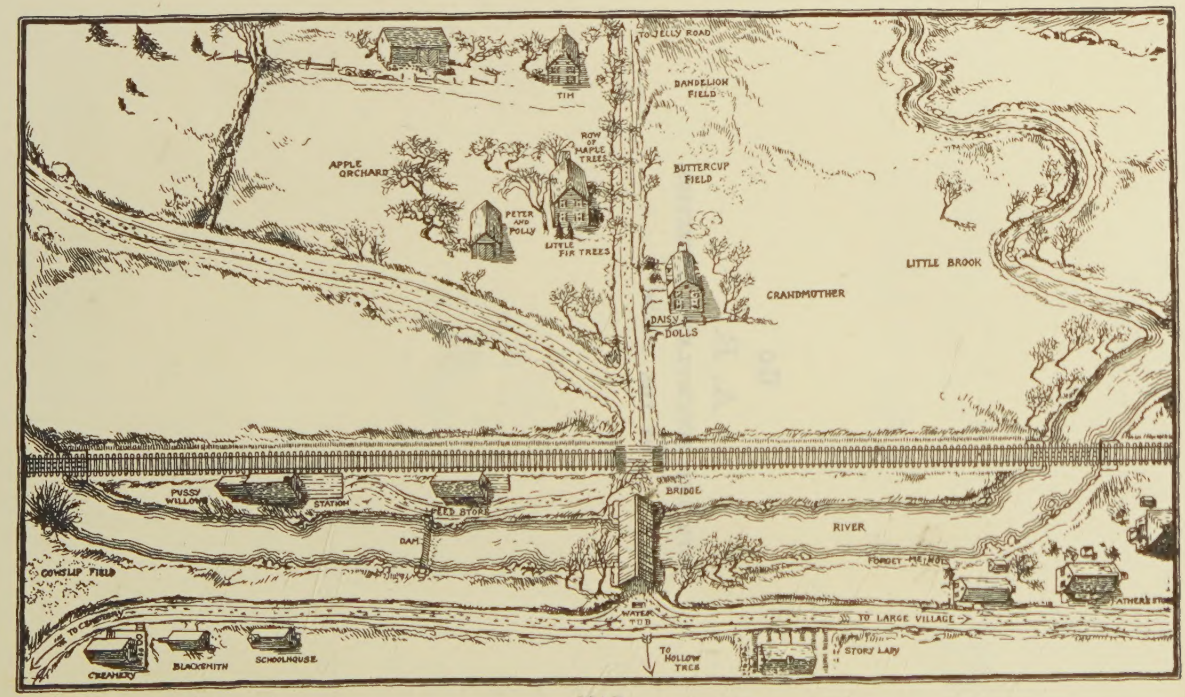
To

A. B.

WITH THE ACCUMULATED AFFECTION

OF THE YEARS



Frontispiece

MAP

PETER AND POLLY IN SPRING

BY

ROSE LUCIA

PRINCIPAL OF THE PRIMARY SCHOOL
MONTPELIER, VERMONT
AUTHOR OF
"PETER AND POLLY IN SUMMER"
"PETER AND POLLY IN WINTER"

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO

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PETER AND POLLY IN SPRING.
E. P. 11

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". . . All the living staircase of the spring, step by step, upwards to the great gallery of the summer — let me watch the same succession year by year."

— Richard Jefferies.

PETER AND POLLY IN SPRING

PETER AND POLLY

This book is about Polly Howe when she was eight years old. It is about her brother Peter, too.

It is about Wag-wag. He is Peter's dog. And about Brownie. She is a pony. Then there is Tim, a little boy who lives near Peter. Tim's dog is named Collie.

Look at the map in the front of this book. It will show you where all these people live.

Do you wish to know what Peter and Polly play? If you do, you must read these stories.

Peter and Polly live in the country. There are no tall buildings near their house. There are no crowded streets in their village.

But there are many trees along the streets. There are large fields near the houses. And there are hills all around.

In the spring the fields are yellow with buttercups. In the summer they are green with tall grass. In the winter they are white with snow.

It is very, very cold in the winter. The snow is deep. Sometimes it covers the fences.

Peter and Polly like to play in the snow. They like to build snow forts and to make snow men.

But Polly is glad when the snow melts. She knows that spring is coming. She watches for the first birds to come back. She looks for the first flowers.

One day she said to father, "I have a hole in my rubber boots."

"That will not do," said father. "We must mend it, if we can. If we cannot, you must have a new pair.

"It is nearly spring. Soon the roads and the sidewalks will be wet."

"Yes," said Polly. "All the snowflakes will turn into water fairies again. Then they will run away to their homes in the brook.

"We can go fishing and wading. We shall not have to put on so many clothes. I shall be glad of that.

"Peter likes winter best. But I like spring and summer."

"Sugaring comes in the spring," said Peter. "I like that. May we tap our maple trees, father?"

"Yes," said father. "I think this will be a good sugar year. Perhaps you can make enough sugar to keep you sweet for a long time. You may try."

THE DOG ON THE ICE CAKE

One morning father called, "Wake up, Polly! Wake up!"

"I am awake, father," said Polly. "Why?"

"The ice on the river is breaking. After breakfast we will go down and watch it."

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Polly.

Peter said, "Then we can't skate any more."

"We have not skated for a long time, Peter. I am glad that the ice is breaking. It cannot be spring with ice on the river. And I must have it spring soon."

After breakfast, father said, "Now we will go and stand on the bridge. The water is taking the ice down the river. We will watch the cakes."

"What a noise the water makes, father," said Polly. "See, there is a big cake of ice coming over the dam. And there is another and another."

"Yes," said father. "They are coming fast now. The ice above the dam is all broken into cakes. Those will soon be gone. Then the ice from up the river will come."

"The water is high," said Polly. "Last spring it was just like this. I remember it."

"Watch," said father. "Can you see anything besides the ice?"

"Look, look!" cried Peter. "On that big cake! I can see a barrel. And there is a box."

"I see some logs. They are floating in the water," said Polly.

"There is part of an old sleigh," said Peter.

"Now let's walk up the river above the dam, children," said father. "The water was over the road in one place. It brought big cakes of ice nearly to the road."

"Is that up by the cowslip field?" asked Polly.

"Yes," said father. "And your cowslip

field is full of ice cakes. They are floating around in the water that was left by the river."

Just then some one shouted, "There's a dog! There's a dog! He's on an ice cake!"

Peter and Polly looked. Yes, there was a small black puppy. He was on a large cake of ice. He was floating down the river toward the dam.

"That will never do," cried Mr. Howe. "He must not go over the dam."

Mr. Howe ran to the bank of the river. He called to the dog. He whistled to him.

The dog heard. He ran all around the

edge of the ice cake. He looked at the water. He almost jumped in. Then he turned back.

"Come, come, old fellow," called Mr. Howe. "Come here, sir, come here."

Again the dog ran around the ice cake. He wished to jump into the water. But he did not dare.

"O father, get him," cried Polly. "He'll be killed, if he goes over the dam."

Just then the ice cake came nearer the shore. It moved very slowly for a minute.

"Now, old fellow, come here," called Mr. Howe. And he snapped his fingers and whistled again.

Then the dog made up his mind to jump. Down he went into the cold water. In a minute more he was near the bank. Mr. Howe stepped into the river to pull him out.

"Lucky dog," he said. "You almost went over the dam. Here, children, take him home quickly. You must let him dry by the kitchen stove. Keep it hot.

"To-morrow he may come with me to the store. Some one will see him who knows where he belongs."

THE ICE-CAKE SHIPS

The next day father and Peter and Polly took the strange dog to the store. But he did not wish to stay there. He wished to follow Peter and Polly.

When they left the store, he whined and whined. He scratched at the door, too.

"Do you really wish to go, old fellow?" asked Mr. Howe. "You are nothing but a puppy, anyway. Of course you would like to play with the children."

He opened the door and called to them.

Out rushed the dog. He jumped around Polly and barked. He took her hand in his mouth and pulled her along. He tried to show her how glad he was to be with her.

"It's all right," said father. "I think he may go with you. Just keep an eye on him. Good-by."

"What shall we do?" asked Peter.

"Let's go up the road," said Polly. "Let's see if the ice cakes are still in the cowslip field. Shall we?"

Soon they came to the field. Yes, there were the ice cakes. There were many of them. Some were large, some were small.

The water had gone down and left them in the field.

"Will they stay all summer?" asked Peter. "If they do, we can get our ice right here. That will be nice."

"Of course they won't, Peter. They will melt by and by.

"Little doggie, did you like your sail on the ice cake? Do you wish to try it again? Come up on this one with me. We will play that we are sailing down the river."

"I wish that Wag-wag were here," said Peter. "Then I should have a dog to go sailing with me. This is my ship. It is bigger than yours."

Peter's ship was a very large cake of ice. It had tipped up on its side against another cake.

It was slippery. Peter had to try many times before he could climb to the top.

Then he called, "Look at me, Polly! Look at me!" And he sat down and slid to the bottom of the cake.

"I am going to find one to slide on, too,"

said Polly. And she walked about among the ice cakes.

All at once she shouted, "Come here, Peter. Come here quickly. Here are some ships really in the water! What fun if we can get on them!"

In the lowest part of the field there was a small pool of water. In the water were two ice cakes.

Peter waded into the water. It was not deep. He climbed up on one cake. He slipped as he climbed. But he did not slip into the water.

"See me, see me!" he called. "Come on the other one, Polly. It is fun."

"I will," said Polly. "But first I shall get a stick. We can poke with it. Then we can play that we are really sailing around."

Soon she found a stick. Then she waded to the other cake. She put one end of her long stick on the bottom of the pool. She pushed with it.

She was almost sure that her cake moved a little. It was great fun.

The puppy did not think it fun. He wished to sail, too. So, at last, he waded out to Polly's cake. She pulled him up on

it. He shook himself. Then he sat down. By and by he began to shiver.

"Oh, dear," Polly said to him, "are you cold? Why did you go into the water?

"Now I must take you home. You must be warm and dry. Why don't you wear rubber boots, too? Then you could wade in the water."

"I don't wish to go home," said Peter. "You go."

"Oh, please do, Peter," said Polly. "We can come back this afternoon."

When they went back, what do you think they found?

The water had gone from the pool. The ice-cake ships were fast in the mud.

PUSSY WILLOWS

"I had some fun in school to-day," said Polly. "I am going to show Peter what it was, mother. It was about pussy willows."

"Are pussy willows out yet?" asked mother. "It seems very early."

"Oh, yes," said Polly. "We have had many in school. I know where to get large ones.

"Peter and I will go for some now. We will go down by the skating place."

Soon the children were back with many pussy willows. They were gray, furry things. They were as soft as little kittens.

"Shall we put them into water?" asked mother. "If we do, they will keep fresh longer.

"Perhaps the pussies will grow up into cats. Perhaps leaves will come out, too."

"They are really cats now, mother.

Didn't you know? My teacher says that they are willow catkins.

"And I know that they will lose their fur by and by. I know that they will grow bigger. They will hang down like tassels."

"Well," said Peter, "what are you going to show me? I do not care what the pussy willows will be by and by."

Polly said, "I will keep these two sticks, mother. We can put the rest into water.

"Now, Peter, let's get our little table. Now get some paper, and pencils, and paste."

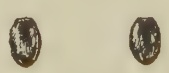
"What for?" asked Peter.

"I am going to show you how to make these pussy willows into cats. I am going to make the cats sit upon a fence."

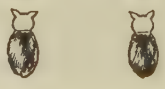
"How can you?" asked Peter. "You haven't any fence."

"I am going to make one, of course. I shall draw it. But first I must make the cats."

She took two pussy willows. She pasted them on the paper like this:



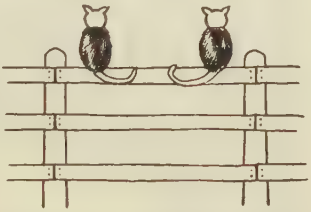
She drew a head on each like this:



After that she drew two tails. The pussy willows then looked like this:

"Now," said Polly, "they cannot sit in the air. I must make that fence. In a minute you will see them sitting on it."

And she drew the fence so that it looked like this:



"There are my pussy willows," she said. "You see that they have turned into cats. You see that they are sitting on a fence, too."

"I wish to do it," said Peter. "See, mother. Can you make them?"

"Perhaps I can," said mother. "But you try now. If you children will make five good ones, we will have a party. We will invite grandmother to supper."

"May the cats come to the party, too?" asked Peter.

"Oh, yes, Peter. Put a cat at each place at the table. Put our names on our cats.

"I will tell you how to spell 'grandmother,' if you do not know, Polly. Now get to work, or it will be too late to invite her."

TAPPING THE MAPLE TREES

Peter and Polly live on a hill. Their house is white. Their barn is red. Around their house there is a large field. This is Mr. Howe's hayfield.

In front of this hayfield there is a row of maple trees. The row goes as far as Tim's house.

One morning father said, "Should you like to tap your trees to-day? I think that the sap might run. The trees are in a warm place."

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Peter and Polly.

"Very well, then. I have plenty of spouts but not enough pails. We will tap as many trees as we have pails. Come on."

He took an auger and went to the first tree. He bored a hole in the trunk. He pounded a spout into the hole. Then he hung the pail on the tree.

The sap would run out of the tree where the hole had been bored. It would run through the spout. Then it would drop into the pail.

Peter and Polly had seen trees tapped before. It did not seem strange to them.

"Father," said Polly, "why won't the sap run in the winter?"

"Most of it is in the roots then, Polly. It is the warm spring sun that makes it go up into the branches.

"There it will swell the buds. It will make them grow into flowers and leaves. But, when it comes to the holes, some sap runs into our pails."

"Then the buds will not have so much," said Polly. "Won't it hurt them, father?"

"We think not. Here is the last pail. Now I must go to the store."

"There is Tim," said Peter. "Tim, come here. See what we are doing."

"Tapping trees," said Tim. "I wish I had some to tap. I asked my father to do it for me. But he would not."

"My father will," said Peter. "Show him where."

"In front of my house," said Tim.

"But some of those are elms," said Polly. "You cannot make maple sugar from those."

"There are maple trees, too, Polly."

"So there are, Tim," said Mr. Howe.

"But they are not sugar maples. They are soft maples. We do not make sugar from them."

"That is what my father said, too. And so he would not tap any for me. He is going to tap all our maple trees on the hill to-morrow. I shall go with him."

Mr. Howe said, "I'll tell you what, Tim. I'll tap the rest of our trees for you. Ask your mother for a few pails. I have no more."

"Oh, will you?" cried Tim. "Then I can have some trees near home, too. I am glad."

Mr. Howe tapped the trees. Then he went to his store.

Tim ran to his house. "O mother," he called, "Peter's father has given me some maple trees. I need buckets for the sap."

"That is too bad, Tim," said his mother. "Your father has taken every bucket that we have. He has taken them up on the hill. They are in the sugarhouse."

"But I must have some, mother. The trees are all tapped. The sap will leak down on the ground. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Here, Tim, why not use these little wooden tubs? Nothing but butter has been in them. I will scald them out for you."

The children took the tubs to the trees as fast as they were scalded.

Peter said, "We cannot hang these on the trees, Tim."

"That is no matter, Tim," said Polly. "We will set them down in the snow. The sap will drip into them just the same.

"Let's all come out after dinner and look into the pails. If the sap really runs, we can gather it."

SALTED MAPLE SUGAR

The sap did not run much that day. But the next day it began to drip, drip, drip.

"It looks like yellow water," said Peter. "Let's all have some to drink."

"I do not like it very much," said Polly. "It is too sweet. I like water without any sugar."

But Peter and Tim thought it was good.

"Let's take it up to my house," said Tim. "We can boil it there."

Polly said, "Then we shall have to carry it uphill, Tim. That is hard. Let's take it all to our house. Mother will show us just how to do it."

"All right," said Tim. "We will boil mine with yours."

Mrs. Howe gave the children a large iron kettle.

She said, "There is not yet enough sap

to boil. We will begin when this kettle is full and there is more in the pails."

By another day there was enough sap. Then the boiling began.

"Why does it turn into sugar?" asked Tim.

"It does not exactly turn into sugar, Tim," said Mrs. Howe. "The sugar is there all the time. But it is mixed with water.

"When the sap boils, the water goes away in steam. Then the sugar is left."

"Yes," said Polly, "and the longer it boils the more water goes away. So the sugar gets thicker and thicker.

"Let's have ours sirup, mother, not hard sugar."

"Very well," said mother. "You may pour in more sap now, children. The kettle will hold more, you see. This sap has boiled down."

"Will it be good to put on snow soon?" asked Tim.

"We shall not make the sirup thick enough for that," said Polly.

"Oh, dear," said Tim. "I should like sugar on snow."

"Your father said that we might have sugar on snow up at his sugarhouse, Tim. Won't that be more fun?"

"Yes," said Tim. "Then I can take this sirup home. I can show it to my mother."

It took many hours for the sap to boil down to sirup. At last it grew thicker and thicker. Bedtime came before it was done.

"I will finish this for you," said Mrs. Howe. "Tim, come down and get your share in the morning."

When Peter awoke the next morning, he thought of the sugar.

"Let's go down and taste it," he called to Polly.

"O Peter, I am not dressed yet. Besides, let's wait for Tim," said Polly.

They did not have to wait long. Soon Tim was at the house.

"How is the sugar?" he called. "How is the sugar?"

"Here is a little in a cup for each of you," said mother. "There is quite a large jar full of sirup. I hope that it is good. I have not tasted it."

Polly and Tim and Peter each took a spoonful.

"Oh," said Polly, making up a face. "How horrid!"

"Mine isn't good," said Peter.

"I do not like mine," said Tim.

"What is the matter?" asked mother. "Are you joking?"

"No, mother," said Polly. "It tastes as if it had salt in it. Has it? You taste and see."

Mother did.

Then she said, "It is horrid. It certainly

has salt in it. But where did it come from? Let me think.

"Tim, what was in those tubs that you used for sap?"

"Butter was, once. But my mother scalded them."

"Then that is it," said mother. "The salt from the butter got into the wood. The sap soaked it out.

"The salt could not go off in steam, so it stayed in the sirup. Never mind. We will get some other pails. Then we will boil more sap."

"I do not care, mother," said Polly. "I think that it is funny. Who ever heard of salted maple sugar?

"Come on, Tim, and take some up to your mother. She will laugh, too."

THE FIRST BLUEBIRDS

One morning father said, "Will you go driving with me, children?"

"Yes, yes, father!" they both shouted. "Where are you going? Tell us fast!"

"I will tell you," said father. "Listen.

"First we are going down the hill. We shall pass our store. We shall keep straight on for about two miles. What shall we see then?"

"Farmer Brown's, Farmer Brown's," cried Polly. "Are you going there? Oh, goody, goody!"

"Do not jump up and down yet," said Mr. Howe. "I shall not stop there. You may, if you wish. But I am going more than two miles farther."

"Oh, that is to Large Village," said Polly. "I should like to go there, too. I

am so glad that now I shall jump up and down. See me!"

"May we drive, father?" asked Peter.

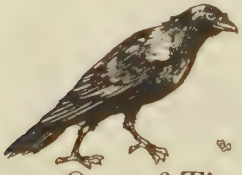
"I think so. But not all the way. The road is getting bad in places. The sleighing will soon be very poor. Be ready when I have harnessed Mary."

They passed father's store. They drove down a long hill. Then the road followed the river. It ran among thick trees.

"This is where there were so many chickadees in the winter," said Polly. "Do you suppose any of them came to our bird baskets? There is one now."

"So there is," said father. "It is almost time for the summer birds to come back."

"I heard crows the other day," said Polly. "They said, 'Caw, caw.' That isn't a pretty song. Is it?"



"It is the very best song that they know," replied father.

"One of Tim's men has a pet crow," said Peter. "He says that he is going to teach it to talk. Can he, father?"

"Isn't a crow talking when it says, 'Caw'? Perhaps the man meant that, Peter."

"Oh, then it was a joke, father. I hoped that the crow would really talk."

"Listen to that noise, Polly. Do you hear it?" asked father.

"I hear the wind in the cedar trees. I hear the river, too."

"No," said father. "Listen again."

"Yes," cried Polly. "I hear it! I hear it! It is a woodpecker. He is tapping with his bill. I have heard him many times.

"I wish to hear other birds now. How I should like to hear a bluebird or a robin this very day!"

"So should I," said father. "And see them, too. But it is a little early yet."

"There is Farmer Brown's," said Peter. "That is where a deer came down from the hill, one day. I wish that I could see one now."

"You thought it was a cow, Peter. You didn't know much, did you? Oh, there is Mrs. Brown."

"Aren't you going to stop?" called Mrs. Brown.

"I am afraid not, to-day, thank you," said Mr. Howe.

And Polly called, "We are going to Large Village. We are looking for bluebirds and robins."

"I hope that you will see some," said Mrs. Brown. "I should like to myself. Good-by." And on they went.

"This is the very place to see them," said Polly. "Once before, I saw them first here. I am going to look hard."

But it was father who watched hard.

Soon he said, "I do believe you are

right. Look, Polly! What is that on the fence?"

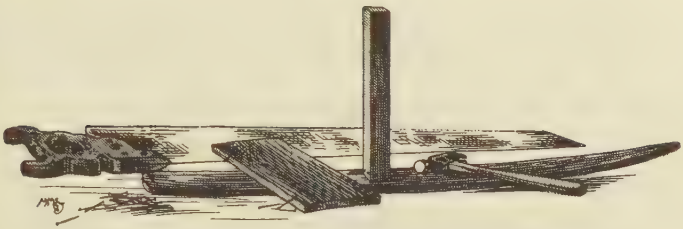
"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Polly. "It is a bluebird! It is! I see its blue back. And there is another and another."

"I hear one sing," said Peter. "It sounds prettier than a crow's song."

"See the lovely color on their breasts, Polly," said father. "I really am surprised. I never saw bluebirds quite so early before."

"We have seen them, haven't we, father? I am so glad. We will look for robins next," said Polly. "I hope it will not be cold any more. What would my poor bluebirds do?

"Perhaps we can see them again as we go home. Anyway we can stop and tell Mrs. Brown about them."



PETER'S JUMPER

"Well, Polly," said father, "you will have your wish soon."

"Which wish?" asked Polly.

"Have you more than one, Polly?"

"Yes, father. But the biggest is about the snow. I wish it to go. I can hardly wait."

"Then I have good news for you, Polly. The snow is going fast. The rain yesterday took much away."

"But, father, it froze last night. It isn't wet any more. It is all icy. That is too bad."

"The sun will melt the ice. Look at your sliding place in the field."

"Bare ground! Bare ground!" shouted Polly. "I can see it! I can see it!"

"So can I," said Peter. "And I am not so glad as you. I like to slide."

"Then let's go out and slide," said Polly. "Let's go before the sun melts the ice. I will use my jumper, not my sled."

"I haven't any jumper, Polly, and you know that. What shall I use?"

"You may take mine half the time, Peter."

"You know that I cannot, Polly. You know that my legs are not long enough."

"Then let's make you a jumper. Maybe father will. Will you, father?"

"I will help," said father. "But I think that you can make most of it yourself."

"I can," said Polly. "I made our snow-shoes, you know. I must have a barrel stave for this, too.

"I must have a little post. Then I must have a little board. It will be the seat.

"The boys make jumpers that way. I have seen them. Sometimes they call them 'scooters.'"

Polly found the barrel stave and the small board. Father sawed a short piece of post for her.

Then he showed her where to nail the barrel stave to the post. After that she nailed the board to the post.

Father put in a few extra nails. He made

the front of the stave rounding. The jumper then looked like this:

"Let me sit on it," said Peter. "Yes, that is just high enough. Oh, thank you, thank you."

"Your scooter needs a brace to make it strong," said father. "If it breaks, never mind. You shall have another next winter."

"I will make my legs grow fast," said Peter. "Then I can have one like Polly's."

The children took their jumpers into the hayfield. Polly had made a track for hers on a hill. This track was now all ice.

They started halfway up the hill. Polly slid to the bottom nicely. Peter was spilled. But he did not care. It was fun anyway.

At last Polly started from quite near the top. But the slide was too icy. She could not keep her balance. She was spilled, too.

"I have slid enough now," said Peter. "I do not care how soon spring comes. I am going up to play with Tim."

"Then let me have your scooter, Peter."

"All right, Polly. Let's see you slide."

Polly started. But her legs were too long. She did not get on very well. Then all of a sudden the jumper broke. Down Polly came on the icy hill.

How Peter laughed to see her slide the rest of the way sitting on the ice!

"Oh, I am sorry, Peter. I will fix your jumper," said Polly.

"But I do not care, Polly. I do not need the jumper. The snow is melting. We shall not slide any more. Now I am going to play with Tim."

HOW PETER AND POLLY PLAYED NEVER-STILL

"I wish spring would hurry," said Polly. "I want to see the green grass."

"It is coming as fast as it can," said father.

"Then I wish it could come faster. I wish the snow could all melt in one day."

"That would make too much water, Polly. There would be a flood. It is better to have the snow melt slowly.

"Why don't you and Peter dig ditches so that the water can run out of the yard?

"You can turn it all into one big brook. You can make this run at the side of the road.

"When I was a boy, we did that in the spring. Then we made dams of snow across our brooks."

"Oh, that is what we will do, Peter. Let's go out now," cried Polly. "I will

put on my new rubber boots. You get the snow shovels.

"Let's play that we are Never-still. He liked to see the brooks run. And he ran beside them, too."

So the children went out of doors. The warm sun was shining. It was melting the ice and the snow.

In many places one could see the brown earth. One could smell it, too.

Polly clapped her hands. "O Peter!" she cried. "See how fast the snow is going. Come on and play in the water."

So they began to build a brook. With their shovels they scraped the soft snow. Soon it looked like two banks of a brook.

Between these banks the water ran. It seemed glad of such an easy way to get downhill.

"Now," said Polly, "we will build more brooks. They will all run into this one. That will make this one larger.

"Then we will take this big brook down by the side of the road. We will make it go past grandmother's house.

"It will run down the hill. Maybe it will find the real river."

"When can we make a dam?" asked Peter. "I should like to do that now."

"Then let's do it now. Here is a good place."

So, across the brook, the children built a dam. They built it of snow. They packed the snow hard.

"The water cannot get through that," said Peter. "Oh, see it spread out. It will make a pond. Now we are the fairies who kept the brooks locked up in the ponds."

"Look out, Peter," cried Polly. "It is running around the end of the dam. Hurry and make that longer. The water will get away if you do not."

Peter put more snow on the dam. Then he waded in the pond. The water was nearly up to the tops of his rubber boots.

Polly said, "Do be careful, Peter. You will get in over the tops. Then you will be wet. You will have to go home to dry.

"Let's get some twigs now. We will play that they are boats. We will put them in the pond.

"Then you may be Never-still. You may break the dam. We will sail the boats down to grandmother's house."

RHODA CAMPBELL-CHASE

"All right," said Peter. "Here are lots of boats. Now shall I break the dam?"

"Yes, now," said Polly.

Peter scraped a hole through the bank of snow. Away the water ran down the road. Away the boats floated, too.

And after them ran Peter and Polly. They splashed through the wet road. They covered themselves with wet snow.

Soon they were at grandmother's. Grandmother came out on the piazza.

She said, "How wet you are, children! What are you playing?"

"We were playing dams," said Polly. "Then we played Never-still. He was a fairy. He let the brooks run down the hills. The other fairies kept them locked up.

"We let them run, as Never-still did. Isn't that a good game, grandmother?"

"A fine game, Polly. It is the time of year for brooks to begin to run. And for children, too, it seems. So run home now, and put on dry clothes."

"Brooks cannot run uphill, grandmother," said Polly.

"But children can, and fast, too. Try it and see," said grandmother. "Good-by."

POLLY'S ROBIN

One morning Polly awoke early. She felt as if something special had waked her. She sat up in bed.

"Oh, dear," she said to herself, "I am too early. No one is up yet. I must go to sleep once more. Why did I wake?"

She lay back on her pillow. She closed her eyes. Then she heard a sound out of doors. It made her sit up again very quickly.

Could it be? Polly looked out of the open window. Yes, it was! It really was!

There in a tree, not far from Polly's window, sat a plump robin redbreast!

He seemed to be looking straight at Polly. She jumped out of bed and ran to the window. Robin redbreast opened his yellow bill and sang a few notes.

"O robin!" said Polly. "You must

have waked me. I am so glad to hear you sing. I like you better than bluebirds. I like you best of all the birds.

"And I know a verse about you. It is this:

"A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
'Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy head!'"

Then the robin opened his yellow bill again. He sang, "Cheer up, cheerily; cheerily, cheer up."

"I do cheer up," said Polly. "You have come back from the South. It is really spring. Soon the grass will be green. Soon I shall go for mayflowers.

"Will you wait until I get dressed? Perhaps I can give you some breakfast."

Polly dressed very fast. She went downstairs. She put on her coat. Then she ran out of doors. Was the robin still there? Had she lost him? Oh, had he gone?

She looked around. The sun was shining bright but the air was cold. In many places the snow had melted.

"It smells like spring," said Polly.

"That is what father says. But where did my robin go? He might have waited for me."

"Cheer up, cheerily; cheerily, cheer up," sang the robin.

"Oh, I will," said Polly. "I see you now. You are in the tree where we tie the bones. You are pecking at one. Is there any breakfast on it for you, robin?"

Just then the robin hopped to another bone. On his way, he stopped to look into a little basket.

This was tied to a branch of the tree. All winter it had held seeds for the birds.

"Why," said Polly, "you know just where to go and what to do. Have you been here before?

"You aren't my robin who stayed a month with me last winter, are you? You can't be my robin, can you? Oh, I wish I knew! I wish I knew!"

But the robin could not tell her. He could only tell her to "Cheer up."

She looked at his fine spring clothes. His breast looked much brighter than the breast of her winter robin. He was plumper, too.

"I do not believe that you flew far South," said Polly. "I do not believe that you had far to fly back. You are so round and fat. Wouldn't you like a nice angleworm now?

"I wish Mrs. Robin would build her nest in our little fir trees. Then I could see her babies.

"But where is Mrs. Robin? Have you left her South? Bring her to breakfast as soon as she comes.

"I shall like you best of all the robins because I saw you first. And I do believe you are my winter friend."

The robin sang, "Cheer up, cheerily; cheerily, cheer up," as loudly as he could. Then he flew away.

STICK-IN-THE-MUD

"Now," said mother, "we must expect mud. After the ice has gone from the river and most of the snow from the roads and fields, there is always mud.

"Will you try to do something for me, children? Remember to scrape the mud from your shoes. Do it always before you come into the house."

"I will try, mother," said Polly.

"And I will try, mother," said Peter.

"You cannot take Brownie out for some time," said father. "But you may play with her in the barn."

"Why can't we?" asked Peter.

"Because Brownie might sink deep down in the mud. How could you pull her out?"

"Would she sink way to the other side of the world?" asked Peter.

"Oh, I think she would stop before she

went as far as that, Peter. But she might get into a very soft spot.

"Then she would be quite muddy. It would be hard to clean her. So we will not drive her for a few days."

"We do not care," said Polly. "We will walk instead."

"Do not walk into the mud, if you can help it," said father. "It is hard to clean you, too."

That afternoon Peter was playing in the yard. He was playing with Wag-wag.

Mother called to him. She said, "Peter, are you big enough to do an errand? I must have some buttermilk. Can you bring it home in this pail?"

"I think so," said Peter. "Wag-wag can help. Good-by."

He crossed the road carefully. The sidewalk was not muddy. He went down the hill past grandmother's.

He came to the railroad tracks. He watched for trains. Polly and he always did this.

On the bridge he stopped. He climbed up and looked over the railing. The water was still high. It splashed on the rocks.

It made a roaring sound coming over the dam. But Peter could not watch the water long. So on he went.

At the creamery he said, "Have you any buttermilk for me to-day?"

"Plenty," said the creamery man. "Give me your pail. Now, if you spill this, as you did in the winter, come back for more."

"Thank you," said Peter. "But I am not driving Brownie to-day. So I cannot tip over."

The man said, "Good-by," and Peter started. He carried his pail carefully.

The river flowed quite near the road.

When he had gone a few steps, he began to watch it. He saw something swimming close to the bank. Was it a muskrat?

"Oh, what is that?" said Peter to himself. "I must see! I must see!"

He stepped into the road. It was muddy. But he did not think of that. He did not even look where he was walking. He was watching the muskrat.

All at once his foot stuck. He pulled it out. Then he looked down. His rubber was fast in the mud.

He said to himself, "I must not spill my buttermilk."

So he set the pail in the road. He took hold of the rubber and pulled that out. But now the foot with the rubber on was deep in the mud.

He took one step and lost this other rubber. He was in one of those soft, wet places. He sank deeper and deeper.

Just then the creamery man came along. He was going to supper.

"Why, Peter," he said, "aren't you home yet? What is the matter?"

"No," said Peter, "I am not home. I think I am going to China instead. Will you please pull me out?"

"Stuck in the mud, are you? Yes, I will pull you out. There you are, and your rubbers, and your pail. You will need cleaning.

"You were a good boy not to cry. Now I have a new name for you. It is Stick-in-the-mud."

"I do not care," said Peter. "You helped me out, so you may call me that. I am sorry that I did not see what was in the water. But I did not spill my buttermilk, anyway."

MAYFLOWERING

At last the snow was gone. All the hills were bare and brown. The mud was drying in the roads.

Near the house the grass was very green.

Then Polly said, "To-day I am going mayflowering. I am going up in the woods on the hill."

"I shall go, too," said Peter.

"All right, Peter. And let's see if the Story Lady will go with us."

The Story Lady lived across the bridge. She was a friend of Peter's and Polly's. It was fun to play with her. She knew stories about everything.

Peter and Polly ran to her house.

"Will you go mayflowering with us, please?" called Polly. "Oh, will you go?"

"Where?" asked the Story Lady.

"Up on the hill back of your house," said

Polly. "It is time for mayflowers. I have seen some."

"Yes, I will. What kind shall we find?"

"Hepaticas," said Polly. "I know an early place. There are white ones and pink ones and dark blue ones."

Up the hill the three went. Peter found the first flower. It was a spring beauty.

"Oh, see, see," he called. "Here are a lot of them. Let's pick these."

"You pick them," said Polly. "You may have all of that kind. I am after hepaticas. I do not like spring beauties very well."

"They are pretty," said Peter. "They are pink. I like them just as well as hepaticas. Besides, maybe you will not find any of those."

"Yes, I shall," said Polly. "If the spring beauties are out, so are the hepaticas. Only they grow in the woods. I am going to see. You stay here and pick."

In the woods the ground was covered with brown leaves. A few green things were pushing up through the leaves. Everywhere there were signs of spring.

"Let us go over by the ledge, Story

Lady," said Polly. "That is my place to find them."

The ledge was steep, but Polly could climb it. Halfway up she gave a cry.

"Oh, come here, come here," she said.

"What is it, Polly? Can't you go any farther?" asked the Story Lady.

But Polly only called, "Come quickly, come quickly," and sat down on the ground.

The Story Lady climbed up as fast as she could. She looked where Polly pointed. She saw many clumps of hepaticas.

"See, see," cried Polly. "My very first ones. Aren't they pretty? This clump is blue. This clump is pink. And see all the white ones."

"Yes, they are pretty," said the Story Lady. "I am glad that I came with you. What funny furry stems they have.

"Dig away the dry stuff from around the blue clump. See if you can find this year's leaves. They are not very large yet."

"I have found them, Story Lady. Oh, there is Peter. Come up here, Peter. We have found the hepaticas. Come up and pick."

Peter started to climb up. One of his hands was full of spring beauties. He could not help himself with it.

All at once he cried, "I'm slipping! I'm slipping!" And down he slid to the bottom.

"Are you hurt?" called the Story Lady.

"No," said Peter. "And I have them."

"Have what?" asked the Story Lady.

"My spring beauties," said Peter. "They made me fall. But I would not let go of them. I shall take them home."

"They will not be so pretty as my hepaticas," said Polly. "See my bunch. See the blue ones. Come on up and pick some."

"No," said Peter. "I shall not pick hepaticas. I like these better. I shall play down here until we go home."

WILLOW WHISTLES

"Father," Polly said, "there is something I wish I had."

"What is it, Polly? Perhaps you may have it."

"I can have it, if you will make it, father. It isn't very hard, if you are a boy."

"I was a boy once, Polly. So what is it?"

"It is a willow whistle. No, it is three willow whistles — a big one, a middle-sized one, and a tiny little one. Will you make them, father?"

"Of course I will, Polly. Do you know where there are any young willow trees?"

"Oh, yes. There are some in front of the schoolhouse. And there are some on the bank of the river."

"Right you are, Polly. Let us go down to our skating place. We will get some willow branches."

"We can get pussy willows, too," said Peter.

"It is too late for them, Peter. Come along and see what has happened to your pussies. You will not know them."

Peter ran to the place where he had picked pussy willows.

"Why, look!" he said. "They have gone. But there is something hanging from the branches. They are long yellow things."

"And on this tree there are long green things," said father. "Your pussies have grown up, Peter. They have changed to yellow and green catkins."

"They were catkins all the time," said Peter. "Polly told me that when we made the cats sit on the fence. But I like them furry better than like this."

"Well, I do not," said Polly. "Fur makes me think of winter. See the little green leaves just coming out.

"And how good the catkins smell, don't they, father? I can smell the willow trees when I am in school."

"They do smell good," said father. "Now we will go home. Here is a willow

whip for you, Polly. And here is one for you, Peter. I will take this long one."

"Yours is as long as my fish pole," said Peter. "See it bend. I shall peel my whip. Shall you, father?"

"I shall take the bark off parts of it. But I must do it carefully. You see, Polly has ordered three willow whistles. I must make them.

"The big one will be cut from this big

end. The middle-sized one will be cut from the middle. The tiny little one will be cut from the tiny little end.

"Now watch me. I shall make each whistle just six inches long. What part of a foot is six inches, Polly?"

"Just half a foot, father. Put the three pieces together. I shall have a foot and a half of whistles."

"So you will, Polly. See, I make a cut in the bark around this big piece. Now I cut the place for your lips.

"Next I must get the bark off the wood. I must not break it. Can I do it?"

"No," said Peter. "Bark is like skin. It will stick unless you peel it off."

"Yes," said Polly. "You can. Tap it with your knife handle. That will make it loose. I saw the boys do it."

"Yes," said father. "That is the very way. We will tap gently, but many times. We must not break the bark. Now it is coming. See, I can pull it off."

"Wet it," said Polly. "That is what they do next."

"So it is," said father. "And now on it goes again. This is a very big whistle,

Polly. Are you sure that your mouth is big enough for it?"

"Oh, yes, I am, father. Please cut the hole where the whistle comes out. Is it done now? Will it whistle?"

"Not yet. I must take off the bark once more. Now I cut away a piece of the wood. Fit on the bark, Polly. Your big whistle is done."

"Blow it! Blow it!" cried Peter.

And Polly blew. It made a very loud noise. She blew and blew. She played that she could make a tune on it.

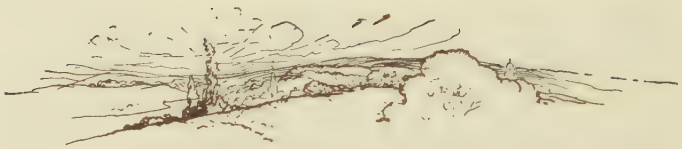
At last mother came out of the house.

"What a loud whistle," she said.

"I am going to have two more, mother. Father is making them."

"I think I am glad that you cannot use all three at once," said mother. "I think I am glad that your mouth is not large enough for that.

"When you are through playing with your whistles, put them into water. That will keep them soft. If they dry up, they will not last so long."



TIM'S JELLY ROAD

"Peter! Peter! Peter!" some one shouted.

Peter was in his yard. He was playing all alone. He heard the call.

He said to himself, "Some one is talking to me. It is not mother. It does not sound like her. It is not Polly. She is in school. Who is it?"

"Peter! Peter! Peter!" came the call again.

Peter ran out into the road. He looked up the hill. There was Tim in front of his house.

He was standing in the middle of the road. His head was thrown back. His mouth was wide open. He was shouting with all his might, "Peter! Peter! Peter!"

When he saw Peter, he waved his arms.

"What is it?" called Peter.

"Come up here! Come up here!" shouted Tim.

"What for?" asked Peter.

"I have something to show you," shouted Tim.

"Some snow?" shouted Peter. "What do you mean? The snow has gone."

"No," called Tim. "Not some snow. Something to show."

"All right," said Peter. "In a minute."

He ran into the house to tell mother. Then he ran up the road.

"Hello, Peter," said Tim. "Are you deaf? I thought that you would never hear me."

"Why didn't you come down then?" asked Peter. "If I had been in the house, I never should have heard. You would have called all day for nothing."

"Well, I didn't, did I?" said Tim. "So my way is easier than your way."

"What have you to show me, Tim?"

"Come on up the hill, Peter. It is there."

The road up the hill goes past Peter's and Tim's. The hill is a mile long. From the top one can see far away.

One can see many lovely hills and mountains. One can see valleys, and rivers running through them.

Peter and Polly sometimes go to the top of this road. Then they play that they can see all over the world.

But to-day Tim did not walk so far.

He said, "We have to go about half-way up. Aren't you glad that the roads are dry? I am. I got into the mud every day.

"But I never got stuck. My father told me about your getting stuck. Ho, ho! Stick-in-the-mud! Stick-in-the-mud!"

"Well, what if I did get stuck?" said Peter. "You cannot call me by that name. No one but the creamery man can."

"All right, Peter. I will not to-day. I wish you to play with me. Some other time I will call you that."

"Some other time you will not, Tim. If you do, you will be sorry. Are we nearly there?"

"Yes, we are right there. Walk along just a little. Now don't you see anything queer?"

"I should say so," Peter said. "The ground is cracked. It wiggles when I step on it. It shakes like jelly. What makes it?"

"That is just what I named it," cried Tim. "It is a jelly road. Jump up and down on it. See me!"

Tim jumped and jumped. Every time he struck the ground it shook.

There was another shaky place in the road just above. Peter found it. He jumped and jumped on that.

"This is the queerest thing that I ever saw," he called to Tim. "How did you find it?"

"I drove up here with my father yesterday. It wiggled when the horse stepped on it."

"I should think that a horse would go down in," said Peter.

"So should I. But ours did not. My father says that the frost makes it so. But he did not tell me how. If it is the frost, why isn't all the ground wiggly, then?"

"I don't know," said Peter. "I shall ask my father. He will tell me everything about it. I hope that it will stay wiggly all summer, don't you?"

"Yes, I do. Then we can show all the girls and the boys. We will show them one at a time. We will bring Polly first.

"You know the walk in front of the schoolhouse? There is a big hump in it. It is a hard hump. My father said the frost made that, too.

"But one of our hired men says that an Indian is buried there. What do you think?"

"Which man told you?" asked Peter.

"It was the one who has the crow."

"Then I do not think that it is so, Tim. He told me that he could make his crow talk, and he never has."

"Oh, dear," said Tim. "I did hope that an Indian was buried there. Let's go down and look at it, anyway."

"All right, Tim. And we will find Polly's teacher, Miss Barnes. She will tell us the truth about it."

"Well," said Tim, "if she tells us that the frost did it, I shall be sorry. I should rather have an Indian buried there."

THE ROBINS' NEST

One day mother said, "I found something this morning."

"What was it?" asked Polly.

"I think that I shall let you hunt for it, Polly. Then, if you cannot find it, I will show you."

"When may I hunt, mother? May I begin now?"

"Yes, now is a good time. Come into the back kitchen."

"Is it something that you have made, mother?"

"No, but it is being made. It is almost done."

"Is it a cobweb? I do like to see a spider spin a web."

"It is not a cobweb. I hope that there are no cobwebs in this kitchen. What you are hunting for is not in this room."

"Then why did we come?" asked Polly. "Let us go where it is."

"No," said mother. "We must not do that. If you look carefully, you can see it from here."

"Then I think I must look out of the window. Is that right, mother? I cannot see much except our little fir trees. They are so near the window."

"You are getting warm now," said mother. "Look again."

"Is it far or near, mother?"

"Very near," said mother.

"Then I will look at our little fir trees again. But I see nothing that is being made."

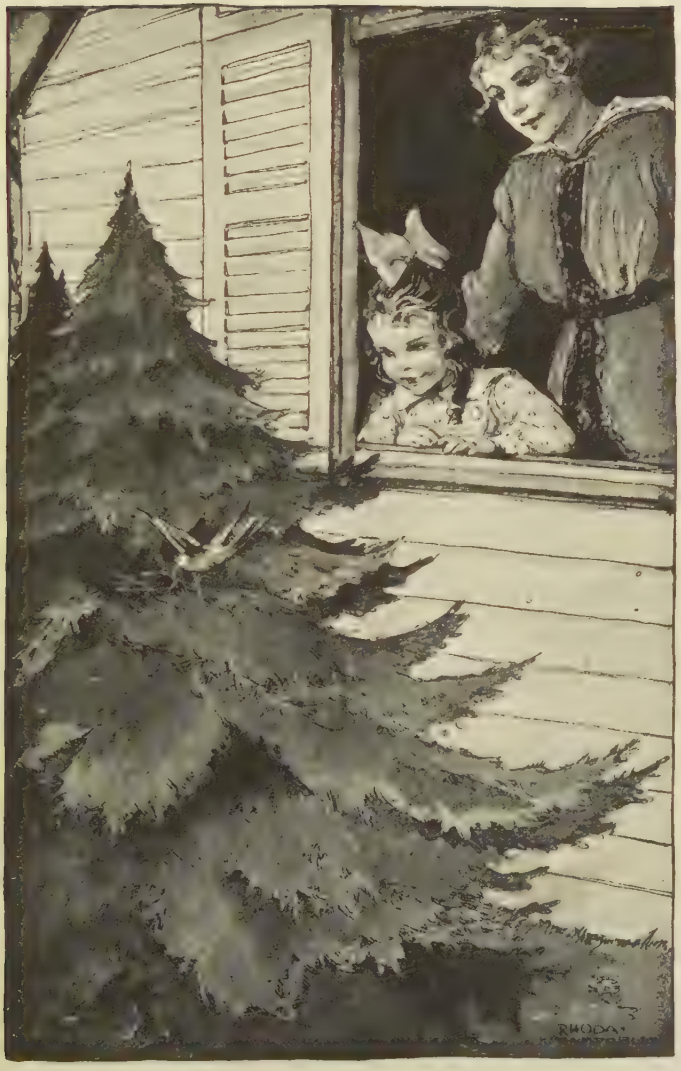
Just then into the fir tree flew a bird.

"Oh, there is Mrs. Robin," said Polly. "She has something in her bill. It is grass, I think. Is she making a nest? Is that it, mother?"

"That is it," said mother. "Can you see the nest?"

"Yes, yes," cried Polly. "Why, it looks all done."

"It is nearly done," said mother. "Watch the robin. Tell me what she is doing."



"She has hopped to the nest," said Polly. "She is putting the grass in it."

"That is for the lining," said mother. "I wish we had found the nest sooner. Then we could have seen her bring pieces of mud. What is she doing now?"

"She is tucking the grass down with her bill. She is working very hard. Now she is getting into the nest. She is turning around and around. She is shaking all over. Why is she doing that, mother?"

"I think that she is making the inside of the nest smooth and round," said mother.

"Now she has gone," Polly cried. "Where is the other robin? Why doesn't he help?"

"Perhaps he did at first," said mother. "But now he sits and sings. The mother robin will finish the nest herself.

"You may watch her whenever you like. If you stand just here, the birds will not see you. But you must not frighten them."

"How long will it take Mrs. Robin to build her house?" asked Polly.

"It will take about two days in all, Polly. We couldn't build our houses so quickly as that, could we?"

The next morning Polly went to look at the nest. The mother robin was sitting in it.

That afternoon she looked again. The mother robin was gone. But what do you think was in the nest? A beautiful blue egg!

The next day there was another. And the next another.

Polly was very happy. She said to mother, "I never saw anything so pretty as those blue eggs. I wish that the nest would be piled full. Will there be more?"

"Perhaps not," said mother. "We must wait and see."

But the next morning when Polly looked she could not see. The mother robin was sitting on the nest.

In the afternoon the bird was still there.

"Oh, dear," said Polly. "Why won't she get off? How many do you think she has laid now?"

"One more," said mother. "I saw it a little while ago. I think that now she is going to stay on her four eggs.

"She is going to keep them warm. By and by little robins will hatch from them."

"How long do you think it will take, mother?"

"I am not quite sure. We must watch and find out. It takes hens' eggs about three weeks."

"Will my poor robin sit there all that time?" asked Polly. "She will get tired of sitting still. I do."

"I think that she can leave the nest once in a while," said mother. "She will go to find food.

"But she must not let her eggs get cold. If she does, they will not hatch."

"Then I hope that she will be careful," said Polly. "Why doesn't the father robin bring her food?"

"Perhaps he will. But I think that he is too busy singing. Go out of doors and hear him."

Polly went. Yes, there was the father robin. He was in an elm tree near by. He seemed to be watching his mate on the nest.

"Are you singing to your mate?" asked Polly. "I wish I knew. I like to hear you sing, 'Cheer up, cheerily.'"

Perhaps robin was singing to his mate.

Perhaps his song meant this:

"How well it is built, our fine, new, round nest.

What beautiful eggs! What beautiful eggs!

They all soon will hatch, I'm sure that they will.

And then we shall have our dear children four.

Oh, happy am I. Cheer up, cheerily."

Polly listened to his song.

Then she said, "Robin, you cheered me up when you first came. Now you are cheering up your mate.

"I think that your song is beautiful. And I am as happy as you."

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE ROBINS' NEST

The next day Polly saw the four eggs herself. The mother bird had gone for food. In a few minutes she was back.

"O robin," said Polly. "Don't you stay away too long. Don't you let your eggs get cold. I wish that I could feed you. But I should frighten you."

On the third day she said, "Is it time now for the eggs to hatch?"

"Not yet," said mother. "We must wait much longer."

So Polly counted the days. When ten had gone, she said, "I am afraid that the robin has let her eggs get cold. I am afraid that they will not hatch."

"Do not be afraid," said mother. "Wait."

In three more days something happened. Three little birds hatched. Polly did not see them when it happened.

That afternoon she went to look at the nest. The mother robin was not there. The blue eggs were not there. But, at the bottom of the nest, something moved a little.

Polly ran to find her mother. "Mother," she called. "Come here, please. Come and see the robins' nest."

When Polly got back to the window, she saw the mother robin. She was standing on the edge of the nest. In her bill was part of a worm.

And what were those queer things in the nest? There were three sticking straight up.

Could they be heads on slender necks? Yes, they must be, for every one had a great, wide-open mouth. The mouths were yellow outside and orange inside.

Just as mother came into the kitchen the robin bent down. She tucked the worm into one wide-open mouth.

Then she watched her children for a few minutes. She cleaned the nest. And away she flew.

"Are those really little robins?" asked Polly. "What homely things. Where are their feathers? Where are their wings?"

"Their feathers will grow, by and by," said mother. "Here comes the father bird. He has a worm, too. Watch the little ones."

They felt him light near the nest. At once they lifted up their slender necks. They opened their great mouths.

"Why, there are only three," said Polly. "There were four eggs."

"One did not hatch," said mother. "Perhaps three will be enough to feed and to keep clean.

"A little robin eats more food every day than it weighs. What if you and Peter did that? I could do nothing but cook and feed you."

"How that father and mother robin will have to work now," said Polly. "I am glad to see lazy old father robin helping."

"I think he helped before by singing, Polly. Besides he was guarding the nest. He would not let other birds come near it."

"Here is mother robin with more food,"

said Polly. "See those queer mouths. Does she know which to feed? Why, she has taken the worm away from that one. She has given it to another. How mean!"

"She did it because the first one was not ready for it. He did not swallow it. That is the way she knows which to feed," said mother.

"She is getting into the nest now," said Polly. "Is she going to sit again?"

"I think that she is going to keep the little birds warm. They are very young and they have no feathers, you see."

"That is so," said Polly. "I did not think of that. Does she cover them up when it rains, too?"

"Oh, yes," said mother. "We call it 'brooding' them.

"When it is cold, she will brood them to keep them warm. When it is warm, she will brood them to keep the hot sun from them. When it is wet, she will brood them to keep them dry."

"And then she feeds them all the rest of the time," said Polly. "Oh, yes, and she cleans the nest, too.

"She is a good mother, isn't she? I shall watch her all summer."

"You cannot," said mother. "These little birds will not live in the nest all summer.

"In about twelve days they will fly away. You cannot grow up so soon as that, can you?"

"No," said Polly. "I cannot grow up in twelve years. I hope that I shall see them fly away. I shall watch for that."

THE EMPTY NEST

"Father," said Polly, "have you seen our apple trees?"

"Of course I have seen them, Polly. Didn't we burn the worms' nests on them last month?"

"Yes," said Polly. "But I mean to-day, or yesterday."

"No," said father. "What is it? More worms? How can that be?"

"There are no worms, father. I think that you burned them all. There is something pretty on them now. Mother and I know."

"Come out and show me," said father. "I must know everything that mother and you know."

So father and Polly went to the apple trees. There were not more than two dozen. But they were well cared for.

They gave Mr. Howe all the apples that he needed. And there were always some left over to sell.

"Now do you see, father?" asked Polly. "Oh, do you see?"

"I see and I smell, Polly. You mean the apple blossoms. They are beginning to come out. Aren't they beautiful? Let us look at the different trees."

"Yes," said Polly. "Then we can tell whether we shall have many apples."

"These will be the best cooking apples," said father. "Here are many buds.

"These will be the eating apples. Some ripen early. Some ripen late. Here is a tree which bears sweet apples."

"Yes," said Polly. "And here are the crab trees. Crabs are good for jelly."

"They are loaded with blossoms," said father. "If we have no frosts, we shall have more crabs than we need."

"That is what mother told me, too, father. So I am going to ask for something. Will you give me all the blossoms on this crab tree?"

"Why, yes, I think so," said father.

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Polly. "I

never before had all I wanted. Please pick me that big branch. I shall take it into the house.

"I shall put it into water. It will open more, then. How sweet the room will smell!"

"Yes, it will," said father. "And how sweet all these trees will smell in a few days. They will be covered with lovely pink and white blossoms.

"Can't you shut your eyes and pretend that you see them now? I can. But I must not stop to play with you any longer. I must go to the store. Good-by."

"Please come and see the little robins first. They are twelve days old to-day.

"They have been looking over the side of the nest for two days now. Maybe they are getting ready to fly."

"Very well," said father. "We will go to the tree."

"I always watch from inside the kitchen window," said Polly. "I think it will be fun to go to the tree."

"Perhaps you cannot see so well," said father. "But I will lift you up. Here we are. Up you go. Now what do you see?"

"Why," said Polly. "The nest is empty! The robins are not here! I am so sorry. I wanted to see them go."

"I can hear the old birds calling," said father. "They are out by the fence. So some of the little ones have flown over there."

Just then Polly said, "O father! I think that I see one. Lift me up again, please. Yes, there he is on the branch near the nest.

"He sits so still that I did not see him at first. What a funny little tail he has, hasn't he? Do you think that he can fly?"

"Oh, yes," said father. "The others did. He will by and by. Is he just like the big robins?"

"No," said Polly. "His breast does not look like theirs. And it is all speckled. Oh! Oh! He is hopping away. He is going to fly. There he goes."

And the little robin really flew. Out of the fir tree, down, down, and over by the fence he went.

One of the old birds saw him. She began to call to him.

"I think that we can leave him," said father. "The old birds know just what to do. If we stay, we shall only frighten them.

"You see that the cats are shut up. I will go to the store. Your robin family has grown up."

THE APPLE-BLOSSOM SNOWSTORM

"Children, children, what are you doing?" called mother.

"We are playing 'Do as I do.' Just watch us for a minute, mother," said Polly.

"Oh, I see now," said mother. "When I was little, we called it 'Follow your leader.' Are you the leader, Polly?"

"Yes. And I have made Peter and Tim do all sorts of things. See them now."

Polly sat down on the grass. Peter and Tim sat down, too. She jumped up and ran a little way. Peter and Tim did that.

Then she lay down and rolled over and over. Peter did as Polly did.

But Tim said, "That makes me dizzy. I shall not do it."

"Then you cannot be leader ever," said Peter. "Do it just a little." And so Tim rolled over and over.

Next, Polly walked backward to the fence. Then she climbed to the top. She walked along the top.

All at once she threw up her arms and screamed. She pretended to fall off. But she really jumped.

Peter and Tim did all these things. Only they screamed louder than Polly.

When they had jumped down, Polly began to hop on one foot. And after her hopped Peter and Tim.

Once she looked around at them. They looked so funny that she laughed.

The boys heard her. They thought that was a part of the game, too. So they began to laugh louder than Polly did.

This was so funny that she laughed harder. She could not stop. She laughed so hard that she fell down in a heap.

Peter and Tim fell down in a heap, too. But they fell on top of Polly.

"I know something," said Polly.

"What?" asked Peter and Tim.

"Let me up and I will tell you. It is something to do."

"We will not play this game any more," said Peter.

"No," said Tim. "We will not. What else can we do?"

"Come out to the apple trees," said Polly. "I will show you my tree. It is covered with blossoms. So are some of the others."

The children ran to the apple trees. They stood under them and looked up. They could see nothing but blue sky and green leaves and pink and white flowers.

Peter said, "Now it looks like winter again. The blossoms are like snow."

"How silly, Peter," said Polly. "Snow is not pink. Besides, it does not smell. These blossoms are much prettier than snow. And they smell very sweet, too."

Just then there came a puff of wind. The petals of the blossoms began to fall. Down they came, many at a time.

"Oh, how pretty," said Peter. "They *are* just like snow. This is like a snowstorm. I like to see them coming down."

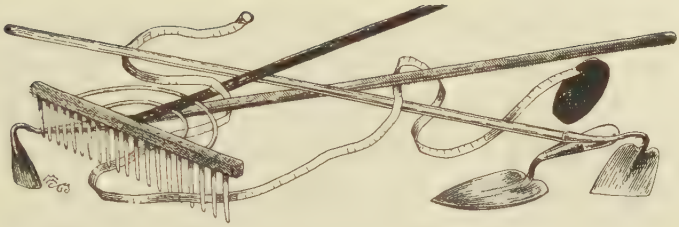
"Catch some of them," said Polly. "See if they are the same shape as the snowflakes. But it does look like a snowstorm, doesn't it? It is a snowstorm of apple blossoms."

"Let's shake your tree, Polly. We do that to the fir trees when it has snowed."

So the children tried. But the tree was too big to shake.

"We must wait for another breeze to shake it for us," said Polly. "Come on, now. I've thought of something else that we can do.

"We will go to our gardens. We will see what has come up since yesterday."



PETER'S GARDEN

Mr. Howe had plowed his garden before mother found the robins' nest. He had decided just what to plant. As soon as the ground was warm he put in some seeds.

Peter watched his father. He thought that he should like a garden, too. His father showed him a small corner.

He said, "You may have this piece of ground, if you will do something for me."

"Oh, yes, I will do it," said Peter. "What is it?"

"You must measure your ground," said father. "You must tell me how far it is from the fence to this stick.

"And you must tell me how far it is from this stick to the other fence. Can you?"

Peter said, "I can measure it with your long measure. But I cannot do it alone."

"Mother will read the measure for you. Then you can tell me about it," said father.

That night Peter said to Polly, "You watch those robins all the time. I shall have something to watch, too."

"What are you going to watch, Peter?"

"A garden," said Peter. "I am going to have one. Father said so. I am going to plant lots of things."

"What?" asked Polly.

"Carrots," said Peter. "They are for you. They are just the color of your hair."

"I do not care," said Polly. "I shall feed them to Brownie. Horses like carrots. So do I. I like my hair, too. What else?"

"Lettuce and radishes," said Peter. "And perhaps corn and some bean poles."

"Bean poles!" cried Polly. "How can you be so silly, Peter? You cannot grow bean poles."

"Why can't I?" asked Peter. "Father did last year. They had white blossoms. They grew way up above our heads."

"You silly thing," cried Polly. "I think that you mean pole beans, not bean poles."

"Maybe I do," said Peter. "They are just the same words turned around."

The next day Peter and mother went to the garden. Peter fastened one end of the measure to the fence. Then he unrolled it. He measured to the stick.

Mother said, "That is six feet. Now measure from the stick to the other fence."

"Why, it is just the same," said Peter. "I kept my finger on the place on the measure. So I know."

At noon Peter said, "Father, I have measured. It is six feet on those two sides."

"Then it is six feet on all four sides," said father. "Because the sides are all alike. It is a square garden.

"Here are some lettuce seeds for you. Here are some radish seeds, too. Come and plant your garden."

Peter planted his seeds. Then he ran into the house. He took something out of a box. He held it very carefully.

Polly saw him. "What have you there?" she called.

"Something," said Peter.

"Is it to plant?" asked Polly.

"Yes," said Peter.

"Where did you get it? Is it a different kind of seed, Peter? Let me see it."

"No," said Peter. "You cannot see it."

He dug a little hole. He dropped in his seed very carefully. But, before he could cover it up, Polly had seen.

How she did laugh!

"O Peter!" she cried. "It is a tooth! It is the one that you pulled out last winter! Do you think that it will grow?"

"Yes, I do," said Peter. "It will grow more teeth. You will not laugh so much when it does. Don't you touch it."

And he covered the tooth carefully.

DANDELION CURLS

The dandelions had been out for many days. The grass in front of Polly's house was yellow with them.

Every morning father said, "Please pick the dandelions near the house. I do not wish them to go to seed. They are weeds, you know."

Mother said, "You were glad that there were some of those weeds a little while ago."

"What do you mean?" asked father.

"I mean that you liked the dandelion greens I cooked for you."

"Yes, I did," said father. "I should like more, too. But I know that they are not so good after the flowers open."

"Peter and I helped to dig those greens," said Polly. "It was fun. Our hands were all stained. They are stained now, too, every morning.

"Some of the big boys dug bushels of greens. They took them to Large Village. They sold them there. One boy made five dollars. I heard him tell my teacher."

"I shall dig more greens next year," said Peter. "I shall sell them. Will you buy of me, mother?"

"Yes, Peter, all that you will dig. What shall you do with your money?"

"Put it in the big bank, mother. I shall put all my money there. Then, when I grow up, I shall be rich."

"If you will save your money, I will pay you for picking the dandelions every morning," said father. "I will give you each two cents a day for doing it."

"All right," said Peter. "Come on, Polly. Let's get them picked now."

That morning there were more flowers than ever. The lawn was yellow with them. So were the sides of the road.

"It is too bad to pick them all," said Polly. "They are so pretty. I wish that they were good to put into water. But they are not."

"No," said Peter. "They melt so quickly."

"Wilt so quickly, you mean, Peter."

"Maybe I do," said Peter. "I know something. Let's hunt for dandelions with long stems. We can make horns of them."

Polly said, "I will, just as soon as these are all picked."

"I am going now," said Peter. "My half is done."

Peter ran up the road. He went into the field near the little brook. You can find it on the map in the front of this book.

Soon Polly came. Peter had found a stem about a foot long. He picked off the flower. He put the stem into his mouth.

The juice in it was white. It was bitter. But Peter did not care.

The stem was hollow. Peter could blow through it. He blew so hard that his face got very red. But he could not make any noise.

"Throw it away and try another," said Polly. "You know you cannot make a horn of every one."

Peter picked another. He blew on it. It made a loud noise. It was a good horn. Soon Polly found a horn, too. They both blew and blew.

"I think that they sound like frogs," said Polly. "I am tired of blowing mine. See, here is a dandelion gone to seed.

"Let's blow the seeds off. Then we shall know if mother wants us."

Polly blew three times. There were no seeds left.

"She does not want us," said Peter. "I knew that she did not. It is Saturday. We can play all the morning."

"No, she does not want us," said Polly. "See those seeds fly away. Maybe some will fly over to our house. They will make more plants on our lawn.

"So what is the use of our picking the flowers every day?"

"To get money," said Peter. "And anyway father told us to do it. I am going to make curls now."

He picked a long dandelion stem. He put the large end into his mouth. He split the stem with his tongue.

The sides curled down. He kept splitting it more and more. Each side made a small round roll.

At last he had split the stem to the flower. Then he shook out the two round rolls. Each roll became a curl.

He did this with another long stem. Then he put the curls over his ears. He had two curls on each side of his face.

"Polly, Polly," he said, "now I have curls like yours. Only mine are green and yours are red."

Polly laughed. "How funny you look," she said. "I'd rather have red hair than green hair. But, if you like green hair, let's make you lots of curls.

"We will stick them up under your cap. We can make them stay."

"All right," said Peter. "Then let's show them to Tim. We will tell him that we have green wigs to sell."

DECORATION DAY

"You know that I must start for school early this morning, mother," said Polly. "I have to stop at grandmother's. She is going to pick her lilacs for me."

"Then you must go now," said mother.

"Father said that I might take Brownie and the cart. I am going to carry the lilacs to the cemetery. May Peter go with me, to hold Brownie?"

"Yes," said mother. "Peter may go. Run and harness Brownie. I will get Peter ready."

Polly could harness Brownie very well. She had done it many times. Soon she drove to the side door.

"Good-by, mother," she called.

"Good-by, Polly," said mother. "I am glad that it is such a lovely day."

"Jump in, Peter," said Polly. "You

may hold this flag. See the little flags that father put on Brownie's harness."

"Where are we going?" asked Peter.

"We are going to school, first. I told you yesterday what day it is."

"Well," said Peter, "You never before went to school in the cart. Why are you driving to school?"

"Wait and see," said Polly. "I told you all about it once, and you cannot remember. I shall not tell you again.

"There is grandmother. Please hold Brownie."

Polly jumped out. She ran to the door. On the steps was a pile of lilac blossoms.

Grandmother said, "I will help you put them into the cart, Polly. See! This is the way we will lay them in."

"How sweet they smell, grandmother. They are lovely, aren't they?"

"Yes, they are, Polly. And your cart is half full. I have plenty left, too. Where are you going next?"

"To the Story Lady's house. She will give us her white lilacs. She said so. Good-by, grandmother. Thank you."

"Good-by," said grandmother. "I am glad it is such a lovely day."

It was a beautiful day. The sky was blue. The bobolinks were flying up from the fields and singing. The air was sweet with the spring smells.

Peter and Polly drove slowly down the hill. They went through the bridge.

The Story Lady was waiting for them. A pile of lilacs lay on her steps, too. These blossoms were all white. Polly and the Story Lady filled the cart with them.

"Thank you, Story Lady," said Polly. "Good-by."

RHODA CAMPBELL CHASE

"You are welcome, Polly. I am glad to have my white lilacs go to the cemetery. I am glad that it is such a lovely day, too."

"That is what every one has said to me," said Polly. "And I know all the girls and the boys are glad."

Then Peter and Polly drove to the schoolhouse. Most of the other children were there. Each had a bunch of lilacs. Each carried a new flag.

Peter said, "Why, there is Tim. He does not go to school. He has a bunch of flowers and a flag. I shall go with him.

"I remember about it now. We are going up to the cemetery with the flowers. We shall put them on the soldiers' graves."

"Yes," said Polly. "That is it. And you go along with Tim. Take some of our lilacs. You must carry a bunch. My teacher is going to ride with me."

Just then Miss Barnes, Polly's teacher, said, "Now we are all ready, children. You may walk along. The big boys first, you know. Polly and I will keep up with you.

"How lovely your lilacs are, Polly. You have the only white ones. Is there room for this bundle of flags?"

"We can put them under the seat," said Polly. "Now shall I start?"

It was a long walk to the cemetery. The road was dusty. The sun was quite hot. But the children did not care.

They liked to go, once a year, to decorate the soldiers' graves.

At last they were there. Polly fastened Brownie to the fence. The big boys took out her lilacs. The biggest boy of all took out the flags.

The children followed him. He went to a grave where there was a torn, faded flag. In place of that he put a new one.

Then some child put a bunch of lilacs there, too. They were very quiet as they moved about the cemetery.

At last all the flags were used. All the lilacs were used, too. And all the soldiers' graves were decorated.

Then Miss Barnes said, "Let us sit down a minute. We will talk about to-day. Do you like to come here, children? If you do, tell me about it."

The biggest boy said, "These soldiers were brave men. They went to war. That is why we bring flags to them."

"We bring them flowers because we do not forget what they did for their country," said a big girl.

"Yes," said Miss Barnes. "Let us never forget that they tried to do their duty.

Let us be like them. Let us try to do ours, too. While you are little, you will have little duties to do."

"Like bringing wood," said one boy.

"Or washing the dishes," said a girl.

"Or going for the cows." "Or feeding the hens." "Or working in the garden." "Or making the beds." "Or doing errands," said others.

"Yes, all of those things," said Miss Barnes. "And when you are bigger, you will have bigger duties.

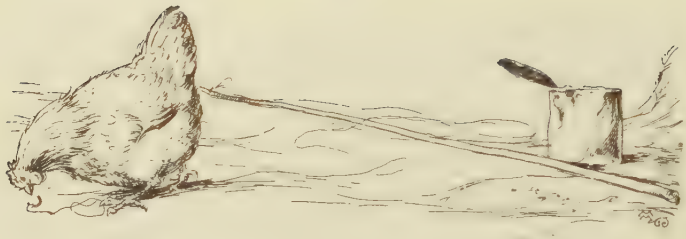
"You cannot do them so well if you do not first try to do the little ones well. Please think of this for a whole year.

"Now let us go home. And a year from to-day we will come again. We will bring more flags and more flowers.

"And then you may tell me whether you have done your duty as these men did theirs."

So the children went down the road to the village. And the cemetery was quiet as before.

Only now there were fresh flowers on the soldiers' graves. And new flags fluttered in the wind. They were for remembrance.



WHAT PETER'S FISHHOOK CAUGHT

"What is your fish pole doing out here, Peter? Have you been fishing?"

"Yes," said Peter. "I went down on the rocks by our skating place. Mother let me. You were at school then."

"Who dug your worms?"

"I did. I dug two for Tim and two for me."

"Did you have any bites?"

"No. But Tim did. He almost caught a fish. But it got away."

"Well, you'd better take the worm off your fishhook. If it dries on, it will be hard to get off. Father told you to remember to do it."

"Yes, I will," said Peter. "But come and feed my hen first."

Peter's hen was old Speckle. She had twelve downy little chickens. It was the

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first day that Speckle had taken them for a walk.

Before this she had been shut up in a coop. Her little chickens could run in and out. But she could not.

Peter scattered some corn in front of her. She picked it up quickly.

"Hear her talk to her children," said Polly. "See them run to her. I wish I could know what she is saying."

"Look!" said Peter. "All the other hens have heard her cluck. They are coming, too. But she has eaten the corn we scattered. They will not get any."

All at once every hen stopped scratching. Then all the hens except Speckle ran toward the henhouse.

Speckle clucked as fast as she could. Her children ran to her. She covered them with her wings. Then she stood quite still.

"Well, what is the matter with the hens?" said Peter. "Why are they acting like that?"

"Oh, I see, I see, Peter," cried Polly. "Look at that big bird up in the air. I am sure it is a hawk. It eats hens and chickens. They are all afraid of it."

"Let's get mother," said Peter. "She will drive it away."

But the hawk flew away itself. It flew higher and higher in the air. At last it looked like a little speck.

As soon as it was out of sight the hens ran out and began scratching again.

"I guess it thought that we could take care of the hens," said Peter.

"Perhaps it did," said Polly. "But the hens did not think so, did they? What a noise they are making now. What do you suppose is the trouble? Come on and see."

There was a great squawking around the corner of the barn. So around the corner the children ran. What do you think they saw?

On the ground they saw Peter's fish pole. And on the end of the line they saw a big, fat hen.

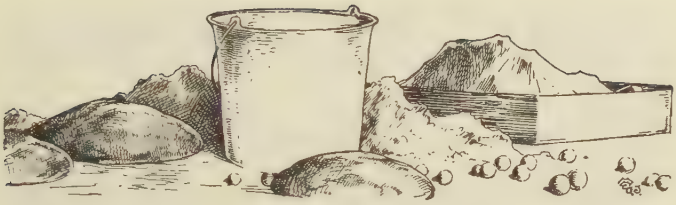
She was hopping up and down. She was squawking. She was trying her best to get away. But she could not. The fish-hook held her fast.

"O Peter! Peter! You have caught a hen! You have caught a hen! It was your fish worm. She tried to eat it. You ought to have taken it off. Run and get mother."

Mother caught the poor hen. She took the hook from the hen's bill. It had not hurt her much. But it had frightened her. And she had frightened the other hens. They squawked and squawked for some time.

Peter said, "I am sorry, mother. I did not mean to hurt the hen. I will remember to take my worm off, next time. And I will put my pole away, too."

"That is right," said mother. "Please do remember. Fishhooks are not made for catching hens."



MUD PIES AND MARBLES

One day Polly said, "Peter, I am going to cook to-day. You may, too, if you wish."

"Cook what?" asked Peter.

"I am going to make pies, mud pies," said Polly.

"All right," said Peter. "I will get a pail of water. We will make them out in the barn."

Peter got the water. Polly got the dirt. Then the fun began.

Polly made apple pies, first. Then she made mince pies and pumpkin pies. Peter made lemon pies and raisin pies.

"I can think of lots more kinds," said Polly. "Perhaps I shall make more by and by. But first I shall bake these."

"Where is the oven?"

"Over on the fence. The sun is very hot. They will soon bake there. Help me carry mine over."

"I shall bake mine, too. I will carry my lemon and raisin pies to the oven now. Then I will help you."

Peter took a shingle. He played it was a tray. He put his pies on it. He started out of the barn.

But he ran into Polly. This made him spill his pies on the barn floor.

He put down his tray and picked them up.

"O Polly!" he said. "See my mud pies. I dropped them. They are all dirty. There is hay on them."

Polly thought that very funny. She laughed hard. Do you know why?

"How can you get mud pies dirty?" she asked. "They are made of dirt to begin with. Pull off the hay. They will be as good as ever."

"Maybe they are made of dirt," said Peter. "But they were clean on the outside. How long will it take to bake them?"

"All the afternoon, I think. I am not going to make any more pies. I am going to make marbles."

"How do you do that? I have some marbles in the house. Can we make more like those? I should like to."

"We cannot color them," said Polly. "Perhaps we can after they are baked. But we cannot now.

"Let us go up the hill to the clay bank. We need clay for our marbles."

Peter took a small box. Polly took a trowel. The children filled the box with clay. Then they went back to the barn.

"Now show me how to do it," said Peter.

"Take a little piece of clay like this," said Polly. "Roll it around and around in your hands like this.

"That is to make it round, you see. When it is quite round, it is ready to bake."

"I can do it," said Peter. "See this one."

"That is not quite round. It would not roll very well. See mine."

Soon Peter could make marbles like Polly's. He made a dozen.

Then he said, "I do not wish to bake them in the sun. That takes too long. I wish to bake them in the real oven. I am going to ask mother if I may."

Mother said, "Yes." So Peter and Polly put their little balls of clay into the oven.

Then they waited for them to grow hard. They opened the oven door every few minutes, to look at the marbles.

"I am sure that they are dry now," said Peter. "I am going to take mine out."

He picked up a marble. He forgot how hot it would be. It burned his fingers.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" he cried. And he dropped the clay on the floor.

"Hold the shovel for me," said Polly. "I will roll them on it with this fork. Then we will let them cool on the piazza."

At last the marbles were out of the oven. Some had cracked. Some were not round where they had touched the stove. But some were quite round. There were about three dozen good ones in all.

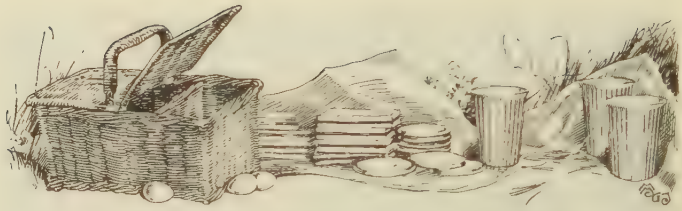
Peter and Polly were very much pleased. They ran to show mother.

Then they played with their marbles on the piazza. Some of them broke. But the children did not care. They knew how to make more.

"To-morrow," said Polly, "we will paint what are left. Then we will take them over to father's store to sell."

"Perhaps he will not let us," said Peter.

Polly said, "Well, if he does not, then we can keep them ourselves and play with them."



THE BROOK IN THE WOODS

"Mother," said Polly, "I wish to play up in the woods to-day. May I?"

"I think so, if you will take Wag-wag. Is Peter going?"

"Yes, mother. And Tim, too. Do you remember what the Story Lady told us last winter? It was about trees.

"We are going to hunt for dryads. Perhaps there are some now. Perhaps one lives in my big, hollow tree. You know where that is. What do you think, mother?"

"I think that it is a lovely day, Polly. I think that you must take your luncheon. And I think that, if there are dryads, you will find them."

"Oh, may we take our luncheon, mother? Goody, goody! I will get Tim and Peter now."

"And I will get your luncheon ready," said mother.

The three children set off up the hill. Wag-wag and Collie ran ahead. Polly carried the luncheon.

It was a lovely day. The hills were green. The sky was blue.

"I like this better than I do when the hills are white," said Polly.

"So do I now," said Peter. "That is because we are going on a picnic."

"But don't you remember our winter picnic with father? I never had such a good picnic."

"Yes," said Peter. "I remember. He lighted a fire right in the snow. Then he cooked our dinner. I had coffee that day. I wish we could light a fire."

"Oh, look, boys. We have come to the brook. Let's wade. Shall we?"

The three took off their shoes and stockings. The water was cold. But they did not care.

They put their stockings into their shoes. They hung their shoes over their shoulders.

The brook ran down the steep hillside. There were waterfalls in it. At the bottom of some of these falls there were small pools. Here the children waded.

Polly said, "Let's play that this is a great river. Let's play that we are the very first white people to see it.

"So we must find out all about it. We must go to the place where it begins."

She climbed on and on up the brook. She really wished to find a larger pool.

At last she called to the boys, "Come up here. Come up here. I have found a bathtub. Come and see it."

"Why, so you have," said Peter. "See, Tim. The bottom of this pool is all one rock. Who made it?"

"I do not know," said Polly. "Nobody, I guess. But see how smooth it is. It is rounding in the middle, too, just like a real bathtub. And look at this."

She showed them a round stone. It was as large as her head. It fitted into a hollow at the side of the bathtub.

"I know what made that," said Tim. "The water made it. The water wore it smooth. We have a stone like it at home."

"So you have," said Polly. "Only yours is white and this is brown. Then maybe the water made the bathtub, too.

"Let's put on our shoes and stockings now. I am hungry. I shall eat my luncheon."

"Yes, let's eat it," said Peter. "Then we shall not have to carry it."

"We shall carry it inside us," said Tim.

"Well, I should rather do that," said Peter. "It is not so heavy there."

Polly laughed. She said, "It will be easier for me if you carry your own. I have had to bring it all the way so far."

She opened the basket of luncheon. How good everything looked! Mother had put in hard-boiled eggs. She had made ham sandwiches and jelly sandwiches. She had put in cookies, too.

Polly found in the basket three paper drinking cups. These the children filled from the brook.

While they ate their luncheon, Wag-wag and Collie sat near. They were waiting for a bite.

Polly said, "There are not many bites for you doggies. You may have your dinner when we get home. Can't you wait until then?"

When everything was eaten, Polly picked up the papers. She put them all into her basket. Father had taught her that she must not leave papers lying about.

If you will think hard, you will see why this is so.

Then the children were ready to start on.

HUNTING DRYADS

"Now shall we go to where the brook begins?" asked Peter.

"No," said Polly. "I am going to that hollow tree I told you about. I shall see if a dryad lives in it."

"What is a dryad?" asked Tim.

"It is a lovely maiden," said Polly. "Dryads live in trees. If you cut their trees down, you will kill the dryads."

"Is that a truly-true story, or a once-upon-a-time story, Polly?" asked Tim.

"People used to believe it long ago," said Polly. "The Story Lady told me. She said it is not a truly-true story.

"But I thought that I would look for

dryads just the same. Maybe the people who believed in them were right."

"Then we will all look," said Tim. "But I don't know what to look for."

"Look for a girl dressed in green, Tim. And we must listen, too. Perhaps we can hear one, if we cannot see one. Now you boys be as still as you can."

So Polly and Peter and Tim crept softly along. They looked carefully among the great tree trunks. They stopped often to walk around some very large tree.

"The dryads will hide from us," whispered Polly. "We must look hard."

How green the woods were! What bright spots the sun made on the trees! What a soft sound the leaves made! Were they whispering about the dryads?

All at once Peter said, "There, behind that fir tree! I saw something move!"

Polly ran to look. But it was only the leaves of a bush moving. They were a lighter green than the fir. They had looked to Peter like a green dress.

Just then all the children heard something. They stopped. The sound came again. They looked at one another.

"It is a song," whispered Polly. "Some one in front of us is singing. Oh, why did she stop?"

But, as she spoke, they heard another song. This seemed to come from behind them.

"It is the echo," said Polly. "Or else it is some one else singing."

"It was not an echo," said Peter. "It was different from the first. Echoes are the same."

"Then it was another person singing," said Polly. "There is the first one again. Hush!"

This time the second voice seemed to answer the first voice. But the children could not understand the words.

"There are two of them, whatever they are," said Polly. "And I think that they must be dryads. They are calling to each other.

"I am going to see if I can find one of them. Come on."

"I think I am afraid," said Tim. "And I think that I am going to be more afraid. Suppose it is an elephant or a tiger?"

"O Tim! Do not be so silly," cried

Polly. "Elephants and tigers cannot sing. Only girls and women sing like that.

"Are you afraid of girls and women? If you are, call the dogs."

"No, I am not, Polly. And I cannot see the dogs. So go on."

"There is your hollow tree, Polly," said Peter. "Are you going to look inside it?"

"Of course I am. Maybe I shall find something, too."

Polly found something outside. On the rocks in front of the tree there were pieces of ground pine. Ground pine was hanging from the rough bark, too.

Polly stepped inside the hollow tree. "Oh, look! Look!" she cried. "See here! See here!"

She held a wreath up in her hand. It was made of green maple leaves. They were pinned together with the stems of the leaves.

Polly put it on her head. It just fitted.

"It is to wear," she said. "A dryad must have made it. She would not have a hat. She must have made this to wear instead. I shall take it home. She can make another."

Just then the children heard the song again. It seemed nearer than before. Then came the other voice. That seemed nearer, too.

"Perhaps they are coming back home," said Polly. "Perhaps they have been walking in the woods. Let's sit down here and wait. We must be very still. Then we shall not frighten them."

Again and again the children heard the voices. But they came no nearer. They seemed to be going farther and farther away.

At last Polly said, "I know I have heard that song before. But I cannot think where."

Peter said, "I am tired of the old song.

I think they know that we are here. They will not come home. I am going to shout."

And before Polly could stop him he shouted, "Come home! Come home! We wish to see you. We cannot wait much longer. Come home!"

"O Peter!" cried Polly. "You have spoiled it. We might as well go ourselves. They will not come now, of course."

"They would not anyway," said Peter. "They know magic. They knew that we were waiting. I think that is what they were saying when they sang."

So the children went home. Out of the woods and down the hill they ran. They did not stop to wade in the brook.

When they were once started, they did not stop for anything.

On the steps of her house they saw the Story Lady. Mother was sitting there with her. They were fanning themselves. Collie and Wag-wag were lying in the shade.

Polly began to tell her story. When she spoke of the singing, she stopped. She looked at mother and then at the Story Lady.

She said, "I have just thought of something. That song sounded like one of yours, Story Lady. Have you been playing dryads this afternoon, too?

"You are hot. You must have run fast to get home first. I see now why we lost the dogs. They came home with you."

Tim said, "I was a little afraid. But I went just the same. And I am glad now that I did."

"That is right," said the Story Lady. "Always go just the same, even if you are afraid. If you do, you may find that there is nothing to frighten you."

THE SOFT GRAY PUSSY

Down at grandmother's there were two cats. They were black and white. They were almost alike.

That is why grandmother had named them, "Cat" and "Copy-cat."

She did not know where they came from. One day in the winter they had followed her home. Then they were half-grown kittens. Now they were grown-up cats.

Polly liked them very much. But not better than Blacky, her own cat.

One day grandmother called to her. "Come in, Polly," she said. "I have something to show you."

Polly went into the house and grandmother showed her a little gray kitten. It was the very prettiest kitten that Polly had ever seen.

"Oh, where did you get him, grandmother? Where did you get him?" asked Polly.

"Do you like him, Polly? I thought that you would. I do, too. I got him at Large Village. I brought him home this morning."

"Did you bring him in a box? Was he afraid?"

"He was not afraid. He does not seem to be afraid of anything. He started in a box. But he put his little pink nose through a hole in the top.

"He teased to get out. So, at last, I let him. Then he curled down beside me on the seat. He went fast asleep under the lap robe."

"Isn't he even afraid of Cat and Copy-cat? I should think that he would be. They are so big and he is so little."

"No, he is not. He is a brave little cat. Let one of them in and you shall see."

Polly opened the door. In came Copy-cat. He ran at once up to the little gray puss.

Gray Pussy had seen Copy-cat only once before. So he did not feel acquainted. He was not sure that the big cat was his friend.

But he did not run away. He stood just

where he was. He put his ears down flat on his head. He lifted his back as high as he could.

He made the fur stand out on his tail. He watched Copy-cat with his bright eyes. He did not move.

At last Copy-cat was tired of looking at Gray Pussy. He started to walk around him.

As he walked, Gray Pussy turned slowly about in the place where he was standing. He kept his head toward Copy-cat. He kept his eyes on him.

"Isn't he a brave little kitten?" asked grandmother. "He is so little. But he will not run away. He will not hide. He just keeps his face toward the enemy."

"But Copy-cat is not his enemy, is he?" asked Polly.

"Not really," said grandmother. "But little Gray Pussy does not know that yet. By and by they will play together."

"I am going to put Copy-cat out," said Polly. "Now come here to me, you pretty Gray Pussy.

"See his little pink nose, grandmother, and his long white whiskers. See the white

spot under his chin, and oh, he has four white feet."

"See how soft his fur is, Polly. And look at his tail. The fur is so long that it looks like a plume."

"I have found something else cunning, grandmother. It is those long white hairs in his ears. Oh, see him lie on his back and play with his tail."

"Take him out of doors, if you wish, Polly. But look out for dogs. He is so little that, if one comes, he will not know what to do."

"I do not believe that he will run," said Polly. "He is so brave."

"I am afraid that he will not," grandmother said. "And a dog might give him one shake and kill him. So be careful."

Gray Pussy rode out of doors in Polly's arms. He sang a little song to her, as they went.

When she put him down, he smelled around a little. Then he was ready for a game.

All at once he ran as fast as he could to a tree. His little short legs flew over the ground. His plumy tail was straight up.

Polly watched him. He climbed a few feet up the tree trunk. Then he looked around at Polly as if to say, "Why don't you run after me?"

Polly said, "Oh, you cunning little playmate. I would run after you. But I am afraid that it might frighten you."

Gray Pussy seemed to say, "Come on! Come on! I shall not be afraid." And he jumped down and ran to another tree.

After him went Polly. Gray Pussy beat her to the tree. Then he climbed just a little way up the trunk.

He looked at Polly as if to say, "Can't you climb, too?"

"No, I cannot, you funny little cat," said Polly. "But I can pat you." And she did.

Then Gray Pussy jumped down. He rubbed against Polly's feet. He put up his soft, gray head for her to stroke.

"You are the nicest kitten that I ever knew," said Polly. "You act as if you had lived here all your life."

Perhaps Gray Pussy said, "I am going to live here all the rest of my life. Come and play tag some more."

And he ran off to his first tree. This time he climbed up, up, up.

"O kitty-cat, kitty-cat, stop!" cried Polly. "You cannot get down."

But kitty-cat did not stop. He climbed out upon a large limb. Then he climbed to another.

He played with the little twigs. He

sharpened his claws in the bark. At last he had stayed in the tree long enough.

He started to walk down the trunk head-first. But that would not do. He tried again and again. He tried from all sides of the tree.

He did not sit down and mew, as some cats do. He kept on trying.

Polly stood under the tree.

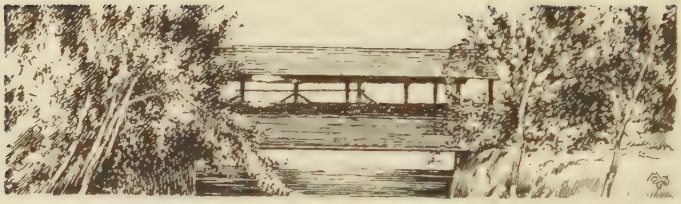
"Turn around, turn around," she cried. "Come down backward. Come down backward. That is the way to do it. Oh, why can't you think of that?"

And at last Gray Pussy did. He turned around and climbed halfway down the trunk backward.

Then he jumped to the ground. He gave a funny little call to Polly. He raced across the grass. He jumped upon the piazza.

There he sat down to watch Polly running after him. She picked him up in her arms. Gray Pussy began to sing her a soft little song.

Perhaps what he sang was this, "You are a good playmate, Polly. But I can beat you climbing trees and playing tag."



FORGET-ME-NOTS

When Peter and Polly go to father's store, they must cross the bridge. Look at the map in the front of your book. You will see that this is so.

The bridge is high above the water. Follow the road on the map until you are opposite the Story Lady's house.

From there one can climb down to the river. But the bank is high and steep. It is really a hill from the street to the river.

Peter and Polly do not often climb down on that side. But sometimes mother lets them.

One afternoon they were standing on the bridge. They were looking at the water.

Polly said, "I see some tin cans. Once you thought that there was silver at the bottom of the river. You asked father to get it out. Do you remember?"

"Yes, I do," said Peter. "And it was the sun that made the tin shine like silver. I wish it had been silver. I should be rich."

"Father got a pearl out of this river," said Polly. "I have seen it. He could have sold it."

"So have I seen it," said Peter. "It came from a clam. When I am bigger, I shall hunt for clams."

"You must learn to swim first. I heard father say so."

"That was last summer, Polly. Perhaps this summer he will teach me to swim. I am big enough.

"I wish I could go down by the river now. Maybe I could find a clam near the shore."

"You can go to the river up above the bridge," said Polly.

"I know it, Polly. But that is not a good place. See the rocks down here. See the sand. This is a better place."

"I see something else," said Polly. "At least I think that I do. Look at the shore near the bend of the river."

"I cannot see anything different," said Peter.

"Well, I think that I can," Polly said. "There is a big spot that is a different color. It looks blue to me. I think it is forget-me-nots."

"What are they, Polly? I never saw any."

"Oh, yes, you have. Mother and I got some down there last year. They are little blue flowers. Some of the buds are a lovely pink. And they have a yellow spot in the middle.

"Mother found pink daisies to put into her bunch. But my bunch was all blue. I am going to ask her if we may go down to the river."

Polly hurried up the hill. Peter waited for her on the bridge.

Soon she came running back. "Yes, we may! Yes, we may!" she shouted.

The two children ran to the place opposite the Story Lady's house. They climbed down the hill to the river.

The grass was growing tall. It hid rocks and holes. But Peter did not fall more than a dozen times.

They came nearer and nearer the spot that Polly had seen. And the spot seemed to grow bluer and bluer.

"They are bluets," cried Peter.

"Oh, no," said Polly. "They are just what I thought. They are forget-me-nots. See how thick they are."

"There are a good many," said Peter. "Do you think that some one planted them? This bed is twice as large as my garden."

"No one planted them," said Polly. "They are wild. Mother told me. I am going to pick all that I want."

RHODA CAMPBELL CHAMBERS

"I will pick, too," said Peter. "But I will hunt for clams first."

Peter did not find any clams. Soon he had finished hunting.

He said to Polly, "I think the water has washed all the clams away."

Polly had picked a bunch of forget-me-nots. Besides, she had wet her feet.

She said, "Forget-me-nots like to grow in wet places. They made me wet my feet."

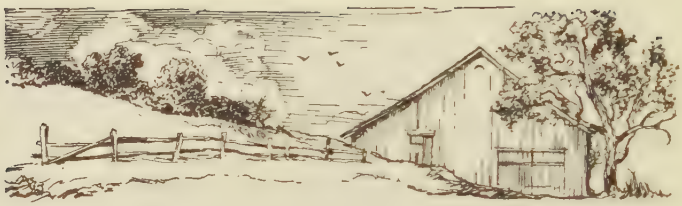
"So do clams," said Peter. "My feet are wet, too."

"Well, then," said Polly, "hurry up and pick flowers. We must get home soon. Then we can change our shoes.

"After that we will go and hunt for pink daisies. A big bunch of them will look pretty, near our blue forget-me-nots."

"All right," said Peter. "I will pick flowers for you to-day if you will play a game with me to-morrow. That will be Saturday. So you can."

"Yes, I promise," said Polly. "And I shall try to think of some new game for us to play. That will pay you for helping me."



THE PRINCESS OF THE GLASS HILL

"I have found something new to do, Peter," said Polly. "I told you that I would. I found it up at Tim's. Guess what."

"Is it to make something, Polly?"

"No. Guess again."

"Is it about anything we can eat?"

"No. Guess again."

"Is it about something we can do?"

"Of course it is, Peter. I told you that at first. Now guess what we can do."

"Dig a hole to China."

"No. This is something new. We have dug holes."

"I shall not guess any more. If it is new, how can I guess, anyway? You tell me."

"All right," said Polly. "It is something that we can do in the winter. We never

thought that any one could do it in the summer."

"It cannot be sliding downhill," said Peter. "There is no snow."

"But it is, it is!" cried Polly. "I have found a way to slide downhill in the summer. Come up to Tim's. I will show you."

"Is it in a cart? I do not call that sliding."

"No. This is really and truly sliding downhill."

Tim and Collie were playing in the yard.

"Hello, Peter. Hello, Polly," called Tim. "Have you come to play with me?"

"Yes," said Polly. "Tim, let us show Peter where we slid this morning."

"All right," said Tim. "Come on, Peter. It was on the roof of the back barn. See how the hill comes up to the edge of the roof."

"Yes," said Polly. "This side of the roof rests on the ground. Tim, climb up and show Peter how to slide."

Tim climbed upon the roof. It was quite steep. His shoes were slippery. He kept slipping back.

Polly said, "Kneel down and try. That is the way you did this morning."

So Tim got down on his hands and knees. He climbed halfway to the top. Then he turned around. He sat down. He slid to the bottom.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried Peter. "I shall try it."

"All right," said Polly. "It cannot hurt you. Go on."

So Peter climbed up on his hands and knees. Then he turned around and slid to the bottom.

"What fun! What fun!" he cried.

"Hear my boots scrape on the shingles."

Soon he and Tim were busy sliding. They did not watch Polly.

When she saw that they were not looking, she climbed to the very top of the barn roof. She put one leg over the other side. Then she called to the boys.

"See me! See me!" she said.

"O Polly!" they cried. "How did you get up so high? We did not see you. Come down, or tell us how to get up."

But Polly said, "I shall not do either. I know magic. So I can walk up the roof.

"Now we will play a game. This roof is a hill made of glass. I am a princess. I live at the top of the hill.

"You must try to get to me. The one

who can climb up here may be the prince of the glass hill."

"How did you do it?" asked Peter again.

"I shall not tell you," said Polly. "You must find out."

Peter said, "Did you go way up there this morning, Tim?"

"No," said Tim. "We couldn't. We slipped. I do not know how she did it. Let's try."

"I know something," said Peter. "We will take off our boots. Then our toes will stick to the shingles better."

Very slowly Peter and Tim crept up toward the top. Often they slipped back a little. But they were careful.

"Wait for me, Peter," said Tim. "I keep slipping. I am tired, too."

"So am I, Tim," said Peter. "But we are nearly there. Come on."

Polly had turned around. Both feet were now on the same side of the roof. She was ready to start sliding down.

Nearer and nearer the boys came. At last each carefully put out a hand. Each took hold of one of Polly's feet.

"We did it, we did it," said Tim.

But Peter said, "I have found you out, Polly. You do not know magic. You can walk up the roof because you have on your rubbers. I shall not let you be a princess. You must slide down the roof with us."

Peter and Tim turned around. Polly let go her hold. Then the three started. Faster and faster they slid.

But a nail caught Tim's stocking. It tore it up the side. And this was the end of the glass-hill game for that day.

When Polly told mother about it, mother made two rules for the game. They were these:

No one must climb quite to the top of the roof. And no one must slide near the ends.

Do you know why she made these rules?

DAISY DOLLS

"Come out and play with the daisies, Peter," said Polly.

"I have not seen any daisies yet, Polly."

"Oh, I have, lots of them. I'll show you."

Polly ran to pick a white daisy. She gave it to Peter.

"Do you see these white things around the yellow center?"

"Yes," said Peter. "I think that they are petals."

"They are not," said Polly. "They are rays. But that is not what I was going to tell you."

"Then what was it?" asked Peter.

"Pull off the white rays, one at a time. You must name each one as you pull it. Then you can tell what you will be when you grow up."

"What shall I name them?"

"Here! I'll show you," said Polly. "Name them this way:

"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief.

"Now say that over and over until the rays are gone. Here is the last one. It is 'merchant.' So you will be that."

"What is a merchant?" asked Peter. "Maybe I shall not be one."

"Oh, yes, you will, too. The daisy said so. A merchant buys and sells things. Father is one."

"All right," said Peter. "I was going

to be a farmer. But I will keep store with father."

"Here is another daisy," said Polly. "Let us see what your house will be like. Take it and say over and over:

"Little house, big house, ice house, light-house,
Old castle, new castle, henhouse, White House."

So Peter did. Each time that he spoke a name, he pulled out just one of the white rays. At last they were all gone.

"It is done," said Peter. "It stopped on 'White House.' What is that?"

"Oh, did it, Peter? That is where the President lives. I have seen a picture of it. Maybe you will be President some day."

"President of what?" asked Peter.

"President of our country," said Polly.

"Maybe I shall," said Peter. "You may live in the White House with me."

"All right," said Polly. "Now take this daisy. It will tell you what your wife will wear. Say:

"Silk, satin, calico, rags,
Velvet, linen, cotton, bags."

"I do not see how you can wear bags," said Peter.

"Neither do I," said Polly. "Perhaps it will not stop on bags. Then it will not make any difference."

Peter stopped on "rags." He did not like that.

He said, "My wife shall not wear rags. I shall not let her. And I shall not play that game any more. Let's make daisy chains."

"All right," said Polly. "I will get some needles. Wait here for me."

"Bring a spool of thread, too," shouted Peter.

"Of course I will," Polly called back. "How could we string daisies without thread?"

Peter began to pick daisies. He picked just the flowers. He left the stems standing.

When he had picked his hat full, he sat down. He began to string them.

He put the needle through the yellow part of each flower from back to front. Soon he had made a long chain.

Polly did not make hers in that way.

She put her needle through the back of the flowers from side to side.

When it was done, she hung her chain around her neck.

"See mine," she said. "All my daisies lie flat. You can see all their faces."

"It is prettier than mine," said Peter. "How did you think of that way?"

"I don't know, Peter. Let's make more chains like this. Then we will give some to mother."

Mother said, "Thank you, children. Your chains are lovely. Now bring me a few daisies. I will show you what I can do with them."

She took some scissors. She cut the white rays of one so that they looked like this:

Then she took her pen. She made eyes, eyebrows, a nose, and a mouth on the yellow part like this:

How pleased the children were!

"A daisy doll! A daisy doll!" they shouted. And Polly said, "I want to make one."

"Then take your scissors, and your pen

and ink," said mother. "You may make yours out of doors.

"Why don't you make them before you pick the daisies? Then you will have daisy dolls growing in the grass."

"Oh, we will, we will!" shouted Polly. "We will make them just across the road. How funny they will look! We will get a lot made. Then we can show them to father when he comes up from the store."

So off the children ran to make daisy dolls grow by the roadside.

MELTED BUTTERCUPS

It is June. Summer has come again. Some of the fields are white with daisies. Some are yellow with buttercups. Polly does not go to school now.

One morning mother said, "I wish you would all look at the field across the road."

"I noticed it," said father. "It is beautiful."

"What is it, mother?" asked Polly.

"Go and look. Then you will know, I think."

"Oh, I see now, mother. You mean the buttercups, don't you? The whole field is bright yellow. I think that they are lovely."

"I like daisies better," said Peter.

"These do not hurt the hay as daisies do," said father. "They are much brighter, too."

"And, if you have one, you can tell whether people like butter," said Polly. "Did you know that, father?"

"Seems to me I have heard of it, Polly. How do you do it?"

"I will show you, father."

Polly ran out and picked a buttercup. She held it close under Peter's chin.

She said, "See his chin shine. That is a sign that he likes butter."

"Yes, I do," said Peter. "I wish that we could make butter out of buttercups. Just think how much there would be then."

"When I was a little girl, I thought that buttercups were made of gold," said mother.

"Maybe they are," said Peter. "Maybe you can get gold from them. Can you, mother?"

"I never tried, Peter. They are only flowers. That field does look as yellow as gold, doesn't it?"

Peter said, "I know what we can do to-day, Polly. Come out of doors and I will tell you."

"Well," said Polly, "what can we do?"

Peter said, "Polly, I do think buttercups must be made of gold. Let's pick all that we can. Then let's boil them.

"If they have gold in them, the gold will melt out. It will be in the bottom of the kettle.

"Don't you remember about the sap? That boiled down and left maple sirup. Will you?"

"But mother said that we could not get gold from them," said Polly.

"No, she did not, Polly. She said that she had never tried. Maybe no one has ever tried. Will you?"

"Yes, I will, Peter. You picked forget-me-nots for me and I will do this for you. Let's begin now. Maybe we shall be the first to find out about the gold."

So Peter and Polly picked the yellow flowers without the stems. They put them near the side door. At last they had quite a pile.

That afternoon Mrs. Howe went over to see grandmother. Before she went, Polly said to her, "Mother, may we take a kettle?"

"Why, yes, Polly. Which one?"

"The big one, mother. Please put some water in it. Then please set it on the stove. We must have the water boil."

"What are you going to do, Polly?"

"We are going to boil something. It is nothing naughty. Maybe we shall have a nice surprise for you when you come home."

So mother said, "Be careful," and went away.

Peter and Polly filled the kettle with buttercup blossoms. The water was thick with them. Soon they began to boil. At last they had lost their pretty color.

Then Peter said, "Now the gold is melting out of them. It must be in the bottom of the kettle. Feel with your spoon and see."

But when Polly felt, she said, "There is nothing hard on the bottom, Peter."

"Maybe it is soft, yet, like sirup, Polly. See if you can dip any out."

Polly dipped up a spoonful. But it was only soft, greenish stuff. She kept dipping and dipping.

At last she said, "O Peter! I don't believe there is any gold. There is nothing here but old boiled buttercup flowers. Isn't it too bad?"

Peter looked ready to cry. "O Polly!" he said. "Don't you think there will ever be any gold? I did want it so much."

"Don't cry, Peter. Maybe we can get gold some other way. Oh, dear! These old buttercups are burning on the bottom of the kettle.

"The water is boiling away. Help me

quickly! We must take the kettle off the stove."

"No," said Peter. "What is the use of that? Pour in more water. Mother does it when the water boils out of potatoes."

"So she does," said Polly. "Then I will pour in some water. Now let's go out to play."

When mother came home she found the kettle. She guessed what was in it. She guessed why the children had boiled the buttercups.

She knew how disappointed they must be. So she never said a word about her dirty kettle.

MOTHER'S THUNDERSTORM STORY

One day it was very, very hot. Not a breath of air was stirring.

Peter and Polly went to the store on an errand. When they came home, their faces were wet with perspiration.

Peter had a long, black mark on his damp face. That was where he had wiped it with his dirty hand.

They were both so hot that all their clothes seemed to stick to them. You know how uncomfortable that is!

"Polly, I will tie back your curls for you," said mother. "Then you will feel cooler.

"Peter, please go and put some water on your face. That will make you cooler. And it may take off some of the dirt, too."

"Mother," said Polly, "father thinks that we shall have a thunderstorm."

"I think so, too, Polly. And, if it cools

the air, I shall be glad. It is too hot to be comfortable."

"But I shall not be glad, mother. I do not like thunderstorms. I do not like the noise or the lightning. I am almost afraid."

Polly's mother took Polly up in her lap. Then she said, "That is too bad, Polly. The thunder cannot hurt you. Did you think that it could?

"And the lightning is wonderful to watch. It seems to tear holes in the sky for you to peep through.

"Try peeping, the next time we have a storm at night. Then tell me what you saw.

"It is better to peep at night than in the daytime. When it is dark, the lightning looks brighter."

"What shall I see, mother?"

"I cannot tell you, Polly. You may see things which I never saw. Tell Peter about it. Then he can peep, too."

"Oh, there it is, mother. I can hear the thunder. I do not like it. Did you, when you were a little girl?"

"No," said mother. "When I was a little girl I did not like it very well. One summer I went to stay with my Aunt Polly. You were named for her.

"My Aunt Polly was afraid of lightning. When a storm came, she used to shut herself up in a dark closet. Or else she got into a feather bed.

"Then she pulled another feather bed over her. She thought this would keep her safe from the lightning."

"Did it?" asked Polly.

"I do not know," said mother. "At any rate the lightning never hurt her."

"Did you go into a dark closet, mother?"

"Yes, indeed, Polly. I will tell you the story. When I saw that my Aunt Polly was afraid, I thought I was, too. One day in a hard storm I began to cry and sob.

"I was in the room with Aunt Polly. She was lying between two feather beds. She heard me crying.

"She said to me, 'What is the matter?'

"'I am so frightened,' I said.

"'Poor child,' said my Aunt Polly. 'You will be quite safe if you will go into my closet. But it is very hot.'"

"Was it dark, too, mother?" asked little Polly.

"Oh, yes," said mother. "There was not a bit of light. And it was very hot. I had never before been in such a still, hot place.

"I sat down on the floor. I could not hear the thunder. I was glad of that. I could not see the lightning. I was glad of that. But I was so hot!

"After a while I went to sleep. I do not know how long I slept. When I awoke, it was hotter than ever. I could not seem to breathe very well.

"I thought that the storm must be over.

So I tried to open the door. The latch was broken on the inside, and I could not.

"Then I rapped on the door and called. I hoped that Aunt Polly would hear me. But she did not. No one did.

"The worst of the storm was over, as I thought. So Aunt Polly had gone downstairs. She had forgotten me.

"Then I began to grow really frightened. I kicked and pounded on the door. I screamed. Still no one came.

"It seemed to me that I had been in the closet for days. I said to myself, 'What if I never get out? What if I starve here?'

"I forgot that they would remember me at supper time. I grew more and more frightened.

"I said to myself, 'I am really frightened now. I was not really afraid of the lightning. If I could only see some this minute, how glad I should be.'

"Then I began to pound on the door again. I thought, 'How silly I was to think that I was afraid of the thunder and the lightning. I shall not be afraid of anything, if I can only get out.'

"At last, after a long, long time, I heard

some one come into my Aunt Polly's room. Some one opened the closet door.

"Out I tumbled in a heap. My Aunt Polly picked me up.

"'You blessed child,' she said. 'I forgot you. I am so sorry. See, the storm is nearly over.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'but isn't there just a little lightning left? I want to see a little.'

"'Go to the front door then,' said my Aunt Polly. 'I thought that you were afraid of it.'

"'I am not now,' I said. 'I am not afraid of anything but getting caught in a dark closet.' And I went to the door to look at the lightning.

"The storm had gone past us. But I could still see flashes. They looked very beautiful to me.

"From that day to this, I have not been afraid of a thunderstorm.

"I never told my Aunt Polly how frightened I was in the closet. But that is one reason why you were never punished by being shut up."

Little Polly drew a deep breath.

"Is that all?" she asked. "I liked that story. I see now that the lightning can look beautiful. I will watch it. And, if I am afraid again, you may shut me into a dark closet to cure me."

Polly told Peter mother's thunderstorm story.

Peter said, "Are you going to be afraid any more?"

"No," said Polly. "I am not. I was not much afraid anyway."

"I am glad," said Peter. "Tim and I are not afraid. We like the noise. It is better than Fourth of July.

"We like the lightning, too. It is brighter than a bonfire. We wish that we could stay out of doors in one storm. Would you stay with us?"

"Yes, I would, Peter, if mother would let us."

"I am sure that she would," said Peter. "Didn't she tell you to watch the lightning at night? You can see it better out of doors."

Sometime after this there came another thunderstorm. It was in the night. The thunder was so loud that it wakened Peter.

He got out of bed. He ran to the window. The lightning was very bright. Each flash made night as light as day. It had not begun to rain.

"Oh, if I were only out of doors," Peter said to himself. "What if I should go! Polly said that she would, too."

He ran softly into Polly's room. She was sitting up in bed.

"Are you afraid?" asked Peter.

"I am not sure," said Polly.

"Get up and come out with me," said Peter. "Then you can tell whether you are afraid. If you are, Tim and I shall not like it."

"All right," said Polly. "I will."

Down the front stairs they ran. Their bare feet made no noise. Father and mother did not hear them. Perhaps the thunder was too loud for that.

Polly then opened the front door. It was unlocked. They stepped down upon the grass.

The thunder was banging. The lightning was flashing.

"Have you found out?" shouted Peter.

"Found out what?" shouted Polly.

"Are you afraid?"

"No," called Polly. "I am not afraid. I like it. It makes me wish to jump up and down, and run."

"Let's run up the hill then," said Peter. "Maybe Tim will come out."

"Of course he will not," said Polly. "But we will do it, just the same. Look

out for your toes. Don't stub them. It would hurt."

Up the hill they ran. Past Tim's house and on. At last Polly stopped.

"Night clothes are easy to run in, aren't they? But I have lost my breath. We must stop."

"So have I," said Peter. "Let's watch the lightning."

The lightning seemed to split the sky.

"What is in through the holes?" cried Polly. "Can you see?"

"I do not know," said Peter. "I cannot see. It is a shiny place. That is all I can see."

"Then that is what it is. It is the Shiny Land, the Shiny Land!" shouted Polly, jumping up and down.

"And the Shiny Land is where all the fairies have gone to live. The Story Lady said so. We have found it!"

"Will they peep down through those holes?" cried Peter. "Will they see us?"

"Maybe," said Polly. "Watch."

The wind had begun to blow. Just at that minute came the first big drops of rain.

Peter and Polly started to run down the

hill. Before they were at Tim's house, it was pouring. Before they were home, they were soaking wet.

Their house was lighted. Father was just coming out with his raincoat on. Peter and Polly ran into the yard.

"Quick!" called mother. "Run to the kitchen door!"

There, in the warm kitchen, she took off Polly's wet night clothes. She rubbed her dry.

Father took Peter to the bathroom. He rubbed Peter dry.

Then father made a fire in the fireplace.

Peter and Polly sat in front of it and dried their hair.

"Now, children," said mother, "tell us about it. We should have been frightened if we had not seen you go.

"We had not gone to bed. We were out under the elms watching the storm come."

"I wished to see if Polly was afraid," said Peter.

"And I am not," said Polly. "I like it all. I shall never have to be shut up in that dark closet. And, O mother! We peeped through!"

"What did you see?" asked mother.

"The Shiny Land, the Shiny Land!" cried Polly. "That is where all the fairies live now. Did you ever see it, mother?"

"No, Polly," said mother. "I never did. Children can see things that grown-ups cannot.

"Now we will go upstairs to bed again. And please tell us the next time you go out for a run in the dark. We might be frightened."

"Yes," said father. "Remember that you must think of mother and father, as well as of Peter and Polly."

PETER AND POLLY IN SUMMER

BY

ROSE LUCIA

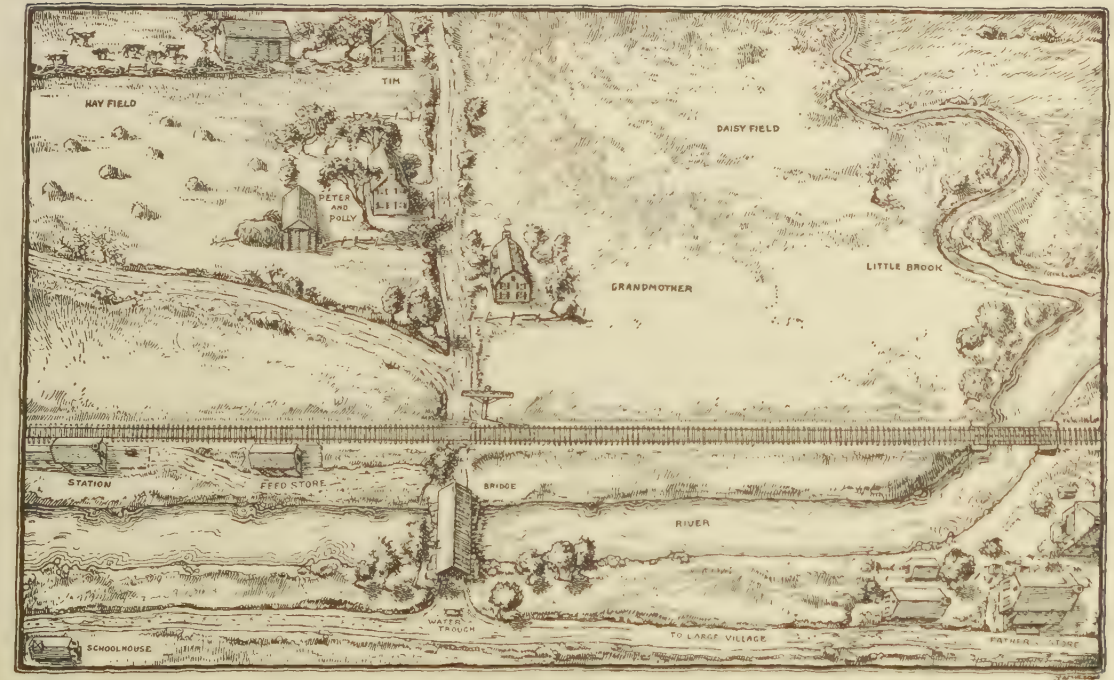
To

C. M. G.

COMRADE THROUGH MANY LONG HAPPY

SUMMER DAYS IN THE COUNTRY

OF PETER AND POLLY



Frontispiece MAP

PETER AND POLLY IN SUMMER

BY

ROSE LUCIA

Formerly Principal of the Primary School
Montpelier, Vermont

Author of "Peter and Polly in Autumn," "Peter and Polly in Winter," and "Peter and Polly in Spring."

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO
BOSTON ATLANTA

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ROSE LUCIA.

Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

PETER AND POLLY IN SUMMER.

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PETER AND POLLY IN SUMMER

OUR LITTLE FRIENDS

Peter is a small boy. He is now four years old. Polly is his sister. She is three years older than Peter. Can you tell how old she is?

Peter has light hair and blue eyes. Polly has red hair and blue eyes. Polly's hair hangs in curls. Peter's hair is cut too short to make real curls.

Polly has freckles on her face. The sun and the wind help to make them. Peter calls them rust spots.

One day Peter said, "Polly, I can rub off your rust spots."

Polly said, "I will let you try."

Peter took some wet sand. He rubbed Polly's face with it. He rubbed so hard that it hurt.

Then Polly washed her face. She hoped that the freckles would be gone. But they were still there.

Poor Polly's face was red and sore from the hard rubbing. Mother said, "Sand is good for real rust spots. But it is not good for faces."

Polly has lost two teeth. Peter is not old enough to lose his teeth.

His mother keeps them clean and white for him. She brushes them with his little toothbrush.

Polly has to brush her own teeth. She is old enough to do so.

Peter and Polly live in the country. Every fine day in summer they can play in the fields. Every day they can see birds and butterflies.

They know about lambs and sheep and cows. They know about playing in the brook and finding wild flowers.

In winter the snow falls. The fields are covered with snow. The hills are covered with snow. It hides the brooks. Sometimes it hides the fences.

Peter and Polly like to play in the snow. They like to slide downhill. They like to roll snowballs and make snow men.

THEIR HOME

Peter and Polly live in a white house. It has green blinds. There is a barn near it Look on the map in the front of this book, and you can find the place.

The house is on a hill. So Peter has a hill all his own to slide down.

There is a large yard around the house. In it are many tall elm trees. One elm tree has two long ropes around a big branch.

These ropes hang down and are tied to-

gether at the bottom. What do you think they are for?

Why, put a board between the ropes and sit on the board. Then some one can swing you.

The swing will take you way up into the branches. But you must hang on. That is the way Polly does. Peter cannot swing so high yet.

Peter and Polly have a friend. She is grown up. They call her the Story Lady. The Story Lady knows stories about everything. She taught Polly to say this verse:

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Wag-wag is Peter's dog. He likes to run after the swing. Back and forth, back and forth, he runs.

He barks, and jumps on his hind feet. His little tail goes wag, wag. Perhaps he is asking for a swing.

Sometimes he plays that he will catch Polly's dress. But he never does. He knows that might pull her out of the swing. He likes Polly and he would not hurt her.

So when Polly swings up and down she sings, "Wag-wag, Wag-wag, can't catch me." And the little dog runs back and forth. He barks, "Bow-wow, bow-wow." Per-

haps he says, "I can, but I won't. It might hurt you."

FATHER'S STORE

Part I

One morning Peter and Polly went to the store. Their mother needed a yeast cake.

"Please give me two cents, mother," said Polly. "I will pay for the yeast cake."

Her mother said, "You may have two cents to put into your bank, Polly. But father will give you the yeast cake." You see, the store belonged to Polly's father.

"May we stay at the store with father?"

"Yes," said her mother. "You may come home to dinner with him. Be sure to look for a train when you get to the track."

The children walked down the hill. They came to the railroad track. Here they stopped to look for a train.

They looked up the track. They looked down the track. But they saw no train. So they went on.

"Perhaps father will let us play keeping store," said Polly.

"Perhaps father will," said Peter.

"I will buy from you first, Peter."

"Then I will buy from you, Polly," said Peter.

Their father was selling sugar. He had a bag on the scales. He was filling the bag.

"Ten pounds," said the man who was waiting.

"That will be sixty cents," said Polly's father. "Sugar costs six cents a pound."

"Father," said Polly, "mother wants a yeast cake. May we play store?"

"Is mother in a hurry for the yeast cake?"

"No, father," said Peter.

"Then you may play store," said his father.

Peter went behind the counter. He was so small that he could not look over. He climbed upon a chair. "What will you buy to-day?" he asked.

"Good morning, Mr. Howe," said Polly. "I will buy that paper of pins."

"What else can I do for you?"

"I will buy those shoes. They will just fit my little girl."

"Those are good shoes," said Peter. "You will like them. They cost fifty dollars."

"Oh, Peter, shoes do not cost so much as that."

"Those shoes do," said Peter. "What else will you buy? I have very good things to sell."

"I will take that cake of soap for mother."

"That is good soap. It costs fifty dollars," said the little storekeeper.

"Oh, Peter," cried Polly, "soap does not cost so much!"

"This soap does," said Peter. "Everything in this store costs fifty dollars."

"Even the pins?" asked his sister.

"Yes, everything."

"That is not a good game, Peter. You do not know how much things really cost. Now let me be storekeeper. I will be Miss Howe. You may buy of me."

FATHER'S STORE

Part II

Polly went behind the counter. "Good morning," said Peter. "Have you many things to sell to-day?"

"Ever so many. What will you buy this morning?"

"First I will take a yeast cake for mother."

"That is two cents, sir. Here it is. Now, Peter, if you keep it in your hand, it will get soft."

"I will put it on the counter," said Peter. "Now I will buy a quart of eggs."

"You cannot buy a quart of eggs, Peter."

"Then I will buy a gallon of eggs."

"That is worse. Don't you know that we sell eggs by the dozen?"

"Then I will not take any eggs. I will take a quart of that candy."

"Oh, Peter," cried Polly, "you cannot buy a quart of candy! But you can buy a pound."

"I do not want a pound, Polly. I want a quart of something. Give me a quart of those stockings."

Polly laughed very hard. Do you know why? Then she said, "If you want a quart, Peter, buy some milk."

"Give me a quart of milk, then. But I do wish I could buy a quart of candy."

Just then their father called to them. "Come, chicks, will you ride home with father? Take the yeast cake, Polly. Now jump in. It is dinner time."

"Father," said Polly, "when I grow up, may I really keep store?"

"If I keep store," said Peter, "I shall sell a quart of everything."

Mr. Howe laughed. "When you go to school, Peter, you will learn better than that."

GRANDMOTHER

Peter and Polly have a grandmother. She is Grandmother Howe. Their father is her son. She calls him her "Big Boy." Peter is her "Little Boy."

Grandmother lives near Peter and Polly. If you will look at the map in the front of this book, you can find the place.

The children love their grandmother very much. She has pretty white hair.

She wears spectacles. She cannot see well without them. Sometimes she calls her spectacles her "eyes."

One day she lost her spectacles. She looked for them upstairs. She looked for them downstairs.

Polly was there. Polly said, "I will find your eyes, grandmother." So she looked and looked. At last she was tired.

She climbed into grandmother's lap. She put up her hands to pat grandmother's pretty white hair. Then she found the spectacles.

Grandmother had pushed them up to the top of her head. Her soft hair hid them.

Polly said, "You funny grandmother, to hide your spectacles there. You had them all the time."

Grandmother said, "I need your eyes to help me find mine."

"I wish I had four eyes," said Polly.

Her grandmother gave her a pair of spectacles. The glass was gone. She said, "You may have them for your very own."

How pleased Polly was! "I think I can see better now that I have four eyes," she told grandmother.

"Can you see to wipe dishes? If you can, you may stay to supper with me."

"Oh, yes, grandmother, I can see to do that."

"Then take this cup and ask your mother for some cream. Be sure to wear your spectacles. You might stub your toe if you did not. Then what would become of grandmother's cream?"

Peter and Wag-wag were playing together. "What is in your cup?" asked Peter.

"Nothing," said Polly. "I came for cream. Grandmother wants a cupful. I am going back to grandmother's for supper."

Peter took the cup. He ran ahead of Polly. "Mother," he shouted, "grandmother wants a couple."

"A couple of what?" asked mother.

"Why, a couple of cream," cried Peter, "a couple of cream!"

"Oh, mother," said Polly, "he means a cupful of cream, not a couple of cream! He doesn't get his words just right, does he, mother?"

IN THE FIELDS

Peter and Polly love to play in the fields. They love to play among the wild flowers.

"I like the buttercups," said Peter. "I like the daisies. I like them all better than tame flowers."

His father said, "Farmers do not like daisies."

"Why don't they?" asked Peter.

"Because they spoil the hay. You cannot make good hay out of daisies."

"When I am a farmer, I shall have a whole field of daisies. Then I shall make just daisy hay," said Peter.

"What will you do with it?" asked father. "Your cows will not like it. Your horses will not like it."

"I will tell them that they must eat it.

I have to eat bread and milk. I do not like that."

"But bread and milk is good for a little boy. It will help him grow.

"Poor hay is not good for cows. You must learn better than that, Peter. You must be a good farmer."

But Peter still likes the daisies. He is not a farmer yet.

In the daisy field is a little brook. It is a good little brook. It always sings softly to itself.

The Story Lady said, "It is telling lovely stories. Sometimes it sings about the water fairies. Their home is in its water.

"If one grows tired of staying at home, she goes on a journey.

"One day a sunbeam says, 'Are you tired of staying in the brook? Come with me and I will take you far away.'

"So the water fairy goes with the sunbeam. Up, up, up, he takes her. She begins to feel lonely. Then she comes to a place where there are many other water fairies.

"They all crowd together. Peter looks up into the sky. He sees them. He calls them a cloud.

"The wind pushes them along. Sometimes they fly fast. Sometimes they fly slowly. It is such fun to sail up there in the sky.

"But they cannot stay always. At last they wish to go home. Down they come through the air.

"Peter thinks they are just raindrops. Watch them hop up and down on the sidewalk and see."

This is what the Story Lady says the little brook sometimes sings about.

"Story Lady," asked Polly, "does our little brook like to run? Does it get tired?"

"I think it likes to run, Polly. It is not hard work for the little brook. It always runs downhill. I will tell you a story about a fairy and the brook. It begins, 'Once upon a time.'"

Now Polly knew something and Peter knew something. It is this. If a story begins, "Once upon a time," it is not a truly true story. The Story Lady had told them so.

HOW NEVER-STILL LET THE BROOKS RUN AWAY

Once upon a time there was a fairy. He was very little, but he had two names. One was Never-still and one Mischief.

The first name was given him when he was born. The Wish Fairy gave it to him. She always gave the new fairies their names.

After she had named a fairy, he had to be just like his name. So, if she called one Never-still, then he could not be still.

But many people spoke of him as Mischief. This was because he was nearly always in mischief. I cannot begin to tell you half the naughty things he did.

Once he sewed up the pockets in the bees' legs. The poor bees could not gather pollen all that day. Then a kind fairy cut the stitches.

Once he stole the lanterns of the fireflies. That night the fireflies could not see their

way about. Some got into the wrong houses. Some did not get home until morning. Then the kind fairies found their lanterns for them.

Once Never-still played a trick on the caterpillars. They have six real legs near their heads. Never-still put these legs on the end near their tails. When the caterpillars walked, they went the wrong way.

At first they thought it very funny. They did not mind at all. But they got into so many wrong places that they grew tired of it. So some kind fairies put their legs back.

Once he spoiled the new house of the wasps. He painted it red. He used the juice of the bloodroot for paint.

The wasps were very angry. They like their paper houses gray. Never-still was punished for this trick. He was shut up in that house for a whole day. Nothing could have been worse.

It took a dozen fairies to undo Never-still's mischief. But they were never cross about it. Every one knew it was his name that made him act so.

There was one thing that Never-still liked best in all the world. He liked it better

than being naughty. This was to see the brooks run by. He could almost be still while he looked at the dancing water.

In those old days the brooks were not as they are now. Only once a year did they run. The rest of the time the fairies kept them locked up in the ponds.

The fairies liked to see the ponds heaped full of water. But once a year the bottoms of the ponds had to be cleaned.

So, on that day the brooks were unlocked. Then they ran down the hillsides.

Now Never-still was the only fairy who liked to see the brooks run. Perhaps this was because of his name.

The other fairies liked best the still ponds. They hated cleaning days. Never-still never helped to clean. He only ran beside the happy brooks and sang and shouted.

One night Never-still danced by a pond. At last he stopped for a drink of dew.

He heard a voice say, "Never-still, Never-still, go and get the keys."

"What keys, and who are you?"

"We are the brooks," said other voices. "You like to see us run. Get the keys that unlock us. We are tired of staying here."

"I never thought of that," said he. "If I unlock you, will you run for me?"

"Oh, yes, Never-still, yes," the voices said. "We will run as long as you like."

Now Never-still knew well where the keys were. He did not stop to think how naughty it would be. He just ran to get them. Then he ran back and unlocked the brooks.

Away they went; and when Never-still saw them, he was very, very happy.

All at once he heard a crowd of fairies

coming. The Fairy Queen was with the rest. He could see that they were angry.

The fairies had never before been angry with him. He was frightened, for he saw that he had been too naughty. Before he thought, he threw the keys into a brook. The brook caught them and hid them.

"Oh, Never-still! What have you done?" cried the fairies. "Now our keys are lost and our brooks are gone forever. We can never lock them up any more."

Then the Fairy Queen said, "Never-still, you must find those keys. You must go and live in the brooks. You must hunt until you find them. Then bring them back, and we will lock up the brooks again."

Now Never-still couldn't be very sad about that. It was just what he longed for. It pleased him to live in the brooks. So he kissed the Queen's hand and jumped into the water.

And there he must be to this day. He has not found the keys; for, when he does, the brooks will be locked up again.

He is very happy. If you listen hard, you can hear him laughing and singing to himself as he floats along.

STRAWBERRY TIME

It is wild strawberry time. Peter and Polly are out picking strawberries. All the children who live near are with them.

Peter has a little tin cup. Polly has a little tin pail.

Once the bottom of Peter's cup was almost covered with strawberries. Then — guess what! He ate them all up.

Now he must begin again to fill his cup. But there are so many things to see. He cannot look for strawberries all the time.

The first strawberry that Polly found did not go into her cup. It did not go into her mouth. She threw it over her right shoulder and said:

"Good luck, good luck,
I hope I'll fill my cup."

Now she is having good luck. Her little pail is half full. Grandmother likes wild

strawberries. Polly will try to get enough for grandmother's supper.

It is hot on the hillside. The other children are in the next field. It is very still.

"What is that, Polly?" whispered Peter.

"What is that, Peter?" whispered Polly.

That is a queer little animal. He is coming out of a hole not so very far away.

Polly and Peter are quite still. Mr. Woodchuck sits down by his hole. He looks at the children.

Perhaps he says to himself, "I am not afraid of you. If you stir, I shall run. You cannot get into my hole. So you cannot get me.

"If you watch here for me, I shall not come back. But I shall not have to stay in my house. I have another door. You don't know where it is."

Polly and Peter do not frighten Mr. Woodchuck. They wish to watch him. All at once he hears Wag-wag bark. Then down he pops into his hole.

Perhaps he thinks, "I like company. I like nice, quiet company like Peter and Polly. But I never did like dogs. So good-by."

At supper father said, "Now tell me about Mr. Woodchuck. How did he look?"

"He had fur," said Polly. "It was brown or gray. I could not see which."

"He had long claws," said Peter.

"He had little ears and bright eyes and a funny mouth," said Polly.

"He sat up on his hind legs," said Peter.

"I saw his tail, when he popped down his hole," said Polly.

"Well done, chicks," said father. "Polly, you don't need four eyes. Keep your two open and see what they will do for you.

"Now let me tell you why your friend Mr Woodchuck is not liked by every one."

MR. WOODCHUCK

"You thought Mr. Woodchuck was very nice, didn't you? Some people do not think so.

"Mr. Woodchuck does not mean to be bad. But he makes much trouble for the farmers.

"Mr. Woodchuck lives in the ground. He digs his own home. He uses those long claws for digging, Peter.

"He digs most with his fore feet. With his hind feet he throws the dirt backward.

"You can find a pile of dirt near each of his holes. Sometimes his tunnels are many feet long. How hard he must work!

"The tunnels end in a room. This is where Mr. and Mrs. Woodchuck keep the four or five baby woodchucks.

"As soon as the babies are grown up,

they also dig holes. Each one must have a house for winter. Sometimes two live together in the winter, but not often.

"Each house must have two doors. Just think how many holes one family makes.

"No farmer likes his fields full of holes. If he is plowing, his horse may step into one. The horse may break its leg.

"If he is mowing, his machine may run into a pile of dirt left by the woodchuck. This hurts the knives on the machine.

"Then, too, woodchucks must have food to eat. They like clover and beans and peas best.

"They will eat much clover. They will go a long way to find beans and peas. Many times they spoil these crops. Do you wonder that farmers do not like them?

"Now, chicks, it is bedtime. Father will tell you about the woodchucks' long nap. Then you must run.

"In the fall, they eat and eat until they are very fat. When the days begin to grow cold, they begin to grow sleepy.

"By and by they creep into their warm homes. They go to sleep and sleep and sleep.

"They never know about Jack Frost. They never know about the snow above them.

"They sleep all winter. You couldn't do that. But run along now and sleep all night."

"When I am a farmer," said Peter, "I will have a field where woodchucks can dig. I will put all the woodchucks into that field."

"Do you think you can keep them there?" asked father. "Wait and see."

WAG–WAG

Peter's dog is called Wag-wag. This is a funny name for him. He is such a happy dog. He runs and plays all day with the children.

He has a short tail. He tries hard to wag it. He tries so hard that he wags his whole body. That is why he is named Wag-wag.

He likes Peter and Polly. They are always kind to him. They do not hurt him. He would not hurt them. He would not hurt anything.

Late one day, Farmer Brown went into the store. He said to Mr. Howe, "Your dog has been chasing my sheep.

"I saw him doing it this afternoon. He was with another dog. You must have him killed."

"But Wag-wag would not do that," said Mr. Howe. "He is a good dog."

"I saw him," replied Farmer Brown. "Perhaps he got into bad company. I cannot have all my sheep spoiled. He must be killed."

"But it may not have been our dog," said Mr. Howe. "Perhaps he was at home."

He telephoned to Mrs. Howe. "No," said Mrs. Howe, "Wag-wag has not been here since early this morning."

Then Mr. Howe said to Farmer Brown, "Mr. Brown, I will see about this. I do not wish to kill Wag-wag. Perhaps I can keep him tied."

"Do something," replied the farmer. "I will shoot him if I catch him chasing my sheep again."

Peter and Polly were in the store. They had heard Farmer Brown.

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried Polly

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried Peter.

"First we will go home to supper, chicks. Then we can tell mother. Jump in and we'll drive along."

When they passed grandmother's house, she called to them. "Children, did you

know that Wag-wag is here? He has been here since early this morning. I think he is sick."

"Has he left the house at all?" asked her son.

"Oh, no, he has been in the kitchen all day."

"That settles it," said her Big Boy. "Wag-wag wasn't the dog. Farmer Brown was mistaken. He must look once more."

And he and Peter and Polly were all glad together.

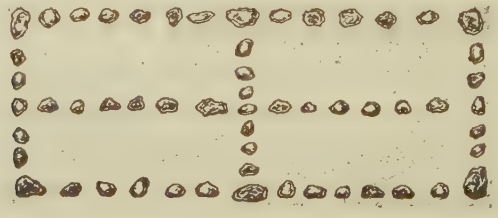
POLLY'S PLAYHOUSE

Polly has a playhouse. Peter helped to build it. But Polly thought of it first. So it is called "Polly's house."

It is quite near the real house. It is in the yard under a large elm tree. On the next tree is the swing.

Polly's house has no roof. It has no really, truly walls. But that does not matter. It is a house just the same. The children built it in one day.

First they cleaned up the yard. Peter took a rake. He raked up the dried grass. Polly took a broom. She swept up the sticks. Then they brought small stones from the road. They laid them in lines like this:



"That is my house," said Polly. "It has four rooms. It has a parlor, a bedroom, a dining room, and a kitchen."

"Where is the front door?" asked Peter. "I wish to ring the bell."

"Oh, I forgot the doors. I will make some now," said Polly. So she made the doors as you see.

Just then mother called to Polly and Peter. "It is supper time, children. Come and wash your faces and hands. We must be ready for father."

At supper Polly said, "I have a new house, father. I will show it to you. It is almost as nice as yours. It has a parlor, a bedroom, a dining room, and a kitchen."

"I must see your house to-morrow," said father. "Did you build it all to-day?"

"Yes, father. But we didn't have anything to put in it. There is no bed. There is no stove and no dishes."

"We must see about those things to-morrow," said mother. "No one can keep house without a bed and a stove and some dishes."

The next morning they all went to look at the new house. You never could guess what had happened.

The walls were out of place. The stones were scattered about.

"Some one bad has been here and spoiled our house," said Peter. "Do you know who it was, father?"

Polly said nothing. She looked very, very sorry. But she did not cry.

"It must have been the hens, or Wag-wag," said Mr. Howe. "They did not mean to be bad. Never mind, chicks. I'll bring some bigger stones. Then your house will last for a long time."

The house was built again. It was better than before. Polly and Peter picked grass on the lawn. This they put into the bed-room. It was for the bed.

In the kitchen they made a stove. It was just a flat stone laid across two other stones.

In the dining room they made a table. This was a smooth white stone. Polly said,

"We must find a white stone for that table." Can you guess why?

Mother gave them some dishes. She gave them two little cups and two little plates.

The children like to play in their house. Nearly every day they find something new for it.

Sometimes mother gives them a plate of bread and butter. The bread is cut into very small pieces. It has maple sugar on it.

Then they play housekeeping. Mother said, "One must have food really to keep house. I should not like to try to keep house without something to eat."

What do you think your mother would say about it?

ON THE BRIDGE

Can you find the bridge on your map? The river is far below it. Steep banks lead down to the water.

Peter and Polly do not often climb down there. Mother and father do not like to have them.

But they watch the river from the bridge. The water looks brown. That is because the bottom is covered with brown stones.

Sometimes the Story Lady watches the water with them. She taught them to say this verse:

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand,
It flows along forever,
With trees on either hand.

Polly said, "Perhaps the man who made that knew about our little river. It sounds just like it."

Sometimes the big boys fish from the

bridge. Polly and Peter cannot. It takes such a long line to reach the water. But they often watch the big boys.

The children like to look for things in the water. Lean over the rail with them, and see what you can find.

In the spring the river is high. The melting snows fill it. The spring rains fill it. It picks up logs and branches and boxes. It carries these along.

When the water grows lower, these catch on the rocks.

Then, too, thoughtless people throw things from the bridge into the river. The Story Lady says this is a pity.

But Peter and Polly do not think this spoils the river. They like to see how many different things they can find deep down in the water.

Once there was a cart wheel, once a part of a wagon Sometimes they can see broken dishes and bottles.

"I wish we had those dishes to put in our playhouse," said Polly.

"I wish I knew what is in those bottles," said Peter.

One day Polly counted three tin pails and five tin cans. The sunbeams touched the tin. This made it shine.

Peter was sure that there must be silver

at the bottom of the river. Perhaps it belonged to the water fairies.

That night he said to his father, "Will you help me get the silver at the bottom of the river?"

"I'm afraid there isn't any, Peter. But sometimes people find pearls in the river. A fine pearl is as good as silver. It can be sold.

"When you are a big boy, you may hunt for pearls. But first I must teach you to swim. Then mother will not worry about you."

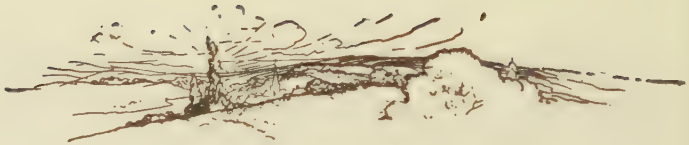
"Did you ever find a pearl, father?"

"Oh, yes, Polly. When I was a boy, I hunted for pearls every summer. The pearls in this river are found in clams.

"We boys used to dig many clams. Once in a while we found a clam with a pearl in it. Most of these were not very good. But I found one good pearl. Mother has it. She will show it to you."

"I shall always fish for clams now," said Peter. "What shall I use for bait?"

"You will not catch any clams," said father. "So you might just as well fish for fish."



DOWN THE ROAD

There is a road which runs past the store. Follow it for five miles. It will take you to a village.

Peter and Polly call it the "Large Village." That is easier than its real name.

They call their home the "East Village."

It is a very little village. It has just fourteen houses. Most of these are on one street. This street is the road which runs beside the river.

Just halfway between East Village and Large Village lives Farmer Brown. Here is a picture of his farmhouse.

His barns are much larger than his house. Can you think why?

One noon father said, "Peter and Polly, will you drive with me to-day? I am going to Large Village.

"You may come as far as Farmer Brown's. He wishes to see you. He wishes to see Wag-wag, too. He will show you his sheep."

It was fun to go with father. First Polly was the driver. Then Peter was the driver. Father always said, "Ladies before gentlemen."

Mary is the bay horse. She knows when the children are driving. Then she goes carefully.

Peter and Polly often feed her sugar. Mary likes sugar. She likes Peter and Polly, too. She does not mind if they drive her for just a little while.

By and by they caught up with a big boy. He had bare feet. His hair was wet. He lived with Farmer Brown. The children knew him well.

"Hello, John," said Mr. Howe. "Jump

in and we will give you a ride home. You have been to the swimming hole, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have. But how did you know?"

"I knew because your hair is so wet. Have you had any dinner?"

"No, and I am glad to get a ride home. I am very hungry. Guess what I have in my hand, Polly."

"A frog," said Polly; "but I am not afraid of frogs."

"A worm," said Peter; "but I am not afraid of worms."

"Wrong, Polly. Wrong, Peter. It's an egg — not a bird's egg, either. It's a turtle's egg. I found it in the sand by the river. I left the rest there."

"Were they in a nest? Oh, take us to see them," cried both children.

"Turtles don't build nests like birds," said John. "I will take you to see the eggs to-morrow, if your father will let me."

"You may take them, John. But you must keep them out of the water," said Mr. Howe. "They are not big enough to go in swimming."

"All right, sir," said John, "they shall not even go in wading."

SALTING THE SHEEP

Soon they reached Farmer Brown's. Peter and Polly and John jumped out of the wagon.

"Thank you for the ride, Mr. Howe," said John.

"Good-by, father," said Peter and Polly. "Don't forget us when you go home."

Farmer Brown came out of the house. "Well, this is nice," he said. "We will play together until your father comes back. What shall we do first?"

"See the sheep, please," said Polly.

Farmer Brown took a bag of coarse salt. Then away they went. Polly and Peter knew why he took the salt. Do you know?

Sheep like salt more than you like sugar. It is good for them, too.

The sheep were in a pasture on a hill. From the house one can see the pasture.

Farmer Brown gave a strange call. When

the sheep heard this, they came to him. Perhaps they thought that he had salt for them.

Soon they had come from all parts of the pasture. They crowded about Farmer Brown. He spread salt on the ground in many places.

The children watched the sheep lick it up. Wag-wag watched them, too. He sat very still. He did not run nor bark.

There were big sheep and little lambs. Some had long tails. Some had short tails.

"Those must be Bo-Peep's sheep," said Polly. "They've left their tails behind them."

"Maybe they are," replied Farmer Brown. "I guess I don't know about Bo-Peep."

Some of the sheep had black faces. And there were two black sheep in the flock.

Polly put her hand into the wool of one sheep. It felt soft and warm. Next to the skin it was very white. It was dirty on the outside.

The wool was not very long. It had been cut off in the spring. But it was growing every day.

"How often do they have their hair cut?" asked Peter. "I have mine cut very often."

"Just once a year," Farmer Brown told him. Then he said, "Wag-wag is a good dog. He does not frighten the sheep. I am glad he was not the dog that chased them."

"Why does that hurt the sheep so much?" asked Polly.

"Let's sit down here under this tree," said Farmer Brown. "You look at the sheep, and I will tell you about them."

THE FLOCK OF SHEEP

"Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?"

"Yes, sir, yes, sir; three bags full.
One for my master, one for his dame,
And one for the little boy who lives in the lane."

"Now," said Farmer Brown, "it is just this way. We farmers keep sheep to get wool. Or we keep them to sell for food.

"Sometimes bad dogs kill our sheep. From these we cannot get wool or food. Sometimes bad dogs chase our sheep, but do not kill them.

"Suppose you were a sheep, and a bad dog chased you. How should you feel, Polly?"

"I should feel frightened," said Polly.

"Yes, and shouldn't you be frightened all the time? You would wonder when that dog was coming again. Every time you heard a noise you would stop eating.

"You would look around for that bad

dog. Even if you couldn't see him, you would think he was surely near.

"After a while, you would be so afraid that any noise would make you run. Do you think that you could grow fat, if you felt like that? Do you think that your wool would grow nice and thick?"

"No," said Polly. "I am sorry that dogs chase sheep. And I am glad that Wag-wag did not do it."

"So am I," said Farmer Brown. "In the summer the sheep live in the pasture. They eat the grass. Their wool grows and grows. How do you keep warm out of doors in winter?"

"We put on thick coats," said Polly.

"The sheep do the same thing. Their wool has grown so thick during the summer that they have warm coats, too.

"These sheep that you see cannot stay in the snowy fields in winter. What could they find to eat there? The grass is dry and it is covered with snow. What could they find to drink? The water in the brook freezes over.

"Then I keep my sheep in a part of my barn. In the daytime they go into the

barnyard. Some farmers keep sheep in sheds made for them.

"We must give them hay to eat and water to drink. If they fall sick, we must care for them.

"In places where there is not much snow, sheep can stay in the fields all winter. But our sheep cannot. So it is hard work caring for them.

"In the early spring the sheep are sheared. That means we cut off their

wool. They do not need it any longer to keep them warm. Summer is coming again.

"The wool that comes off a sheep we call a fleece. We sell wool by the pound. So we like the fleeces to be thick and heavy.

"Men buy the wool from the farmers. They send it to the mills. There it is made into woolen cloth.

"The sheep are good friends of yours, Peter."

"How do you know?" asked Peter. "I never played with them before."

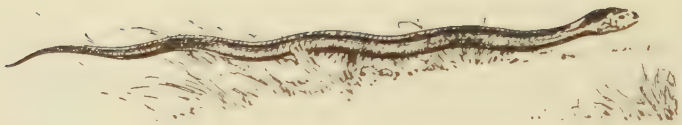
"Because they gave you the warm mittens and stockings that you wore last winter."

"Those were black," said Peter. "Were they made from the black sheep?"

"Maybe they were," said Farmer Brown. "But don't you know that white can be turned into any color?"

"Is it magic?" asked Peter.

"There is no magic about it. Was it magic to paint my house white and my barns red? Ask your mother. She will tell you."



THE PINK ICE CREAM PARTY

Mr. Brown took Peter and Polly back to the farm. On the way down the hill they saw a snake.

"That is a good snake," said Farmer Brown. "His name is garter snake. He will not hurt any one. We must never try to kill him."

"See how fast he can go along," said Polly. "But he has no legs. He does not go straight. He makes curves like our little brook."

At the farm Mr. Brown gave a call. Two lambs came running around the house. They came close to Mr. Brown and said, "Baa, baa."

"These are our pets," said Mr. Brown. "Their mothers died when they were little babies. I brought them into the house.

"Mrs. Brown fed them with a bottle. She fed them on warm milk. She took care of them. So they like her very much.

"They will follow her everywhere. They will go up on the piazza. If the door is open, they will walk into the house.

"At first it was funny. But now they are quite big. They make us much trouble. I must put them in the pasture with the flock."

Just then Mrs. Brown came out. "Polly and Peter," she said, "I have some pink ice cream for you."

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Polly.

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Peter.

"We will have our party out here on the steps. The lambs may come to the party. Here are some animal crackers, too."

She gave each child a dish full of pink ice cream.

Polly took an animal cracker. It was a dog. It tasted very good. Peter found a lion. That tasted very good.

Then Polly found a sheep. She said, "I shall not eat this. I do not like mutton."

"It will taste just like the others," said Mrs. Brown. "It will not taste like mutton."

Now, of course, Polly knew this. She was only playing.

By and by Mr. Howe drove up. "Almost supper time," he called. "Jump in, chicks."

"Thank you, Mrs. Brown. Thank you, Mr. Brown," said Polly and Peter. "We have had a good time."

"And so have we," said the farmer and his wife. "You must come to play with us again soon. You are better pets than the lambs."

"I won't let John forget to take you to see the turtle's eggs," said Mrs. Brown.

ON HORSEBACK

The very next day John came. Peter and Polly were out in the road watching for him. He was not walking. He was riding horseback. He had Farmer Brown's old bay mare.

"Hello, Polly! Hello, Peter!" called John. "I'm going to see the turtle's eggs. Are you going with me? If you are, jump on."

"Oh, John," said Polly, "may we ride on your horse, too?"

"You surely may. I asked your father when I came past the store. I'll ride up close to the fence. You climb up the fence and get on.

"Polly, you sit behind and hold fast to me. Peter, sit here in front of me. I will hold fast to you. Now we are off."

And they were. Mother came out and called, "Good-by." She knew that the children were safe with John.

They stopped at grandmother's house. She must see them riding horseback.

In the bridge some children were playing. Peter and Polly called to them. They wished everybody to look at them.

"Don't you wish you could ride horseback?" said Polly. All the children stopped playing to watch them out of sight.

John let his horse drink at the watering trough. Polly said, "How much she drinks, John! I can feel her sides all swell up."

At the store, Mr. Howe came out. "Well, John Gilpin," he said, "are you off?" He gave John some bananas. "I have heard that hunters are always hungry."

"Are we hunters, father?" asked Peter.

"Oh, yes, Peter. You are egg hunters to-day. Hold on to John Gilpin, Polly. And, John, look out for your horse, won't you?"

"I will be careful," said the big boy. "I won't play John Gilpin this time. You may trust me, Mr. Howe. We will walk the horse all the way."

And off they went down the road. Soon they came to a path. This path led to the river.

"We will leave the horse here," said John. So he tied the mare to the fence. The sun was very hot. John was careful to tie her where the trees would give her shade.

She could nibble a little grass that was near her. She would be quite happy until the children came back.

JOHN GILPIN

"John," said Polly, "is your name Gilpin? I thought it was Brown."

"So it is, Polly. And Farmer Brown is my uncle. That is why I live with him every summer.

"In the winter I go back to the city. I have to be in school then. I wish I could stay here all winter."

"It is nice," said Polly. "The snow is deep. We have a school, too. But why did father call you 'John Gilpin'? Doesn't he know your name?"

"Oh, yes, he knows it. But that is a joke on me. When I first rode horseback, I did not know much about horses.

"One day my horse wished to go home. She thought that it was time. I did not think so. But she turned around and went just the same. I could not stop her.

"John Gilpin could not stop his horse, either. He is a man in a poem. He lived in London. That is a big city across the

ocean. I will tell you the story. You will think it is funny.

"One day his wife and he planned to take their children to the country. They wished to have a dinner away from home.

"Their carriage was so full that John Gilpin had to ride on horseback. He asked a friend for a horse.

"He was late in getting started. He kept a store and had to wait on some customers. His wife and children went along without him.

"When at last he did get started, his horse began to go very fast. He could not stop her any more than I could stop my horse.

"He did not ride his horse very well. He bumped up and down on her back. He lost his hat. He lost his wig. He must have looked funny.

"His horse went right past the house where his family was waiting for him. They saw him riding by.

"'Stop, stop, John Gilpin! Here's the house' —
They all at once did cry,
'The dinner waits, and we are tired;'
Said Gilpin — 'So am I.'

"But he could not stop his horse. She galloped on until she came to her master's home.

"Her master ran out to see what was the matter. He wiped the dirt from Gilpin's face.

"He gave John another hat and wig. He asked John to stay to dinner. But John said he must ride back. He must have dinner with his wife and children.

"So turning to his horse he said,

'I am in haste to dine,
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.'

"Just then a noise frightened that horse. Off she started as before. Only this time she galloped toward London.

"Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? They were too big.

"His wife saw him gallop past again. She thought that he was crazy. She asked a boy to ride after him. Some men saw the boy chasing John Gilpin.

"They thought that Gilpin was a thief running away. So they all chased him, too.

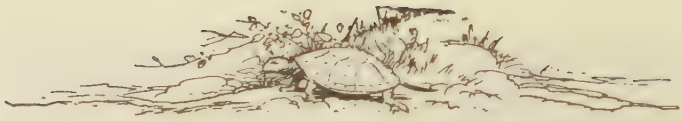
"The people up and down the road watched the chase. They thought that Gilpin was riding a race with these men.

"And so he did and won it, too,
For he got first to town,
Nor stopped, till where he had got up,
He did again get down."

"That is a good story," said Polly. "He didn't get any dinner, did he? Did you lose your wig, John?"

"No, mine is sewed on too tight," said John. "Maybe I didn't look quite so funny as Gilpin. But your father thinks that I looked funny enough.

"He always remembers it, and that is why he calls me 'John Gilpin.'"



THE TURTLE'S EGGS

"Now, Polly and Peter," said John, "let us eat our bananas. Aren't you hungry? The sun is very hot. See how it shines on the water.

"Here you are very near the turtle's eggs. Can you see them? I shall not tell you where they are.

"You must hunt for them. We will play 'hot' or 'cold.' When you come near the eggs, I'll call 'hot.' You are hot now.

"Oh, Polly! You are getting colder and colder. That means you are going away from the eggs.

"Now you are getting warm; now very warm; now hot. You'll burn your hand in a minute. Yes, there they are under the sand. You saw the end of that one sticking out, didn't you?"

"What a lot of them, John," said Polly. "How did they get there?"

"Why, the turtle scraped a hollow in the sand. Then she laid them there."

"But who covered them up?"

"The turtle did. She cannot sit upon them like a hen. She has a hard shell, you know. So she covers them with sand and lets the warm sun do the rest."

"What will come out of those eggs?" asked Peter. "Will they hatch little birds?"

"No, indeed. They will hatch turtles — little bits of fellows. Do you think that those look like bird's eggs, Peter?"

"They are not the same shape," said Polly. "They are alike at both ends.

Hen's eggs are not. Bird's eggs are not."

"Good for you, Polly. You have two bright eyes. Now drop the egg which you have in your hand."

"I don't like to drop it, John. Won't it break?"

"Try it and see. There! It did not break. It just hopped up a little way. A rubber ball will do that, but a hen's egg will not. Of course, if you dropped a turtle's egg too hard, it would break, just as a hen's egg would."

"Will the mother come to see her baby turtles when they hatch? Will she take care of them?"

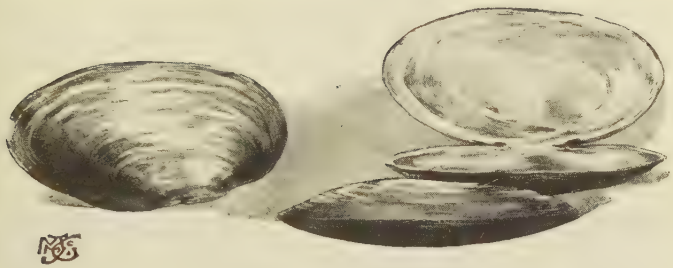
"I think not," said John. "Her babies will have to take care of themselves."

"She isn't so good as a hen mother," said Polly. "I'd rather be a little chicken than a little turtle. Then I'd have a mother."

"So should I," said John. "A mother is a very good thing to have. Well, Peter, what have you found?"

"A shell," said Peter.

"So it is. It's a clamshell. Here is another shell to go with it. Fit them together like this, Peter.



"See! They make a box. The upper half is the lid. Once a clam lived in this shell house. His shells were fastened together at the back.

"He could open and shut them in front as he wished. But he could not come out of his house. It was fastened to him."

"And a turtle's house is fastened to him, too," said Polly.

"Where do clams live?" asked Peter.

"This kind lives at the bottom of the river in the sand."

"My father has found pearls in clams. He has found them in this very river," said Polly.

"Let's take the clamshells home, Peter. We will put them in our playhouse. We will play that they are bathtubs."

PETER'S PLAYMATE

Peter has a playmate. His name is Timothy. But that name is too big for him. So he is called Tim.

Tim lives on a farm. His father keeps many cows. They are all Jersey cows.

Every morning these cows are milked. Then in summer they are driven to the pasture. Every evening they are driven back to the barn and milked again.

All the milk is put into large tin cans. Once a day it is taken to the station. It is put on an early train.

It is carried many miles to a great city. There it is sold to people who do not keep cows.

Tim likes these pretty Jersey cows. He likes to look at them as they stand in the barn. He likes to see them come from the pasture. He wishes he had one for his own.

His father said to him, "You are a little boy now, Tim. What would you do with a cow?

You could not even milk her. Wait until you grow up. When you are big and can help me, I will give you some cows. But now you must play with your dog."

So Tim has changed his dog Collie into a cow. He tries to drive him up and down the road.

"Hi, there, Jersey-cow!" he shouts to him.

Collie does not act much like a cow. He barks and wags his tail. Did you ever hear a real cow bark? Did you ever see a real cow wag her tail?

Tim's Jersey-cow and Wag-wag are playmates. They play together when Tim and Peter play together.

They run up and down the road. They roll over and over. They bark, "Bow-wow, bow-wow." But they are never cross.

Peter throws sticks for them to chase. They like to do this. They find the sticks and take them back to Peter.

One day Tim tried to throw sticks, too. He could not make them go straight. He had not learned how to throw.

He hit Jersey-cow with one. He hit Wag-wag with one. They jumped up and down and thought it was great fun.

So Tim threw again. This time the stick went up into the air. It came down on Tim's own head. Tim did not like this very well. It made him cross.

So he picked up the stick once more. He thought, "I will throw it hard. Then it will go far away. I shall never see it again."

He threw it with all his might. He threw it so hard that he sat right down in the road. He did not like that very well.

But that was not all. The stick which he threw hit Peter. It hurt Peter, too. It made him very cross.

"Why did you do that, Tim?" asked Peter, crossly.

"I don't know," said Tim. "I was throwing."

"You can't throw in my road any more," said Peter. "You can't throw straight. You must go home."

"I don't want to go home, Peter. Old stick knocked me down, too. Let's fight old stick."

"You go home, Tim. I will call Wag-wag if you don't. He will bark at you."

So he whistled to Wag-wag. But Wag-wag was busy playing with Jersey-cow. He would not stop. He did not know that Tim and Peter were cross.

Then Peter started to go into the house. Tim called to him.

He said, "Peter, I will go home. But you come, too. We will take my goat. You may drive him."

"All right, Tim," said Peter. "Come on. I am not cross. I don't care if you did hit me. You are such a little boy it did not hurt much. I will show you how to throw straight."

Now Peter and Tim always liked to make up. So off they went to Tim's house very, very happy.

MR. BILLY GOAT

Tim's house is up the hill past Peter's house. Tim and Peter went up the hill. Jersey-cow and Wag-wag ran after them.

"Some one must harness old Billy Goat, Tim," said Peter. "Then we can drive him."

"One of the men will do it, Peter. My father will let him."

The boys went into the barn. One of the men who worked on the farm was there. He was cleaning a harness.

"Hello, boys, do you want a job to-day?" he called. "I will let you clean this harness. Or you may water the horses. Or you may sweep the barn floor. Do you want to help?"

"No," said Peter. "We want you to help us. Please harness Billy Goat so that we can drive him."

"Harness Billy Goat?" said the man. "Billy Goat is cross to-day."

"So were we cross, but we got over it.

Maybe Billy will get over it, too. What made Billy cross?"

"I guess it was stomach ache," said the man. "Last night he found some of Tim's stockings hanging on the line. He thought that they looked good to eat. So he chewed off all the feet. He left the legs."

"Then I shall have to go barefoot," said Tim. "That will be fun."

"Well, I guess he didn't eat all your stockings up, Tim. I saw your mother mending holes for you this morning."

Just then Billy walked into the barn. The man caught him. He put on Billy's harness. Then he hitched him to the cart.

"Who goes first?" asked the man.

"I do," said Peter, getting into the cart.

Billy was cross. Perhaps his stomach did ache. He did not wish to be driven.

He stood still on the barn floor. He would not move.

The man laughed. "Don't let him run away, will you, Peter?" he said.

But Peter did not think it was funny. He wished for a ride. So the man took hold of Billy. He pulled Billy out of the barn.

This made Billy still more cross. He put down his head. He ran at the man. He tried to butt him.

Peter pulled on the reins. He called, "Whoa, Billy, whoa." But Billy would not stop. He chased the man back into the barn.

Then he felt better. He trotted up and down the road a few times. Peter liked it very much.

At last it was Tim's turn. He thought he would drive Billy down to Peter's house.

But Billy had become cross again. He would not go. He stood still a long, long time.

Peter and Tim grew tired of waiting. At last Billy started. He walked away from the road.

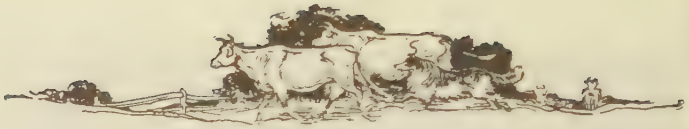
He walked on the grass. He began to eat it. He went close up to the house. He

ate a few morning-glory vines. This was naughty.

Then he stopped and looked around. He was thinking what to do next. He saw the piazza. He started up the steps. Tim fell out of the cart. He bumped his head. But it did not hurt him much.

He jumped up, and he and Peter pushed naughty Billy off the piazza. Billy ran to the barn.

Just then the cows began to come from the pasture. So the boys ran to the barn, too. They liked to watch the men milk.



THE JERSEY COWS

The Jersey cows came into the barnyard. They were pretty cows. Tim's dog Collie was driving them.

Collie knows just how to drive cows. He can keep them together. He can make them go fast. He can make them go slowly.

He can keep them all on one side of the road. He can turn them when he wishes. He can pick out one cow and leave her in the pasture.

He can do these things more quickly than a boy or a man. He is worth a great deal to his master.

The Jersey cows walked into the cow stable. This has many open windows. These keep the air fresh. The stable itself is kept very clean.

The cows are kept very clean. The men who milk are very clean, too. Before they begin, they put on clean overalls and coats and fresh white caps.

They wash their hands. Everything

must be clean. Then the milk will have no dirt in it. It can be sold for more money than dirty milk.

Peter and Tim like to watch the men milk. They like to see the foam on the tops of the pails.

One of the men said to Tim, "Run into the house and get your tin cups. I will give you some milk to drink."

Tim brought two bright cups. The man filled them both. The boys liked the warm milk very much.

After the milking was over, they saw the men feed the calves. Some of these were so young that they could not eat grass. They must be fed on milk.

At first they did not know how to drink this from a pail. Then there was great fun watching them learn.

The men pushed the calves' noses down into the milk. By and by they began to drink. Sometimes one blew the milk in the pail all over the man who was feeding her.

Then Peter and Tim looked at the cows. They knew many of them by name. They went down the long rows speaking to them.

They watched them chewing their cuds. They watched them swallow the cuds. After

a cud had been swallowed, another came up into the cow's mouth. They watched the cows' throats to see this.

Sometimes they touched the cool, wet noses of the cows. The boys were not afraid of them. Cows do not bite. They have no upper front teeth.

They pull the grass partly with their lips. Their back teeth are so flat that they can chew their cuds nicely.

"This cow is the best of all," said Tim. "My father will not sell her. We keep all her milk. My father says it will make me a big boy."

"My cow is black and white," said Peter. "She is not a Jersey cow. Once my father put me on her back. She did not like it. I am not afraid of her. She cannot hook me. She has no horns."

"When I am a big man, I shall have more cows than these," said Tim.

"Then I will sell you my daisy hay for them," said Peter.

"What is daisy hay, Peter? Is it good for cows?"

"My father says it is not, Tim. Now I'm going home to supper."

FLYING KITES

One evening Peter and Polly had such fun. They were flying kites. Their father helped them make two kites. He drew faces on them like this:

The children made the tails. These were of colored paper. They called the kites "Happy" and "Unhappy." Perhaps you can guess why.

Peter and Polly are too little to fly kites alone. They have often tried to do so. But the kites will not go up into the air. Their father must help them.

So after supper Peter, Polly, and father set off. They took Happy and Unhappy with them.

They went to a place in the road where there were no trees. The ground was smooth and good for running. It was a windy evening — just the kind for flying kites.

Father gave Happy to Polly. Then he unwound a little of the string. Polly tossed Happy into the air as high as she could.

Just then father ran with the string. This sent Happy still higher. The wind caught him and away he sailed.

Peter held the string while father and Polly put Unhappy up into the air, too. At last both kites were high above their heads.

Peter jumped up and down and clapped his hands. "Oh, see them, see them!" he cried. "I wish I were riding on one of them."

"See them chase each other," said Polly. "See them dip down and then fly up again. They look like great white birds."

"But look at their long tails," said Peter. "Birds don't have such long tails."

"How they pull on the strings, father. They are trying to get away."

"That is the wind, Polly. Don't you feel

it? It is blowing your hair all about. The kites are so light that it carries them along with it. You are too heavy for this wind to carry you up into the air.

"Hear it whistle. How loud it sounds! You can hear it, and you can feel it. But can you see it?"

"No," said Polly. "But I can see the things it does. I know about the wind, father. The Story Lady taught me a poem about it. I will say it to you on the way home."

"Do," said father. "Look at those birds up in the air. They are swallows. Perhaps they live in some chimney. See the wind blow them.

"They spread their wings and let it carry them along. What fun it must be! When they wish to fly back against the wind, it is not so easy. But they can do it.

"Now watch our kites. They cannot fly against the wind."

"I wish I were a bird," said Peter. "I would fly higher than our kites. I would fly up to the moon. Do swallows go to the moon?"

"No, Peter, it is too far away. They don't go to the sun, either. That is still farther.

"Now, chicks, see the lovely sunset. That is the way the sun says good night to you. It is time to go home.

"Shall I let Happy sail right up to those pretty pink clouds? He will never come back."

"Oh, father, if you do, Unhappy will look crosser than ever. Let's keep them both."

So father pulled in the kites. But when Unhappy was coming down, he caught on some wires.

There he hung until the next morning. Then father took him off with a very long fishing pole.

THE WIND

On the way home father said, "Now, Polly, what about the wind?"

Then Polly said these verses:

"I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

"I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!"

"Those are good verses," said father. "But they don't tell you what the wind is. Do you know?"

"I used to think it was a great giant blowing with his mouth," said Polly. "I used to think he blew off my hat just to tease me. Now I think it can't be a giant. Is it, father?"

"No, it isn't a real giant, Polly. It is just moving air. Sometimes it moves slowly. Then we say it is a breeze. Sometimes it moves fast. Then it is a strong wind.

"A very strong wind goes many miles an hour. It is as strong as your giant. It can do much harm.

"Sometimes it blows down grass and grain so that they are hard to cut. Sometimes it blows down trees.

"Sometimes it is so strong that it blows the roofs from the houses. It even takes up a whole house and carries it away."

"What do the people in the house do?" asked Polly.

"They are often badly hurt," said father. "Should you like to live where your house might blow away?"

"No, I should not, father. Why don't those people tie their houses down?"

"Many people who live in that part of our country dig large holes in the ground. When they see a hard storm coming, they go into these holes. There they wait for the storm to pass.

"It is better to hide in the holes than to be blown away by the wind."

"Then, when they come out of their holes, sometimes their houses are gone," said Polly. "I should not like that."

"The wind is never so strong here," said father. "We like it in the summer. It flies our kites. It helps to dry our hay. It makes the air seem fresh and cool.

"We like it in the winter, too, even when it blows the snow into drifts."

"I shall be glad when winter comes," said Peter. "Then I can play in the drifts."

"Poor boy," said father, "what a long time you must wait. Summer isn't half over yet. Now you two run along to bed. Perhaps you will dream of flying up to the moon."

NOTE. The poem on page 86 is from R. L. Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses*, by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

PETER'S DREAM

Part I

Peter went to bed. It was not dark. The bright moon shone in at the window. Peter could see everything in his room.

All at once he heard a noise. It was a tap, tap on the window. Peter opened his eyes. He saw that the room had grown quite dark. Something was outside the window. It was hiding the moon.

Tap, tap came the noise again. "What is it?" called Peter.

"It is I, Peter. Come to the window."

Peter climbed out of bed and went to the window. There he saw a bird. Not such a bird as you have ever seen. Oh, no!

This bird was so large that his head filled the whole window. His eyes were the size of saucers. His bill was more than a foot long.

"Hello, Peter," said the Bird.

"Hello," said Peter. "Who are you?"

"I am a Bird, Peter. I have come to take you to the moon. Your father said that birds cannot fly to the moon. He forgot all about fairy birds. I am a Fairy Bird.

"You made a wish this evening. You wished that you could fly up to the moon. The Wish Fairy heard about it. She sent me to take you there."

"Why did she?" asked Peter. "Shall I always have my wishes?"

"If the Wish Fairy hears them, you will. But she will not hear them unless the wind carries them to her. And the wind will not carry them unless it pleases him. But come along. We can talk as we fly."

"Where shall I sit?" asked Peter.

"Sit on my back. There is a warm place behind my neck. Climb up on the window sill. Now, jump! There you are, safe. Here we go."

And Peter felt the Bird's great wings flapping. He felt himself moving. He saw that he was flying up above his house, above his trees; and he knew that he was on his way to the moon.

He leaned over and looked below him. At first he could see the houses and their

lights. He could see the river shining in the moonlight. He looked above him. Stars and clouds were everywhere.

"How do you like it?" asked the Bird.

"I like it," said Peter. "Where have the houses gone?"

"They are still there, Peter. We are so far away now that you cannot see them."

"Why does the wind blow so hard? Is he carrying wishes to the Wish Fairy?"

"Oh, no! The wind is still. But I am

flying very fast. You are moving, instead of the air. If I stop, you will see there is no wind."

"What is that music, Bird?"

"That is the moonbeams singing. Listen and you can hear the words."

The moonbeams were on their way to the earth. They were singing this song over and over again:

"Moonbeams we, gay and free.
All the night we make bright,
As we fly through the sky.
Moonbeams we, gay and free."

"They always sing like that," said the Bird. "They sing because they are happy. They like to go to the earth. They like to make it light."

"I never heard them when I was at home," said Peter.

"You never can hear them unless you are with a fairy. You hear them to-night because you are on the back of a Fairy Bird.

"You must shut your eyes now for five minutes. When you open them, we shall be in the moon"

PETER'S DREAM

Part II

When Peter opened his eyes, he looked about him. Then he winked and blinked. Such a place he had never seen before!

The roads were made of brown sugar. The trees were chocolate. Their leaves were green candy. Their flowers and fruit were green and red gumdrops.

The houses were made of blocks of candy. Some were red, some were white, and some were yellow. Peter thought it would be fun to live in a candy house.

The fences were made of candy. Peter saw two boys break off a piece of fence and eat it. But, when he looked again, the fence was as good as ever.

All at once he heard music. Many people were coming up the street. He had never before seen any of them. But he had seen their pictures. So he was sure that he knew them.

First came a queen. She was carrying a plate of tarts. Peter knew she must be the Queen of Hearts.

She stopped and said, "How do you do, Peter?"

Peter tried to be very polite and said, "How do you do, Queen?"

"It is a nice evening, Peter," went on the Queen. "But don't you know that you must take off your cap when you speak to a queen?"

"Please excuse me," said Peter. "I didn't think I had any cap with me."

"You haven't," said the Queen. "But you must take it off just the same."

Then she walked on.

"I'm sure I don't know what that means," thought Peter. "I don't see how I can."

Just then, along came a boy. Under his arm he carried a hen. He stopped by Peter and said to the hen, "Lay." The hen laid an egg of gold.

Then Peter knew that this was Jack, the boy who climbed the beanstalk.

"You may have the egg, Peter," said Jack. "For if you have it now, you won't have it then."

"Thank you," said Peter, as the boy

walked on. "But I'm sure I don't know what that means."

After this Peter saw Cinderella, Puss-in-Boots, Mother Goose, and many others. They all spoke to him kindly. Cinderella

let him try on her glass slipper. It fitted very well.

She said, "It may fit here, Peter, but it won't fit there."

And Peter said again, "Thank you, but I'm sure I don't know what that means."

At last there were only two children left.

One was a little girl with a red hood and cloak. The other was a boy. He wore blue clothes. He carried a horn.

"Hello, Peter," said Boy Blue. "How do you like the moon?"

"I like it," said Peter. "But what are you all doing here?"

"We live here," said Little Red Riding Hood.

"But I thought you were in books," said Peter. "I never thought that you were alive."

"Why, Peter! Don't you know better than that?" asked Little Red Riding Hood. "Every one who is put into a book comes alive. That is, the good people do. The bad ones do not. Then we come to the moon to live."

Just then the Bird's voice said, "Time to go home now, Peter. Are you hungry? Pick a piece of the bush beside you. You may eat it."

Peter did as he was told. He found it the sweetest candy that he had ever tasted. All at once he began to grow sleepy. As soon as he had climbed upon the Fairy Bird's back he fell fast asleep.

At last the Bird woke him. "We are home, Peter," said he. "Get in at the window. Then climb into bed."

"Good-by," said Peter. "I have had such a good time."

But the Fairy Bird did not answer. He was gone.

Peter walked across the room. He tried to climb into bed. He slipped and fell on the floor with a bang.

Mother ran in. "Why, Peter!" she cried. "You have tumbled out of bed again."

"No," said Peter. "I was just trying to get into bed. I have been to the moon."

Then he told mother about it. She said, "You have been dreaming."

"But see this piece of candy in my hand," said Peter. "I got it from a bush in the moon."

Mother looked at it. She thought that she had seen it before. She thought that she had given it to him. But, of course, she did not say so.

Instead, she said, "Go to sleep now, Peter, or you will be very tired after your ride to the moon. To-morrow you can tell Polly all about it."

THE CYCLONE CELLAR

One day Polly said to Peter, "I know what let's do. Let's dig a hole in the ground. Then, when the wind blows hard, we can get into it."

"Why?" asked Peter. "It won't blow down our house. It doesn't blow so hard here. Father said so."

"I know it, Peter. But you can never tell. Maybe it will sometime. Let's dig the hole, anyway."

"Where?" asked Peter.

"Oh, out in the garden. I'll show you. Come on."

Peter took his little hoe and a trowel. Polly took her small spade. They found a fine place to dig and set to work.

Polly marked a circle on the ground. This was for the opening of the hole.

Peter began to dig with his hoe. Polly took the loose dirt away with her spade. Soon they really had made quite a large hole.

Then Polly sat down on the edge and worked with her trowel.

The next day they worked more, and the next and the next. At last Peter and Polly could get into the hole together.

Father called it their "cyclone cellar." He said, "Are you watching for that storm? The kind that blows down houses is called a cyclone. Don't let it catch you. Jump right into your cyclone cellar when it comes."

"I wish a big wind would come, Polly," said Peter.

"Why, Peter Howe, should you like to find your house blown away?"

"No," said Peter. "I did not think of that. Let's play something else."

"I know what," said Polly. "Let's dig this hole right down deep. If we dig far enough, we can get to China."

"All right," said Peter. So they made the hole still deeper.

One day Peter said, "Polly, we can never get to China. Let's play something else."

"I know what, Peter. Let's dig a tunnel. If we dig far enough, we can get to Tim's house. Maybe we can find some gold or silver on the way.

"Sometimes people hide their money in the ground to keep it safe. Then they forget where they have put it."

So the children again set to work. They dug and dug and dug. Almost every fine day they spent a little time in their hole.

Father made a cover for the top. This kept out the water.

He said, "You are worse than woodchucks, children. See the pile of dirt you have made. What shall I do with it?"

"We will put it in the road, father."

"No," said father. "That is good dirt. It belongs in our garden. We will keep it here."

One day Peter said to Polly, "Are we almost up to Tim's house now? I don't want to dig any more. We don't find any gold or silver or anything. Let's play something else."

"Oh, Peter, we are not nearly up to Tim's yet. We are not out of this corner of the garden. Let me dig. I like to."

Just then Peter's trowel struck something hard. He scraped away the dirt. It was the corner of a box.

"Oh, Peter, Peter!" cried Polly. "What have you found? It's a box. Maybe it is full of gold or silver. Hurry and dig it up."

At last the box was pulled out. It was very small. It was made of tin. It was not heavy. It would not open. Something inside rattled.

"What's in it?" said Peter.

Polly cried, "Oh, I know it's money! I know it is! Let's find father. He will open it for us."

Father was just coming up the hill with Grandmother Howe. He heard the children's story. He took the box and shook it gently.

"Open it, open it!" cried Polly, jumping up and down.

So father opened it. And guess what! Inside were four, very old, silver dollars.

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Polly.

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Peter.

"Well, I never!" said father. "Now where do you suppose these old silver dollars came from?"

Grandmother said, "Years ago there was a house where your garden is. My father told me so. The house was burned long before I was born.

"Perhaps the box was lost at that time. It must have been thrown into the old cellar with the dirt which was used to fill it."

"Well, Peter, well, Polly, then these dollars are yours. They are very old. They are not like the dollars we have now. I think, perhaps, they are worth more than a dollar apiece. We shall see. Now let's show them to mother."

TIMOTHY AND REDTOP

Around Peter's home is a large field. It belongs to Mr. Howe. It is his hayfield. In the summer he has the grass cut. The sun and the wind make the cut grass into hay.

The hay is carried into the barn. In the winter Mary, the bay horse, and Black Bess, the cow, live in the barn.

They must be fed. They cannot any longer get grass for themselves. The hay from Mr. Howe's field will help feed them. Their grain he will buy at the grain store.

Peter and Polly like this hayfield. All the year it is a pleasant place. Here they slide on the crust in winter. Here they pick blue violets in the spring.

In the summer the grass grows tall. Then they cannot run about the field. If they did, they would trample it.

So they sit on the fence and look at the tall grass. They watch the wind bend it down. They watch the birds fly into it. They smell the sweet clover blossoms.

Bobolinks live in this field. Their nests are built on the ground. Polly and Peter think that they know where some of the nests are.

So often they have seen the bobolinks fly down into the grass. But, of course, they can never go to look.

"The grass is the roof of their nests," said Polly to Peter. "So I hope the little bobolinks will hatch soon."

Peter called to a bird, "Mr. Bobolink, when father cuts the grass, where will your roof be?"

But Mr. Bobolink did not stop to talk. He flew away over Peter's head. As he flew he sang, "Bobolink, bobolink, spink, spank, spink."

Perhaps he said, "My little ones are growing fast. They will all learn to fly before our roof is cut down. Don't you worry about them, Peter."

Timothy.

In the hayfield are two kinds of grasses. There are also two kinds of clover. All these together make very good hay.

Peter and Polly know the two grasses by name. One is called timothy; the other is called redtop.

Redtop.

Now Polly has red hair. Sometimes, to tease her, the children call her "Redtop."

One day Polly's

father told her about timothy and redtop.

Polly said, "It teases me to be called 'Redtop.' I hope it does not tease the grass.

"It is a pretty grass because its top is red. When it is ripe it is as pretty as a flower. I know I can remember its name. And I can remember timothy, too. That is like Tim's name."

"So it is," said father. "And, Polly, your red hair is pretty, too. It is just as pretty as the redtop grass. Do you think that it isn't?

"The children only call you 'Redtop' for fun. They do not mean to be unkind. I like your red hair. It is so bright and shiny that you look like a sunbeam."

"Then I will be your sunbeam, father," said Polly.

"That is right, Polly. It is good to have one sunbeam that will always shine. When it rains, you must shine brighter than ever. Can you do this for father?"

"I think I can, father. I will try. And now perhaps I shall be glad that I have red hair."

MAKING HAY

One evening Mr. Howe said, "We will begin to cut our grass to-morrow. I think that we shall have a pleasant day."

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Polly.

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Peter.

"The timothy is ripe. The redtop is ripe. If the sun will shine and dry the grass, we shall have some good hay."

"I will shine, father," said Polly. "I am a sunbeam, you know. Maybe I can help dry the grass."

"Then shine all you can, Little Sunbeam. Perhaps the west wind will work with you to dry it."

Early the next morning the mowing began. The mowing machine was pulled by two horses. The man who owned the machine drove them. Mr. Howe hired him to cut the grass.

The knives on the machine cut it close to the ground. Up one side of the field went

the machine. Down the other side it came. Always it left behind a line of cut grass. This lay on the ground and dried in the sun and wind.

After it was partly dry, another machine went up and down the field. This machine tossed all the cut hay about. Then the grass that had been underneath had a chance to dry.

Peter and Polly watched the mowing. They watched the piece of standing grass grow smaller and smaller. They liked to see the grass fall. They liked very much the sweet smell of the drying hay.

"Mr. Bobolink's roof is almost gone," said Peter.

"I don't believe he cares," said Polly. "His children are quite large now."

In the afternoon Peter and Polly went again to the field. The grass that was first mowed was drying well. Now the other machine was spreading it.

"Oh, see, Polly," said Peter. "It is kicking up behind. It is tossing the grass all about."

Polly asked a man who was working in the field, "Will it be dry to-night?"

"Some of it will. But we are going to leave it all out to-night. To-morrow we shall take it into the barn."

The next morning the sun shone bright.

"We shall have another good day," said Mr. Howe. "The farmers who are haying will be glad. Every pleasant day helps them. Our hay will be in by supper time."

In the night the dew had fallen upon the hay. The warm sun soon dried it. Then still another machine was driven around the field. This was the raking machine. It raked the hay into long rows.

After this, men went about with pitchforks. They piled the rows of hay into haycocks.

Then came a big hay wagon into the field. The hay was all made, and it was time to carry it to the barn.

Peter and Polly were playing among the haycocks. They watched the men load. One man stood on top of the wagon. Two men stood on the ground.

They lifted the haycocks up on their pitchforks. The man on the wagon took the hay with his pitchfork. He spread it over the wagon and packed it down nicely.

"Oh, Peter," said Polly, "the load is getting higher and higher. See, they are coming to get our haycocks next."

When the cart was full enough, the horses drew it to the barn. There the men unloaded the hay into the loft. At the same time another wagon was being filled in the field.

Late in the afternoon the last load was

ready to go to the barn. Then one of the men called to Peter and Polly.

"Come here, children. I will put you on top of this load. You may ride on it to the barn."

The children sank down in the soft hay. The ride was not a long one, but they thought it great fun.

At supper father said, "Well, chicks, have we some good hay? Is there enough for Mary and Black Bess, too?"

"We think so, father," said Peter. "And we have had fun all day. I like to make hay. When I am a man, I think I shan't make daisy hay. I'd rather make good hay like yours, father."

POLLY'S TURTLE

One day the Story Lady said to Polly, "Will you go to drive with me? Your mother says that you may."

"Oh, will you take me, Story Lady? When shall we go?"

"Get your coat and come now. You may help me harness my horse."

Polly ran into the house to get her coat. "Good-by, mother," she said. "I am going now with the Story Lady."

"Wait a minute, Polly," said mother. "I have a bag of cookies for you to take. You will be gone all the afternoon."

Polly said, "Thank you," and ran off with the cookies.

Soon she and the Story Lady started. At the store they stopped. "Good-by, father," called Polly. "I am going to drive."

"Good-by, Polly Tell me all about it when you get home."

It was a lovely day. The sky was very

blue. Great puffy white clouds sailed above their heads.

"See the wind blow those clouds, Polly. They are flying toward the east. That means the wind is from the west. It is a good hay day."

"My father is all through haying," said Polly. "He has only one field. But Farmer Brown is not through. He has a big farm. Are we going past there?"

"No, we will go past the pond and up the hill."

"Oh, see the chipmunk, Story Lady! He is running along beside us on the fence."

"There are two of them, Polly. Can you see the other? He is sitting on his hind legs. He has something in his fore paws. Perhaps it is a seed.

"See how his cheeks are puffed out. He looks as if he had a toothache. But he hasn't.

"He has stuffed his mouth full of something — perhaps more seeds. Poor chipmunk has no pockets. He uses his mouth instead."

"There is a woodpecker," said Polly. "I know him. He is digging for food. He digs with his bill. Sometimes a little woodpecker comes to our trees. I have seen him. He is black and white."

They drove past the pond. Men were fishing in it. One showed them a large pickerel that he had just caught.

There were white water lilies in the pond. But one could not reach them from the shore.

They went up a long hill and through some lovely woods. Here they stopped at a spring to drink. The spring was near the side of the road. The water bubbled up from the bottom.

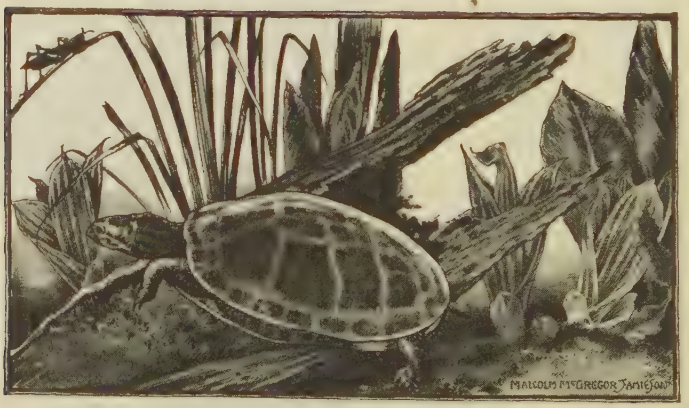
The Story Lady said, "Here is a little paper cup for you to drink from, Polly. I will drink from this one."

How good the cool, clear water was!

"I am hungry now," said Polly. "Let's eat our cookies." So they did, and then they drove on.

All at once Polly said, "What is that in the road?"

"Why, I do believe it's a turtle, Polly. Do you want to take it home to Peter? I'll get it if you do."



Polly said, "Yes." So the Story Lady got out. She took the turtle up by its shell. It was as large as a saucer.

"See him curl his legs under his shell, Polly. See him hide his funny tail and his

head. I'll put him on the bottom of the wagon on his back. He will be safe there."

Now Mr. Turtle did not like to ride on his back. After a time he stretched out his long neck. He put his nose on the floor of the wagon. He gave a push, and over he went, right side up.

Then he began to walk about. Polly and the Story Lady had forgotten him. So he was free to do as he liked. He walked from one end of the wagon to the other.

Near the front he found some strange things in his way. These were the Story Lady's shoes.

He thought he would climb over them. So he pulled himself up on the shoes. Then he put his claws into the stockings. But the Story Lady felt that.

"What is biting me?" she cried. She looked down. She found Mr. Turtle trying to crawl across her feet.

"Well, old fellow," she said, "were you lonely? Your claws are very sharp. Lie over on your back until we get home."

After that they watched the turtle. He did not have a chance to try that trick again.

BLACKY

Polly and Peter have many pets. Wag-wag is one of them. Besides Wag-wag, they have a cat. The cat is named Blacky.

Mother gave Blacky to them. She was then only a kitten. Mother said, "Children, here is a pet for you. You may have her for your very own.

"You must be good to her. You must take care of her. I give you food three times a day. You must feed her three times a day.

"I always remember to do this for you. You must always remember to do it for her. If you have pets, you must be kind to them. If you cannot be kind to them, you cannot have them."

So Polly and Peter took care of Blacky. Now she is a big cat.

Wag-wag and Blacky are friends. At first Blacky did not like Wag-wag. When she saw him, her tail grew big. Her fur stood out. She curled up her back. She showed her claws. She spit at him.

Perhaps she had seen her mother act so. But that was long ago. She was only a baby cat then.

Soon she was used to Wag-wag. She played with him. She chased him round and round. She liked to hit him with her paws. But she did not scratch him. She kept her claws well hidden.

Wag-wag liked to tease Blacky. Sometimes he stole her food from her plate. He would try to find her asleep. He liked to creep near softly. Then he liked to bark in her ear. He thought it fun to see her jump.

But the cat and the dog are really good friends. They do not hurt each other.

One day Mr. Howe said, "Children, I know something. I know where there are four kittens. They are Blacky's kittens. She has hidden them in the hay. Come, and I will show them to you."

"Oh, goody, goody!" said Polly.

"Oh, goody, goody!" said Peter.

They went to the barn. They climbed the stairs to the hayloft. Mr. Howe took them to a dark corner.

There lay Blacky. She was curled up in

the hay. Close beside her were four kittens. They were fast asleep.

Blacky saw the children. She began to purr. That waked her babies. They moved about and mewed. They were hungry.

Polly and Peter had never seen such little kittens. They were very much pleased.

"See their funny pointed tails, father," said Polly. "Why can't they stand up on their legs? And oh, they are all blind!"

"They will not be blind by and by, Polly. They will open their eyes in a few days. The light is not good for them yet. You see Blacky knows that. She has made her home in a dark corner."

"May we take the kittens to the house, father?"

"In a few weeks you may. But we will leave them in the hay now. You may come here and see them. Blacky will not mind. She knows that you will not hurt them."

"May we play with them?"

"You may when they are older. It is not good for them to be handled yet. They are too little. But you must be sure to give Blacky all the food she will eat. For now she has her kittens to feed."

"Let us name them," said Polly. "There is just one apiece to name."

"We will at supper time. You may be thinking of names until then," said father.

THE FOUR KITTENS

At supper Polly said, "Now let us name the kittens. You name first, mother."

"I choose a gray one," said mother. "I will call her White-foot. She has just one white foot."

"Now, Peter, name yours," said Polly.

"I choose the black one," said Peter. "I will call her Black Baby. She looks just like Blacky."

"Now, father, it is your turn."

"Well, Polly, I will take the other gray one. His name shall be Gray Brother."

"Then the black and white one is mine," said Polly. "But I cannot think of a name yet. I could have named all the others. I shall like him best."

The kittens grew and grew. Soon they were blind no longer. Their eyes had opened. Polly and Peter went to see them every day.

The children had always liked to go to the hayloft. Now they liked it more than ever.

They liked to sit in the soft hay. They would sit very still and watch the kittens.

The kittens tried to play. Their legs were not strong. They often tumbled down when they were playing.

They had made a deep house for themselves. It was just a hole in the hay. Polly could not reach to the end.

"Father," said Polly one day, "when may we bring the kittens down?"

"Let them come down themselves. Then we shall know that Blacky thinks it is time. Perhaps the brightest will find the way first."

"Oh, I hope it will be my black and white one," said Polly. "Then I shall know what to name him."

One day Polly and Peter went to the barn. They started toward the stairs to the hayloft. What do you think they saw?

There, at the bottom of the stairs, was the black and white kitten. He was mewing as hard as he could.

At the top of the stairs were the other three kittens. They did not dare to come down. They were peeping over at the black and white one.

He was trying to climb up the stairs. He was so small that he could not. He could get down, but he could not get back. He could only open his red mouth and say, "Meow, meow."

"Oh, kitty," cried Polly, "you are the brightest of all! You are the first to find the way down. Now I know what to name you.

"You shall be Christopher, after Chris-

topher Columbus. For he first found the way to a new land." Then she carried Christopher upstairs.

Soon after this, all the kittens came downstairs. Blacky was with them. She made them a new home. It was in a box.

Then mother said, "Now the kittens must learn to lap milk."

She brought a dish of warm milk. Then she tried to teach them to lap.

Christopher learned very quickly. Whitefoot would not learn. She just walked right into the dish.

Then she sat down and licked her feet. The milk on them tasted good. So she went back to try it again.

Black Baby was there. She had one foot in the dish. She was lapping quite fast. But she kept putting her nose into the milk. This made her sneeze.

Just then Blacky came. She began to purr. All the kittens ran to her. She sat down and licked their wet paws. She cleaned them all over with her tongue.

Perhaps she told them not to walk in their food. For by and by they all learned to lap milk very nicely.

THE CAT'S VISIT TO THE MONKEYS

One day Polly showed the Story Lady the kittens. They were eating their supper.

Blacky was watching. Polly patted her, and Blacky curled her tail and purred.

"See her tail," said Polly. "She curls it at the end. It looks like a buttonhook. She often does it. I wonder why."

"I can tell you a 'Once upon a time' story about it, Polly. Shall I?"

"Oh, please do, Story Lady."

So the Story Lady began: "Once upon a time there was a Cat. She was a very hard working Cat. She caught all the mice in her house. She caught all the mice in her barn. She did this at night.

"In the daytime she sat in the yard. She watched the chickens. She did not let the

bad birds get them. So you can see that she worked night and day.

"Since she was a little kitten, she had never played with her tail. She had never stolen cream. She had never taken things from the table. She had not had time for any of these nice games. She had done nothing but work.

"One day she said to herself, 'I am so

tired of working night and day. I must take a vacation. I shall soon be old. I will go and enjoy myself while I am young.

"'Where shall I go? Let me see. I must think of a place where no one works. I wish to play, play, play for a long time.'

"At last she thought of her tenth cousins, the Monkeys.

"She said to herself, 'I will go to see my Monkey cousins. Every one knows that they never work. They do not know enough to do so. They play and play. They will let me play with them.'

"So she packed her clothes and started. She traveled many days. At last she came to a thick wood. She knew that she was near the end of her journey.

"Her tenth cousins, the Monkeys, were very glad to see her. They said, 'Now you can teach us to work. We wish to know how to build houses.'

"'No,' said the Cat. 'I cannot teach you that. Other people build houses. I only live in them. But I can teach you how to catch mice.'

"'We do not care to learn that,' said the Monkeys. 'We have no mice to

catch. Can you teach us to speak as men do?'

"'No,' said the Cat. 'I never could learn that myself. But I can teach you how to climb up and down trees.'

"'We do not care to have you,' said the Monkeys. 'We can do that already, and even faster than you.'

"'I am not sure that you can,' said the Cat. 'Let us try.'

"So the Cat and the Monkeys started up the trees as fast as they could go. They all reached the top at the same time.

"Then the Monkeys said, 'Let us quarrel about who reached the top first.'

"'No,' said the Cat. 'I came here to play, not to work. It would be work to quarrel. Let us play something else.'

"So the Monkeys showed the Cat all their tricks. They showed her how to pick nuts. They showed her how to throw these on the heads of people under the trees.

"They showed her how to jump from one tree to another. They showed her how to frighten sleeping birds at night time.

"The Cat played all these games until she was tired.

"At last she said, 'Cousins, if there are no new games, I must go home. I have played long enough.'

"The Monkeys said, 'There is one other game. We have never taught it to any one. We think that no one can learn it.'

"'Show me,' said the Cat. 'I can learn it. I can learn all your silly games.'

"'Very well,' said the Monkeys. 'But don't blame us if you get hurt.'

"Then they showed her how they could hang by their tails. They curled their tails around a branch and swung and swung.

"'Pooh!' said the Cat. 'I, too, have a tail. It is as good as yours. Let me try.'

"But her tail would not curl around the branch tightly. She fell to the ground. She tried again and again, while the Monkeys sat near and laughed. At last she grew quite cross to think that she could not learn.

"She said, 'Cousins, I will go home now. But I shall keep on trying. When I have learned how, I shall come and show you.'

"So from that day to this she has tried to curl her tail. But she has never visited the Monkeys again."

PIN-SCISSORS

One day Polly said to her mother, "Mother, I have lost my scissors. What shall I do?"

"Why not hunt for them, Polly? Hunt until you find them."

So Polly hunted. She looked all over the house. At last she found them. They were on the sofa. They had slipped almost out of sight between the back and the seat.

Polly put her fingers into the crack to pull them out. She felt something in the crack. It was a cent!

Then she felt again. Perhaps she could find another cent. But no! She found only a pencil, a button, and some pins.

At supper she told her father about the crack. She told him about her scissors. Then she showed him the cent, the pencil, the button, and the pins.

"Mother says I may have them all," said Polly.

"And so you may," said father. "You

are a good hunter. Now get Peter and come with me. I will show you how we can make scissors out of your pins."

Father and Polly and Peter went down to the railroad tracks. Polly and Peter thought this was great fun.

They were not allowed to play near the tracks. They had to cross them, when they went to the store.

First, they must always stop and look for a train. Then they must hurry across. But now father stayed near the tracks.

"It is nearly time for a train," he said. "Give me some pins, Polly."

He placed eight pins upon the car rails. He placed them like this:

"Oh, father," said Polly, "the train will run over them."

"That is just what we wish, Polly. What do you think it will do to the pins?"

"Spoil them," said Polly.

"Yes, it will spoil them for pins. But it will make scissors of them."

"Real scissors, father?"

"Just play scissors, Polly. I'm afraid you cannot cut with them. Here comes the train. We will sit on this bank. Then we can watch it.

"I will tell you something. We may put pins on the track. But we must never, never put any big thing there. We must not put stones or sticks. They might make the train run off the track. Then people might be hurt. You must remember this, chicks."

Polly and Peter liked to watch the train. It stopped in front of the station.

"The engine says 'puff, puff.' I think it is out of breath," said Polly. "It has to run so fast."

By and by the engine started. It went over the pins. Then the wheels of the cars went over them, too.

The children could hardly wait until the train was gone. They wished so much to see their scissors.

They ran to the place. Yes, indeed, father was right. The pins were not pins, but scissors.

They were no longer round. The great wheels had pressed them flat. And every two pins were joined together.

The children now had four pairs of scissors like this:

"How heavy the cars must be, father."

"Yes, Polly. Do you see now why you must keep away from the trains?"

"Oh, yes," said Polly. "Those great wheels would crush me. But we do keep away, father."

"You are good children," said father. "Now we will go and show our scissors to grandmother. Then it will be bed-time."

PETER'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

It is September. Summer is almost gone. School will begin soon.

Polly has said over and over, "Mother, may I go to school this year?

"I am seven years old. I think I am old enough. Besides I can read and write a little already."

At first mother said, "We will see." Then she said, "Yes, Polly, father and I think that you are now old enough."

Then Peter said, "Mother, is Polly going to school? I want to go, too. I can't play all alone."

"You will not have to, Peter. You can play with Wag-wag, and you can play with Tim."

"But I want Polly. I want to go to school with Polly."

Father said, "You are too little yet, my son. You will not like it. But we will let

you go with Polly. Then you can see for yourself that you are too little."

When the day came, Peter and Polly set out for the school. They were quite early. By and by most of the children in the village had come to the schoolhouse. Only the little ones were left at home.

Peter was the smallest at school. Some of the big boys laughed at him, because he was so small. They said, "You'd better run home and take your nap, Peter."

But the teacher did not laugh at him. She was Miss Barnes. She knew Peter quite well.

She gave him a seat. Then she let him cut out pictures. At first Peter thought it great fun. After a while, he grew tired of sitting still. He almost wished to go home.

Polly was having a good time. She had some new books. She liked them very much. Father had taught her to read. She could write and do number work, too.

At recess Peter said to Polly, "I think I shall go home now."

"Oh, Peter, you don't know much about

school, do you? You cannot go until noon. Nobody in this school goes until then."

"I shall," said Peter. "I guess I don't want to come to school."

Just then the bell rang. Recess was over. Polly hurried Peter into the schoolhouse. He took his seat and looked very cross.

This time Miss Barnes let Peter trace some pictures. Then he colored them with colored pencils.

He liked this very well for a short time. But he grew tired of it. He looked out of

the window. He could see the leaves moving in the breeze.

He thought, "I should like to be out under that tree. I wish I could sit down in the grass. How hard this seat is! I am hungry, too. I want a glass of milk. I do not like to come to school. I am not old enough."

He was so sorry for himself that he began to cry.

"Why, Peter, what is the matter?" asked Miss Barnes. "Are you sick?"

"No," said Peter. "But I am so hungry, and my seat is so hard. I want to go home. May I?"

"Of course you may, Peter," said Miss Barnes. "I knew you came for just a little while. You are too small to stay here all day. You may come and visit us sometimes. Now good-by."

Peter said, "Good-by," and ran home. He was very glad to be out of school.

"Mother, mother," he shouted, "I am too little to go to school. I will play with Wag-wag and Tim. Please give me some milk to drink. I am very hungry. Then I will go to find Tim."

JACK-O'-LANTERNS

In Mr. Howe's garden grew some corn. In the corn grew pumpkins. Peter and Polly like pumpkins. They were glad when their father planted the seed.

They watched the vines grow and grow. They watched the yellow flowers. They saw these flowers wither, and the little pumpkins form.

After that, Polly picked out a pumpkin for her own. Then Peter picked out one for his own.

They said to father, "May we have these pumpkins for ours? May we do just as we like with them?"

Father said, "Why, yes. Are you going to ask mother to make pumpkin pies? Or are you going to make Jack-o'-lanterns?"

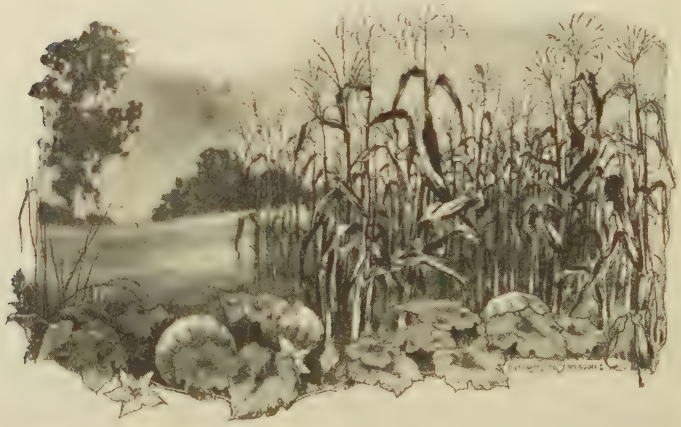
"They are for Jack-o'-lanterns, father. Will you make them for us?"

"Yes, I will, when the pumpkins are nice and yellow," said father.

The pumpkins grew and grew. One day Polly said, "Peter, if your pumpkin grows any more, it will be too big. You cannot carry it."

"Then I will take it around in my cart," said Peter.

Peter's pumpkin did not stop growing. But Peter did not care.



One day father picked all the pumpkins. They were as yellow as could be. He put them in a pile on the barn floor.

Polly carried her pumpkin to the house. Peter could not carry his; it was too heavy. Father carried it for him.

They all sat down on the back piazza. Then father began to make the Jack-o'-lanterns. He first cut covers in the tops. Polly and Peter helped scoop out the inside. Then father cut faces like these:

After this, he stuck a candle in each.

When it was dark, Polly said, "Now, may we go around and show our lanterns?"

"You may go to one house," said mother. "Then you must come home."

The children went out to light their lanterns. "Where shall we go, Peter? Shall we go to show Tim? Oh, I know! Let's go to Mrs. White's. She will like to see them. She must be lonely all by herself."

Now Mrs. White did not live far away. She was a friend of Peter's and Polly's. She did not like other children. She said

they made too much noise. She said they were always in the way. But she was kind to Peter and Polly.

The children put Peter's lantern on his cart, and set off down the road. At Mrs. White's they stopped. They left the cart by the side of the road. They put both lanterns on the piazza steps. They knocked on the door. Then they hid behind a large bush.

Mrs. White came to the door. She saw the lanterns grinning at her. She thought some of the big boys were trying to tease her. So she took the lanterns. She carried them into the house, one after the other. Then she slammed the door.

"Oh, Polly, my lantern," said Peter. "It's gone."

"Oh, Peter, my lantern," said Polly. "She has it. But she would give them back, if she knew they were ours. Let's go and tell her."

So the children knocked on the door once more. "Come in," said Mrs. White. She would not go to the door again. "Why, Peter! Why, Polly! How do you do?"

"We came to tell you about the lanterns,

Mrs. White. They are ours. We did not mean to bother you. We just wanted you to see them."

"Are these yours?" asked Mrs. White. "They are fine lanterns. I like them very much. How did you get that big one down here?"

"It came in the cart," said Peter. "Will you help us carry it out to the road?"

"To be sure I will. And here are some sticks of candy. I bought them for you

to-day at Large Village. I thought you might come to see me soon. Perhaps your mother will let you eat your candy to-morrow. Come to see me again with your lanterns."

So Peter and Polly climbed the hill with their Jack-o'-lanterns. They were very happy. They felt quite sure that Mrs. White had been glad to see them.

PETER AND POLLY IN AUTUMN

BY

ROSE LUCIA

Frontispiece MAP

PETER AND POLLY IN AUTUMN

BY

ROSE LUCIA

Formerly Principal of the Primary School
Montpelier, Vermont

Author of "Peter and Polly in Winter," "Peter and Polly in Spring," and "Peter and Polly in Summer."

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO
BOSTON ATLANTA

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PETER AND POLLY IN AUTUMN
E. P. 17

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PETER AND POLLY IN AUTUMN

TWO CHILDREN AND THEIR PETS

Do you know Peter and Polly Howe? Polly is a little girl. She is about as old as you.

She has blue eyes. She has red curls. She has freckles on her face.

Peter is Polly's little brother. Have you a little brother, too? Perhaps your brother is like Peter.

Do you play out of doors every day? Do you pick flowers? Do you go fishing? Do you wade in the brook? Peter and Polly do.

In the winter they play in the snow. Perhaps their games are just like yours.

They roll snowballs and make snow men. They slide and they build snow forts.

Often they play with their pets. Their father's cow, Black Bess, is one of them. Their mother's horse, Mary, is another.

Their father gave them a dog. Their mother gave them a cat.

The dog has a short tail. He wags his whole body when he wags his tail. So they named him Wag-wag.

You can guess why the cat is called Blacky.

One of Blacky's kittens never grew large. She stayed as small as a little kitten. She was a dwarf.

Peter named her Black Baby. Wag-wag likes Black Baby. He lies close beside her. He laps her with his soft red tongue.

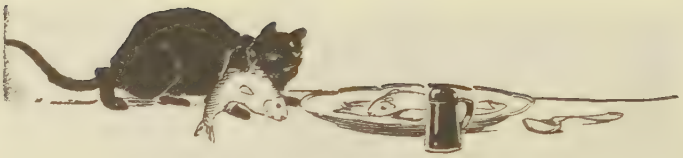
Black Baby likes Wag-wag, too. She cuddles up to him and goes to sleep.

Best of all she likes Black Bess. She sits for hours in the cow's manger.

One evening Peter and Polly went to the barn. They were hunting for Black Baby.

At last they found her. Where do you think she was? Why, she was curled up on the cow's back!

After that she took many naps there. At night she nearly always sleeps with Black Bess.



BLACKY'S FISH

Blacky is a wise old cat. She likes milk very well. She likes potato very well.

Better than these she likes corn. She will gnaw it off the cob. Of course, she is fond of meat. But best of all she likes fish.

Blacky will tease a long time for cooked fish. Once, she even stole a piece. After that mother never left fish where Blacky could get it. Then she could not be naughty.

One day Polly and Peter were playing in the yard. Tim was playing with them. Tim is Peter's little friend. He lives in the very next house. You can find it on the map in the front of this book.

Polly said to Peter, "What has Blacky there?"

"Where?" asked Peter.

"In her mouth, Peter. Now she has dropped it. I saw her coming up the road with it."

"I'll see what it is," said Peter.

He ran to Blacky. She was sitting down watching what she had dropped.

"O Polly!" called Peter. "Come here, come here! It is a fish. It is alive. It wiggles. Where did she get it?"

"I don't know," said Polly.

"Perhaps she stole it out of somebody's kitchen," said Tim.

"People do not have live fish in their kitchens. Do they, Polly?" said Peter.

"No, I guess not," said Polly. "It looks like a sucker. What is she going to do with it?"

"Eat it, of course," said Peter.

But Blacky did not eat it. Instead, she picked it up again. She carried it to the kitchen door.

There she dropped the fish and mewed. Mrs. Howe came to the door. She opened it for Blacky.

Blacky took up the fish once more. She carried it into the kitchen. She put it down where her dish of food was put three times a day.

Peter and Polly and Tim had followed her.

"Where did Blacky get this fish, children?" asked mother. "Did you give it to her?"

"No, mother. We do not know where she got it. It was alive when we first saw it."

"Perhaps one of the big boys gave it to

her. Have any of them been fishing, Peter?"

"I do not know, mother. Maybe Blacky caught it herself."

"Of course she did not, Peter," said Polly. "Do not be so silly. Cats cannot fish."

"She has been in the water," said mother. "See! Her fur is all wet in front. And underneath it is wet, too.

"I wonder if she could have caught that fish. I have heard of such things. Blacky is a wise old cat. Perhaps she is wise enough to go fishing."

"If the sucker was close to the bank, she could catch it with her claws," said Polly. "Maybe Peter is right, after all. Tell us about it, old Blacky."

Blacky only purred and rubbed up against mother.

"She wishes something," said mother. "And I think that I know what it is. She does not like raw fish. Most cats do, but she does not. She is asking me to cook it for her. And so I will.

"Here comes father. He will clean Blacky's fish. You may tell him about it while he does so."

In a few minutes father brought it in to mother.

"I do believe that Blacky is a fisherman," he said. "I should like to see just how she did it. Perhaps we can catch her at it sometime."

Then mother boiled the fish and Blacky ate it for supper. She did not offer any one a bite. But that was just as well. Suckers are not good for us to eat late in the summer.

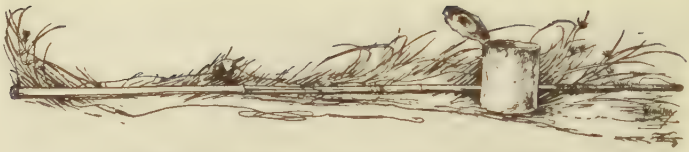
"FISHERMAN'S LUCK"

This morning I went fishing all alone,
And sat for 'most a day upon a stone;
I dropped my line with care into the brook,
And watched the little fish swim round my
hook.

I said, "Kind fish, do bite without a worm;
I have one, but I hate to feel him squirm.
If you will only please me in this way,
I'll give my wiggly worm to you for pay."

But there, I never had a single bite;
It seems to me they did not treat me right.
If I were just a fishie in a brook,
To please a little boy, I'd bite his hook.

— Caroline M. Griswold.



HOW PETER CATCHES FISH

One morning Peter went fishing. He went all alone. He did not take Tim. He did not take Polly.

He said to himself, "Blacky went fishing all alone and she caught a fish. I shall try that way, too."

Father had given Peter a real fish pole. He had given him a real line and a real hook.

Peter had wished for these very much. He asked father for them.

He said, "Tim does not have to fish with a pin any more. His father has given him a hook. I could be careful, if you gave me one."

"Is a hook all that you need, Peter?" asked father.

"No, father. I need a line and a fish pole, too."

"Very well, Peter," father said. "I will get these things for you. But you must do something for me."

"Oh, yes," said Peter. "I will do something for you. What is it?"

"I will show you two places where you may fish. You may go to those places all alone. And you may take other children with you. But, unless I am with you, you must always fish at those places. Will you?"

"Yes, I will, father. But why?"

"Because those are safe places. If you fall in, it will not matter much. Now remember, my son."

"I will remember, father. And I will remember more, when I have my fish pole and hook and line."

He was very much pleased when his father brought these home. He said, "They are just like the ones that the big boys have. When may I go fishing?"

"Any time mother says that you may,

Peter. Do you remember where the fishing places are?"

"Oh, yes," said Peter. "Yesterday I saw a sucker near one place. Perhaps I can catch it. O father! you forgot something."

"What did I forget, Peter?"

"You forgot the bait. I thought that you would give me a whole box of worms. Then I should have some whenever I wished to fish."

Father laughed. He said, "That is not just the way we do it, Peter. You cannot keep your worms very long. If you do, they are not good for bait. You must dig fresh ones every time you go fishing."

Peter liked to fish. He liked it best of all the things that he could do in the summer. So he went often.

He never caught a fish. But he did not care about that. Every time he went, he thought that he surely should.

After Blacky brought home her fish, he said to himself, "If Blacky can catch fish, so can I. I shall go again and try."

He went out into the garden. He dug one worm. He dug another. He did not like very well to put them on the hook.

So, sometimes, he took only one. But to-day he felt sure that he should need more. He put them carefully into a large tin can.

Then he went to a flat rock. It stuck out into the river. He put a fat worm on his hook. He dropped the hook into the water. He sat down and waited.

It was hot on the rock. The sun was very bright. Peter sat still a long, long time. He did not have a single bite.

At last he said to himself, "I will see if there are any fish here."

He crawled to the edge of the rock. He looked over. Yes, there were many little fish. Some were still. Some were swimming about.

He tried to catch one in his hand. But he could not. He tried to catch one in his hat. But he could not. Then he poked them with the end of his pole. This made them all swim away.

So Peter put his hook back into the water. He waited a long, long time again.

At last he lay down on the hot rock. He fell fast asleep. He slept until nearly dinner time.

What do you think woke him? Why, Blacky. She mewed and rubbed up against his face.

Perhaps she had come fishing again. Perhaps she said to him, "I can catch fish and you cannot. I am smarter than you."

Peter got up. He started to go home. Then he remembered his fish pole. He took it up. He pulled on the line. It felt heavy.

"O Blacky!" cried Peter. "I think that I have caught a fish, too!"

He pulled more on the line. In another minute there, on the flat rock, lay a small sucker.

"I have! I have! Oh, I have!" shouted Peter.

He quickly filled his can with water. Then he took his little fish off the hook. He put it in his can. And he and Blacky went home.

On the way up the hill Peter said, "I know how to do it now, old Blacky. Just go to sleep, and the fish will bite."

POLLY GOES TO A WEDDING

Part I

Polly was very much excited. She was going to a wedding. So was Peter. But he did not care so much about it. Father and mother were going, too.

Every morning at breakfast Polly talked about that wedding.

"Now there are only five days to wait. Now there are only four days to wait," she would say.

And at last she said, "Oh, goody, goody! It is to-morrow!"

Mother said, "Yesterday I bought some new ribbon for your hair, Polly. See, here it is."

"It is wide, isn't it, mother? Thank you

very much. And I am going to wear my white dress and my white shoes and stockings."

"Yes," said mother, "and your coat is all clean. You may wear that."

"I think that I shall look very well," said Polly.

"Perhaps you will," father said. "But remember, 'Handsome is that handsome does.' It means that if you behave well, you will look well. And if you do not behave well, you will not look well."

The day of the wedding came. Mother dressed Peter and Polly. Both had on their best clothes. How well they did look!

Father harnessed Mary to the two-seated carriage. Then off they went.

It was not many miles to the house. Soon they were there.

"I am glad that we are early," said mother. "I promised to help see to the things in the dining room."

"Oh, are there things to eat?" asked Peter. "I am hungry now."

"Yes, there are things to eat," said mother. "But they come after the wedding. So you must wait."

"I will unharness the horse," said father. "Then I will see if I can help. What shall Peter and Polly do? We must not let them get in the way."

"Let me see," said mother. "Why, Peter and Polly may sit right here in the carriage. By and by we will come out for them."

"Good-by, children," said father. "'Handsome is that handsome does,' you know, Polly."

Peter and Polly sat in the carriage. At first they played that they were driving. But, after a short time, they wished to do something else.

Then they looked around. They saw the barn, the henhouses, and another small building.

"Maybe that is the ice house," said Polly.

"Do you think that they will have ice cream?" asked Peter. "Oh, I hope so! I hope so!"

"Perhaps they will, if that is really an ice house," said Polly.

"Then I must see if it is, Polly. Mother will not care." And down he jumped.

He ran to the little house. A padlock

was on the door. He could not open it. But he saw sawdust about. So he felt sure that it was an ice house.

POLLY GOES TO A WEDDING

Part II

"Oh, goody, goody!" Peter cried, when he saw the sawdust. "I am sure that we shall have ice cream. I shall not get back into the carriage. It is nicer here. I am going to see what is around that corner."

Peter was gone a long, long time. Polly called to him. He did not answer. At last she jumped down, too. She ran around the corner to find him.

There he was, looking through a fence.

"What do you think that is?" he asked. "Don't you see? Over there back of the big rock. I have watched and watched."

"I see it now," said Polly. "I am going to climb the fence and see what it is."

Over she climbed. There was a puddle near the fence. But she took care not to

step into it. She ran to the rock. She peeped on the other side.

It was an ear that Peter had been watching. The ear belonged to the very largest pig that Polly ever saw. He was so large that she just looked and looked.

By and by the pig saw her. He began to get up. Then Polly felt sure that he was as large as an elephant, at least.

He was so large that she would rather see him from the other side of the fence. So she turned and began to run.

Peter saw the pig come from behind the rock. He saw the pig begin to trot after Polly. Perhaps the pig wished to be fed. Perhaps he wished to look at his visitor.

Polly did not stop to look around. She just ran toward the fence as fast as she could. Peter screamed to her, "Run, Polly! He will get you! Run! Run!"

Polly heard Peter. She thought that the pig must be very near. She was close to the puddle. Should she go around it? If she did, the pig might catch her.

So she jumped into it, and scrambled up

on the fence. The muddy water splashed over her. It spoiled her shoes and stockings. It spoiled her dress, too.

She looked back. The pig had stopped before it reached the puddle. It was poking the ground with its snout.

"O Peter!" cried Polly. "Look at me! Why did you shout, 'Run, run'? I thought that the pig was close to me. I thought that I did not have time to go around the puddle. Look at my clothes!"

Just then Polly heard father say, "'Handsome is that handsome does,' Polly. Are you handsome now?"

"Why didn't you stay in the carriage? The wedding is over. I went out to get you, but you were gone, and I could not stop to look for you.

"Come now, both of you. You may have ice cream and other things to eat."

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Polly. "I have missed the wedding. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! And I cannot even go in. I am too dirty."

"Well, climb into the carriage then," said father. "I will bring you out something to eat. Peter may come in."

"No," said Peter. "I must stay with Polly. She went over the fence for me. And I made her jump into the puddle. So I must stay out with her."

"Very well," said father. "That is only fair. Now I will go and tell why you cannot come in." And he walked toward the house.

"Tell them that it is the very biggest pig in the world," shouted Peter.

When Polly heard the people laugh she said, "There! Father has told them. I shall remember this wedding for a long time. And I shall remember, 'Handsome is that handsome does,' too."

THE BOILING SPRING

Part I

"Mother, may I have an egg and some salt? And may Peter and I go walking?"

"Where, Polly?"

"Up the road to the blacksmith's shop. Then on the hill in his pasture."

"What is up there, Polly?"

"I am not sure, mother. The big boys say that there is a boiling spring on the hill. Do you think so, mother?"

"You may go to see, Polly. Peter may go, too. Yes, you may have an egg and some salt."

The children started down the hill. They came to the railroad track.

"Look for the trains, Peter," said Polly.

"I do not see any, so come along, Polly."

Next they crossed the bridge. It was

high above the river. Some big boys were fishing from the bridge.

"Have you caught anything?" asked Peter. "I caught a fish once, when I went to sleep."

The big boys laughed.

"I heard that your cat catches your fish for you," said one. "I should like such a smart cat."

"She does not always," said Peter. "Sometimes I do. Good-by."

At the water tub, Polly turned to the right. The other road would take them to father's store.

"Where are we going, Polly?"

"To find the boiling spring, Peter. It is up in the blacksmith's pasture."

"There is the schoolhouse, Polly. When

I am as old as you, I am going to school. I am five years old now."

"Not yet, Peter. Not until October. Your birthday is then. It is only August now."

"Then I am most five and that is more than half past four. I was half past four a long time. See, there is the blacksmith. Let's call to him."

The blacksmith was standing in the shop door.

When he heard them, he said, "Good morning, Polly. Good morning, Peter. Where are you going?"

"We are going to find the boiling spring," answered Polly. "It is up in your pasture. Do you know just where it is?"

"Yes," said the blacksmith. "Do you boys and girls call it that, too? When I was a boy, we always called it so."

"Isn't it a boiling spring?" asked Polly. "See, here is an egg I brought. I am going to boil it in the spring."

"It will be fun to try," said the blacksmith. "Come, and I will show you where the spring is.

"Do you see the path back of the creamery? Follow it up the hill. When you get to that clump of fir trees, stop.

"The boiling spring is there. Come into the shop on your way back. Good-by."

"Good-by, and thank you," said Polly.

THE BOILING SPRING

Part II

Up the path the children went. It was a narrow path. The cows had made it. On each side there was lovely goldenrod. Peter picked a long stalk.

"Now I am captain," he said. "See my gold sword."

"I see something just as pretty," said Polly. "Over there in the tall grass."

"Oh, yellow daisies, yellow daisies!" shouted Peter. "I like those, too. I like them better than white daisies."

"I call them Black-eyed Susans," said Polly.

"Why do you, Polly?"

"I do not know, Peter. Here are the bars. Climb over and hold the egg. Then I will climb over."

In the pasture the grass was shorter. But a part of the field was covered with

goldenrod. It looked like yellow plumes. It was very bright.

"There are some cows, Polly. Are you afraid of them? I am not."

"No," said Polly. "What is there to be afraid of? We are not afraid of Black Bess."

"We are not afraid of Tim's Jersey cows," said Peter. "But Tim says that some cows do not like red. They will chase you, if you have on red things."

"Well, I have nothing on that is red," said Polly. "So I am not afraid."

"Yes, you have, Polly. Yes, you have. You have on your red hair," cried Peter.

"Oh, dear!" said Polly. "I forgot that. Do cows chase hair? I do not believe that they do. I shall go along."

Soon they came to the fir trees. There, at the foot of a great rock, was the boiling spring. It was larger than a dish pan. It was not deep.

At one side the water ran out of the spring. It made a brook down the hill.

"See the sand at the bottom move, Peter," said Polly. "See the water at the top jump up and down. I do believe that it boils. Oh, goody, goody!

"Now I will drop in the egg. Do not put your fingers into the water. It might burn them."

The children sat by the spring for a long, long time. They watched the clear water bubble up and down. They waited for the egg to cook.

At last Polly said, "That egg must be boiled hard by this time. I shall not wait any longer. I will poke it out with these sticks. Then I will break it. We can eat it. I have some salt."

When she took it up to break it, it felt very cold.

"Why," said Polly, "this egg is cold. Eggs just boiled are hot. Father burns his fingers when he breaks ours in the morning. What do you suppose is the matter with this?"

"I know," said Peter. "The water is cold. I stuck my finger into it to see. You cannot boil anything in cold water."

"So it is cold," said Polly. "It must be good to drink. Let's drink. It is the queerest boiling water that I ever saw. I shall take the egg and go down now to ask the blacksmith about it."

AT THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP

Down the hill Peter and Polly trotted. They followed the little brook. By and by it ran into a larger one.

"This large brook runs into the river," said Polly. "We cannot follow it much farther. We cannot follow it all the way to the river."

"Why?" asked Peter.

"Because it goes under the road, Peter. Don't you remember? Here is the place."

"Oh, yes," said Peter. "I remember. Well, let's look under the road."

"All right, Peter. But there is not much to see. It is dark."

"I can see through to the other side," said Peter.

"So can I, now," said Polly. "And, O Peter! It is quite a big place. I am sure that we can walk through. Let's go now."

"All right," said Peter. "I should like to walk under the road."

"Dear me! I forgot this old egg," said Polly. "I should be sure to break it. We must wait until some other day. Let us go to the blacksmith's now."

Soon they were at the shop.

"Well, Polly," said the blacksmith, "did the water boil?"

"Here is my egg," said Polly. "It did not cook. Maybe that is a boiling spring. But it is cold water."

"It is really a bubbling spring," said the blacksmith. "Much water comes out of the ground. It comes very fast.

"That makes the sand at the bottom of the spring move. It makes the top of the spring go up and down. The water looks as if it were boiling. But it is not."

"It is a nice spring," said Peter. "I took a drink of the water. It was very cold."

"Yes," said the blacksmith. "That water must come from deep down in the ground. It is the coldest spring I know."

"I had a good time, anyway," said Polly. "We saw goldenrod and Black-eyed Susans."

"That is a sign that autumn is almost

here," said the blacksmith. "I can see another sign this very minute."

"Where, where?" cried both children.

"Look on the telephone wires. The sign is there."

"Oh, oh, see the swallows!" cried Polly. "I never before saw so many together. The wires are full."

"Perhaps you saw the very same thing last fall," the blacksmith said. "It happens every year.

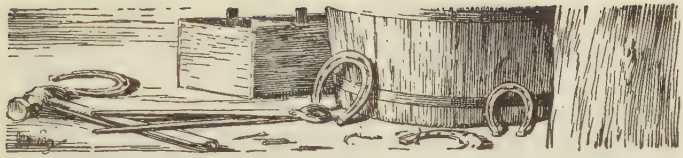
"They are thinking about flying away. They go south for the winter, you know."

"But it isn't time," said Polly. "It isn't really autumn yet. It is only next to it. Oh, I do not wish them to go. I wish they would stay here."

"They will not go yet. But they cannot stay here all winter. They could not get food," said the blacksmith.

"Oh, oh!" called Peter. "They are going now! They are going now! They have just started! See them!"

The blacksmith laughed. "They are only flying about for fun, Peter. Come and see what I have in my shop."



THE FOUR HORSESHOES

The blacksmith and Polly and Peter went into the shop. It was fun inside. The children had often seen the blacksmith fit shoes on horses' feet.

They liked to watch him hammer the white-hot iron. They liked to see the sparks that the hammer made. They liked to watch his fire.

"Why, there is Mary, our horse," said Polly. "I did not know that she was over here."

"I have been shoeing her. She is all ready to go to the store. I shall lead her. You may both ride on her back."

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Polly. "Sometimes father lets us do that."

"Here are two presents for you, Polly. And here are two presents for you, Peter. Do you know what they are?"

"They look like horseshoes," said Polly. "Thank you very much. But what queer

little horseshoes! Did you make them for Mary? I guess that they did not fit her."

"I did not make them for Mary. Can you guess what they are for?"

"They are just big enough for Tim's goat," said Peter.

"They are not for Billy," said the blacksmith. "Guess again."

"Are they for a little calf?"

"No," said the blacksmith. "And I think that you had better look at Billy's feet. Then I think that you had better look at a calf's feet. You will see that round shoes would not fit them."

"Then what are these for?" asked Polly. "I cannot guess."

"I made them for a pony. If you were my children, maybe I should buy you a pony for your very own."

"Oh, would you?" asked Peter. "I should like that. But I cannot be your boy, because I am my father's."

"Show him what I gave you. Tell him that you would like a pony to fit those four shoes. Well, Polly, what is the matter?"

"Nothing much," said Polly. "I just

dropped my horseshoes into my apron pocket. I forgot that my egg was there. It is all broken, now."

"I should say it is, Polly. Come over here and clean up a little. Wipe out that pocket. Now are you ready? Then up you go on Mary. Peter first, Polly behind."

"It is quite slippery up here," said Peter. "Maybe I shall slide off."

"That will not matter, unless you have eggs in your pocket, too. Have you, Peter?"

"No," said Peter, "just horseshoes."

"Then forward march," said the blacksmith. And off they started.

TAKING ORDERS

"I know a new game, Peter," said Tim.

"Where did you get it, Tim?"

"I got it from some boys, Peter. Yesterday my mother and I went visiting. I played it then."

"Let's play it now," said Peter. "What shall we do first?"

"We keep a store. Every day we take our horse and wagon. We call on our customers. They give us orders. We write them in a book.

"By and by we go back to our store. We put lots of things in our wagon. Then we drive around and give the things to our customers."

"All right," said Peter. "My father keeps a store. We will play that it is ours. But where is the book?"

"Here it is, Peter. My mother gave it to me yesterday. We played with it then."

"Well, where is our wagon?"

"There is your father's wagon, Peter. It is in front of the barn. I saw it. That is what made me think of the game."

Tim and Peter climbed into the wagon.

"You drive," said Tim. "I will take the orders. I know just how. See my pencil."

"Get up," said Peter to his play horse. And off they went.

"I wish that we had a truly horse," he said. "Then we could take orders all over the village."

"I should rather have my goat," said Tim. "I like him better than a horse."

"Sometimes he will not go when you wish him to," said Peter. "That is not very nice."

"I do not care," said Tim. "I like old Billy just the same. Here is the first house, Peter. Stop for me to get out."

"Whoa," said Peter. And the play horse stopped at once.

Tim ran to Peter's back door. He knocked. Mrs. Howe was in the kitchen. She came to the door.

"Good morning, Tim," she said.

"Good morning," said Tim. "I am a store man. I am taking orders. Will you please order something of me?"

"Yes, I will. Let me see. Please bring me one pound of butter and one half pound of tea. Can you do that?"

"Oh, yes," said Tim. "I can bring you more. We have a very big store."

"Then I will order a dozen eggs and a quart of milk. Do not let Peter bring me a quart of eggs and a dozen of milk. That is the way he played store once."

Peter heard what his mother said and he laughed. He had learned better than that.

"Good-by," said Tim.

"Good-by," said Mrs. Howe. "O Tim! Perhaps other families live in this house. Go to the side door and to the front door and see."

Tim climbed back into the wagon.

"Get up," said Peter to his horse. And the play horse started.

"Did you get many orders? How far is it to the next house?"

"I got four orders. Here is the next house. Please stop now."

"Whoa," said Peter. And the horse stopped at once.

Tim knocked at the side door. A lady, with a blue dress on, opened it. Tim played that it was not Mrs. Howe.

"Good morning," he said.

"Good morning, Mr. Storekeeper," said the lady. "Please bring me a box of salt, a pound of cheese, and a box of crackers."

"Shall I bring you some bread?"

"I make my own bread, thank you. It is better than baker's bread. But you may bring me a pound of coffee. Have you written all the things down? Good-by."

"Good-by," said Tim.

He climbed back into the wagon.

"Get up," said Peter to his horse. And the play horse started. "How far is it to the next house?"

"Not very far," said Tim. "It is just to your front door. Lots of families live in your house this morning. Here it is."

"Whoa," said Peter. And the horse stopped at once.

Knock, knock, knock went Tim's hand on the front door. A lady, with a large white apron on, opened it.

"Good morning, Mr. Orderman," she said. "I have been watching for you. I need a dozen pears and a dozen peaches. I need a box of strawberries, too."

"You cannot have the strawberries," said Tim. "They were all gone long ago. They come in the early summer. It is almost autumn now. My mother did not get enough to can."

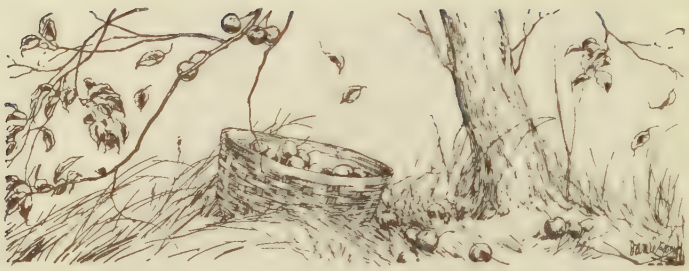
"That is too bad," said the lady. "Then you cannot eat strawberries this winter, can you? Please bring me the pears and the peaches.

"You must get very hungry taking so many orders. Here is a bag of cookies for you and for the man who drives. You may eat them under the trees."

"Oh, thank you," said Tim. "I like this place best of all. We will bring your things some other time. Good-by."

The driver got down from his seat. He unharnessed the horse. Then the driver and the orderman sat on the grass to eat their dinner. The horse had his dinner, too.

They had driven so far that they were tired and hungry.



A BITE OF APPLE

"Children," said father, "I must have you work for me this morning."

"What shall we do?" asked Polly. "I almost always like the things you ask us to do."

"This time I am sure that you will like it," said father. "You see, mother is ready to make some jelly. And the apples are ready to be made into jelly."

"Goody, goody!" cried Polly.

"Goody, goody!" cried Peter.

"Why are you saying that?" asked father.

"Because I like apples," said Peter.

"Because I like jelly," said Polly.

"Then come with me, children. Put on your rubbers. The grass is still wet with dew. Here are two baskets. You may

fill them. When they are filled, bring them to mother."

"Shall we fill them just once?" asked Polly. "That isn't much work."

"Oh, no. You must fill them as many times as mother says."

"They are so small that they will not hold many big apples. I could carry a larger basket, and so could Peter."

"These are large enough," said father. "And you are not going to fill them with large apples, but with crab apples. They make good jelly. Some of the large apples are not ripe yet.

"Here we are. Now I will get up in this tree. I will shake the branches. Keep out from underneath. If you do not, you will get hit."

Father climbed the tree. He shook the branches. Down came the crab apples.

"O father! How pretty they are!" shouted Polly. "They are red and yellow. Do you think that the jelly will be red and yellow, too?"

"There were some on the ground before," said Peter. "But just look at them now. It will take us all day to pick them up."

"Perhaps mother cannot use them all, Peter. You need not pick up more than she can use. Now, good-by. Get to work."

"I shall take the very largest ones, Peter," said Polly. "Maybe they will make the best jelly."

Polly and Peter filled their baskets. Mother emptied them. She said, "Please get me some more. I must make many tumblers of jelly. It will be for you to eat next winter."

"Will the largest crab apples make the best jelly, mother?" asked Polly.

"I think not. But bring me those that have not been lying on the ground, if you can."

"I will fill my basket before you fill yours, Peter," shouted Polly. "Come and let us race."

This time the baskets were full before mother was ready for the apples. The children thought that this was a joke.

They hurried back for more. Peter set his basket down and picked up the apples with both hands. His basket was almost full, when he fell against it.

Over it went and the apples were spilled out. He did not like this very well.

Polly said, "I will wait for you. It is no use to hurry so. I will stop working

and eat one of these big apples. They are ripe."

"How do you know?" asked Peter. "If they are not, you will have a stomach ache."

"The seeds are all black. See!" said Polly. "Besides, father took some into the house last night. He told mother that they were ripe. So I dare to eat one."

"Then I will eat one, too, Polly. I am hungry. I have worked hard."

"You are always hungry, Peter. And I

think that you ought to work hard enough to put those apples back into your basket."

"Wait until I get this big one eaten and I will," said Peter. "You don't eat yours very fast. I think that you are afraid of it."

Polly had been walking about. She had been kicking the apples which lay on the ground. She had been watching the clouds. She had forgotten all about eating her apple. You see, she was not very hungry.

"I am not afraid," she said. And she put the apple to her mouth for a bite.

But she did not take that bite. Instead, she dropped the apple. She opened her mouth wide. She cried, "Ow, ow, ow!"

"What is it? Oh, what is it?" asked Peter.

"Something stung me!" said Polly. "Something stung me on my tongue. I know what it was, too. It was a wasp. I saw him eating my apple a minute ago."

Mother looked at Polly's tongue. It was swollen.

"Poor Polly," she said. "I am sorry. But it is not a very bad sting. It will soon feel better. Why did you put the wasp into your mouth?"

"He was on the apple when I took a bite, mother. So he got into my mouth."

"I guess he did not like it," said Peter. "I guess he flew away as soon as Polly said, 'Ow.'"

Mother laughed. "O Polly," she said, "this will teach you something new. When father comes home, he will say that you must always 'Look before you bite.'"

PETER'S HAIRCUT

"Peter must have his hair cut soon," said mother. "It is growing very long."

"Yes, it is," said Polly. "I shall have to braid it."

"That will hardly do, Polly. Boys do not have their hair braided. They have it cut."

"I cannot take him to the barber's to day," said father. "I cannot take him to-morrow. The next day is Sunday. And Monday is a holiday."

"Oh, dear!" said Peter. "Can't you ever take me?"

"That is only four days, Peter," said Polly.

"I know it, Polly. But my hair will grow very long. I do not wish it braided. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"I will not braid it, Peter. I was only teasing you."

"Father," Peter said, "let me go to the barber's alone. I know where it is."

There was no barber where Peter and Polly lived. When Peter had his hair cut, he went to the nearest village. Peter and Polly always called this "Large Village."

"How can you get to Large Village, Peter?"

"I can walk," said Peter.

"It is four miles," said Polly. "I guess you can't walk so far as that. I think you would stop when you came to Farmer Brown's."

"That is just halfway," said Peter. "I think I should not stop, either. I could not get my hair cut there."

"You wait a little while, Peter," said father. "The blacksmith is going to Large Village to-day. Perhaps he will take you with him. I will go over to his shop to see him. Then I will telephone to you."

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Peter. "I

hope he will take me. I like to ride with him."

In a few minutes the telephone rang.

"You may answer it, Peter," said mother. "Perhaps it is father telephoning to you."

"Hello," said Peter.

"Oh, will he take me?"

"Yes, I will get ready now. Good-by."

"What did father say?" asked mother.

"He said that the blacksmith will take me. I must go to father's store now."

Peter ran to the store. Father was busy with some customers.

"Here is your money," he said. "Keep it safe. Now go outside and watch for the blacksmith. He will soon be along."

When the blacksmith came, Peter climbed up into his wagon. The seat was high. Peter liked that.

The blacksmith had two horses. Peter wished to drive them. So he took hold of the ends of the reins. He played that he was driving.

The blacksmith and Peter talked of many things. They talked about shoeing horses and mending wagons. They spoke of ponies. They spoke of boiling springs.

And then they talked about hair that was too long, and about going to the barber's.

At last they were in Large Village. They came to the barber's shop.

"Here we are, Peter," said the blacksmith. "Have you your money? I shall come back for you in a little while. You wait for me."

Peter went in. He said to one man, "I must have my hair cut. Will you cut it? Here is the money to pay you."

"Yes, I will," said the barber. "Climb up into this chair. How will you have it cut — short or long?"

"It is long now," said Peter. "So I will have it cut short."

"Very well," said the man. "Short it shall be." And he began to snip, snip, snip with his shears.

At last the hair was cut. Peter jumped down from the chair. He put on his cap. It did not fit. It was too large. He felt of the back of his head.

His hair was stiff and short. He climbed up on the chair and looked in the mirror.

"Oh, oh!" he cried. "My hair is short like father's. I have always wished it to be like that."

"You said to cut it short," answered the barber. "Was that wrong? Won't your father like it?"

"Maybe he will not care," said Peter. "And anyway I am glad. There is the blacksmith. I must go now. Good-by."

"See my hair," said Peter to the blacksmith.

"I can't see much, Peter. You must have left most of it behind you. Is that the way you were told to have it cut?"

"I wasn't told," said Peter. "Maybe my father will not care, and I like it." Peter got out of the wagon at father's store.

When father saw him, he said, "Well, I never! Now whose boy is this?"

"O father! Don't you know me? It is Peter. It is your boy."

"So it is," said father. "But where is your hair? Your cap is too large."

"My hair is at the barber's. Do you care? I like it short."

"No, Peter. I do not, much. But I think that mother may care. She likes it cut the other way. It is my fault, not yours. I forgot to tell you what to say to the barber. You wait for me here. I am going home to dinner in a minute.

"We will go together and tell mother about it. She will laugh. You do look funny. Your hair will grow before winter, so perhaps she will not mind."

CLOTHESHORSE TENTS

"Mother," said Polly, "can you make us a tent?"

"A tent?" asked mother. "What for?"

"To play in, mother. Some of the other children have tents. I should like one."

"Perhaps they bought theirs, Polly."

"Yes, they did, mother. But I thought that maybe you could make one. You do make us things."

"Perhaps I can, Polly. Let me see. Yes, I think of a way. Come and help me."

Mother went out into the back kitchen. She had some clotheshorses there.

She said, "Take hold of the end of this clotheshorse, Polly. We will carry it out of doors. It is quite heavy. But you can do it. Now here is a good place. We will stand it up. Let us go for the other."

"They are just the shape of some tents," said Polly. "How did you think of them, mother? But they are not quite right. They have no roofs."

"That is so, Polly. We will find something for roofs."

The two clotheshorses were set up side by side. Some old blankets and shawls were spread over them.

"Oh, goody, goody!" shouted Polly. "Now we have our tents. They are good ones, too. Thank you, mother."

"What shall we play?" asked Peter.

"Come into my tent, Peter. We will sit down. Guess what I thought of playing."

"Is it soldiers?" asked Peter. "Soldiers sleep in tents."

"No, but soldiers would be a good game. We can play that sometime. Guess again."

"Hunters," said Peter. "When father goes hunting and fishing, he has a tent."

"No, but that would be a good game. I shall remember that one."

"Indians," said Peter.

"No, but that is a good game, too."

"You tell, then," said Peter. "I cannot spend any more time guessing."

"We will get mother to let us have some things to eat. We will have a tent picnic."

"That is a good game, Polly. What can we have to eat? And can we have something to drink?"

"We can have bread and sugar, and bread and jelly. And maybe we can have cookies. Perhaps mother will make us some lemonade. It is quite a hot day."

"Let us ask her now," said Peter. "I am very hungry."

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Polly. "I have thought of something better. Let us have

lemonade to sell. We can charge two cents a glass. Perhaps somebody will buy."

"I should rather have the picnic," said Peter. "I told you that I am very hungry."

"But you like to keep store, Peter. You will like to play this."

"All right," said Peter. "Let us ask mother."

Mother said, "Yes." She went into the kitchen to make lemonade and sandwiches.

"May we take the four wooden chairs that are in the back kitchen, mother?" asked Polly. "We will put boards across them. They will be our counters."

Mother said, "Yes," again. So Peter and Polly made a counter in front of Peter's tent. Then, with the two other chairs, they made a counter in front of Polly's tent.

Mother gave them some clean glasses.

She said, "You can use each glass only once. It is not right to let any one drink out of a used glass. Polly, you may sell the lemonade."

"Then Peter may sell the sandwiches," said Polly. "He likes those best, so he

will be glad. See, Peter! You have three plates full of sandwiches. Do not eat them all."

"No," said Peter. "I will leave a few to sell." And he sat down on the grass behind his counter.

After a few minutes he said, "I am getting tired of waiting for some one to buy. I am going to begin to eat my things up now."

THE TENT STORE

Peter and Polly had not really waited very long when Tim came past. He saw the tents in Peter's yard. They were quite near the road.

"What are you doing?" he called. "Are you playing something? I wish to play, too."

"We have a store," said Polly. "We are selling lemonade and sandwiches. Do you wish to buy?"

"Yes," said Tim. "I do. I have some money. My mother just gave it to me. I

was going to the store for candy. I will buy a glass of lemonade."

"Have you two cents?" asked Polly. "It will be two cents."

"Here it is, Polly. And I have more than that. I will buy some sandwiches. How much are they, Peter?"

"I will sell you all there are on this plate for two cents, Tim," said Peter.

"O Peter!" cried Polly. "You must not do that. You do not charge enough. Sell him four for two cents. They are big ones, anyway."

"I wish that I could play with you," said Tim. "I could help sell things."

"Come into my tent then," said Peter. "You may play with us."

In just a few minutes Tim's father drove up the road.

"Father, father!" called Tim. "Here is a store. You must stop and buy something."

"Whoa," said his father to the horse. "What have you to sell? Why, it looks like lemonade. That is just what I need. Give me a glass. Yes, that is good. Give me another glass, Polly. Now, how much do I owe you?"

"Two cents for each glass, please. That will be four cents."

"That is very cheap," said Tim's father. "At the circus, we have to pay ten cents a glass. And, at the fair, it costs five cents. I think that I will pay you ten cents for the two glasses."

"Thank you very much," said Polly. "I hope you will come again."

"Now, father, you must buy something to eat," said Tim. "That is what Peter and I are selling."

"Very well," said his father. "I believe that I am hungry. And supper time is a

long way off. How much are the sandwiches?"

"I will give you all there are on that plate for five cents," said Peter.

"No, you will not, Peter," said Tim. "I had just four for two cents. So that is all you can have, father."

"That will be quite enough," said his father. "Give me four of those big ones, and you may have this five-cent piece. Here comes your grandmother, Polly. Perhaps she will be a good customer."

Polly's grandmother lives down the road just a little way. She is Mr. Howe's mother.

"O grandmother, will you buy something from us?" called the children.

"That is just what I came for," said grandmother. "I heard you were keeping a store."

"How did you hear it, grandmother?" asked Peter.

"A little bird told me, Peter. Haven't you any cookies to sell? I must have cookies for supper. Oh, yes, I see them. Run into the house, Peter. Get a paper bag for them."

Polly counted the cookies for Peter. He could not count very well. There were just one dozen.

"I will give you ten cents for those cookies," said grandmother. "And now, Polly, I will drink a glass of your good lemonade. Here are three cents for it. Good-by."

"Let's drink up the rest," said Polly. "I am thirsty. Besides we have enough money. We can eat up the rest of the sandwiches, too. I have thought of something to do to-morrow."

"Let's have another store," said Peter.

"No," said Polly. "We will have a circus. Tim's father made me think of it. He said something about lemonade at the circus."

"How can we?" asked Tim.

"I will think and tell you to-morrow morning," said Polly. "You come down early. Now let's carry the things back into the house."

THE CIRCUS

"Boys," said Polly, "I know just how to have a circus. First we must make a ring. We will use sticks of wood from the wood-pile. I asked father if we might.

"We will lay them down in a circle. You can each bring two sticks at a time. I will bring three."

It took some minutes to make the circus ring large enough. But, at last, it was done. The sticks of wood were laid end to end in a circle.

"Now let us have the circus," said Peter.

"First, Tim must go home and get Billy, his goat," said Polly. "Billy is to be one of the performers. Bring Collie, too, Tim."

Collie is Tim's dog. He is a wise and beautiful sheep dog.

Tim and Peter went up the hill. They found Billy out by the barn.

"Come along, Billy," said Peter. "We need you in the circus."

Billy would not stir. He did not know what fun a circus is.

"I know how to get him," said Tim. "There is Collie. He will get Billy for us. He knows how to drive cows. I think that he can drive old Billy."

Tim called to Collie. At last Collie understood what he was to do. He ran behind Billy and nipped at his heels. This made Billy turn around. He put down his head. He chased Collie. He tried to butt him.

Peter and Tim started out of the yard. Collie followed them. Billy followed Collie. At last they were at Peter's. Polly was waiting in the ring with Wag-wag.

When Billy saw Wag-wag, he started after him. Wag-wag ran around in a circle. Billy chased him.

"Oh, look, look!" shouted Peter. "That is the first part of our circus. It is a race between a goat and a dog."

"That is all Billy needs to do," said Tim. "He must not work too hard. He may go home now. What will come next?"

"I have two things to come next," said Polly. "I fixed them while you were up after Billy. Here is the first. We will draw it around the ring."

Polly drew Peter's cart out from one of the tents. On the cart there was a box. It had a cover. It had slats across both sides. Some kind of fruit had come in it.

There was no fruit in it now. Instead, there was a fierce, wild panther. It was the fiercest kind of panther, for it was black.

"Mew, mew, mew," cried that panther. And she walked around and around the cage trying to get out.

Polly said, "Be quiet, panther. You are a very wild animal. I must draw your cage around the circus ring. Everybody wishes to see you. In a little while I shall give you a whole sheep to eat."

"Mew, mew, mew," still cried the panther. Perhaps that meant, "I am not a panther. I am Blacky."

"I like animals," said Tim. "I wish that we had more."

"I have two more," said Polly. "I will show one to you in Peter's tent. Come now."

She took the wild panther out of the cage. She carried her to the tent.

She said, "Ladies and gentlemen, here is the most wonderful cat in the world. She can catch fish. None of you have cats that can do such a smart thing."

"Maybe that is so," said Tim. "But we can catch fish ourselves. What comes next?"

"You do," said Polly. "You must jump down from the very top of the cage. Go and get one of the back-kitchen chairs. We shall put the cage on top of it. You can jump from that."

Tim jumped several times. Then Peter jumped several times. Then they both turned somersaults.

At last they thought they would jump from the top of the cage together. They

climbed up on the cage. But it was not strong enough to hold them.

The top smashed in. Off the chair they

both tumbled, while Polly laughed and laughed.

She said, "I forgot to have any clowns. You are very good ones. Come into the other tent now. That is a side show. I have something wonderful there."

When they came to the other tent she said, "Ladies and gentlemen, here is the most wonderful thing in the world. It is a dwarf. This dwarf will never grow any larger. She will always stay just the size that she is now."

"Oh," said Tim, "that is Blacky's little kitten — the one that never grew up. Is she a dwarf?"

"Yes," said Polly. "Just think! Isn't it wonderful? How should you like to stay always just as little as you are now?"

"I should not like it," said Tim. "Why don't you feed her? I have to eat lots of things to make me grow."

"Feeding her doesn't make her grow," said Polly. "We have tried everything. She is just a dwarf. She will always stay a dwarf. Come out now. I have one more thing to show you. It is a dancing bear."

Polly went to the circus ring. She called

to Collie. She took his forepaws in her hands. She made him stand up straight.

Then she said, "Come, dancing bear, come and dance." And she pulled Collie after her around the ring.

Peter and Tim clapped their hands.

Tim said, "I used to call Collie, Jersey cow. Perhaps I shall call him the dancing bear, now."

"That is all the circus to-day," said Polly. "But we need not put the ring back to-night. I asked father.

"To-morrow we can have the same circus and ask the other children to come. We will charge ten pins for each child."

"All right," said Tim and Peter. "That will be fun. We will be better clowns to-morrow."

THE LOST PIG

One day the blacksmith drove to Large Village. He drove in his high wagon. It was filled with many things. Some of these things were iron and rattled.

But the funniest noise in the wagon was, "Grunt, grunt." This noise was made by a little black pig.

The blacksmith had said to him, "Little pig, I am going to take you for a drive. You shall go with me to Large Village."

"Grunt, grunt, grunt," said the little pig.

"There is a man at Large Village who wants you. He will feed you well. You will grow fat. Then he will make pork of you."

"Grunt, grunt, grunt, grunt," said the little pig.

"Now I will put you into this bag. I will tie the bag around your neck, so. Your head

will be out of the bag. You can look about and enjoy your ride.

"But the bag will be around your feet. It will keep them still. So you cannot jump out of the wagon."

"Grunt, grunt," said the little pig.

"Now in you go! Be a good little pig You may talk to me, if you wish. But do not try to roll out."

The little pig did talk. He said over and over, "Grunt, grunt, grunt."

Perhaps this meant, "I do not like to be tied up in a bag. I do not wish to be made into pork. I will roll out, if I can."

By and by, the blacksmith overtook a man who was walking. He gave the man a ride.

Then he forgot about the little pig. He did not hear the little pig's grunts. Instead, he talked to the man.

The little pig did not lie still. He wiggled and wiggled. At last he had wiggled to the end of the wagon.

The very next minute, out he rolled. He fell on the road, bump! But the dust was deep and soft and he was not hurt.

The blacksmith did not hear him fall. The iron in the wagon made too much noise for that. So he drove on to Large Village.

The little pig did not like the road. He did not like the bag. So he began to kick again.

Before you could think, he had rolled himself down the bank by the side of the road. There he lay.

That very same day Peter and Polly drove to Large Village. Their father took them.

Polly was driving. She was going very slowly. All at once she said, "What is that?"

"Stop and see," said father.

"Grunt, grunt, grunt," came from the side of the road.

"I can hear a pig," said Peter. "But where is he?"

"I see him," said father. And down he jumped. "Well, I never!" he said. "Somebody must have lost him out of a wagon. I call that a good joke."

"I wonder whose pig he is," said Polly.

"I don't know," said father. "But, if you like, you may ask the people we meet if they have lost him. Somebody may come back to look for him."

So Polly asked the very next man they met.

"Lost a pig?" he said. "No, I haven't. What do you mean?"

When they showed him the little pig he laughed. Then he drove on.

Next they met two ladies. Polly was

sure that they were driving back to look for the little pig.

So she called, "We have your pig."

"Our pig?" said the ladies. "We have no pig."

Then Mr. Howe told them about the pig. They smiled at Polly.

One of them said, "We have no little girl either. And I wish that we had."

"Don't you wish for a little boy, too?" asked Peter.

"We should very much like a little girl, a little boy, and a little black pig," said the lady.

"Perhaps you may have the pig," said Polly. "Perhaps we cannot find the owner."

The ladies laughed. Then one said, "If we cannot have the girl and the boy, we will not have the pig."

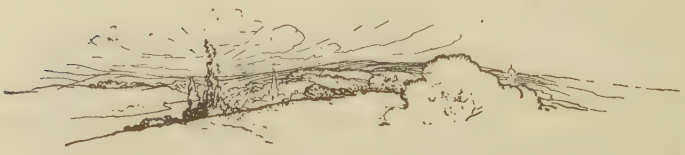
And they drove on.

Soon Polly saw the blacksmith driving along. When he came near, she began to call, "We've found a pig! We've found a pig!"

At the same time the blacksmith began to call, "I've lost my little black pig! I've lost my little black pig!"

At that everybody laughed but the pig. He only said, "Grunt, grunt."

The blacksmith took him and took Peter, too. Then they all drove to Large Village.



A CAP OF BURDOCK BURRS

One day, Peter and Polly went to their father's store for mother. On the way home they noticed some burdock plants.

"See," said Polly, "they are just covered with burrs. As soon as we carry this sugar home, we will come back here and pick some."

"I will pick one now," said Peter. "Oh, my! Oh, my! How prickly it is! Why shall we come back and pick burrs? I do not like to."

"Burrs are prickly," said Polly. "I felt of them yesterday. One of the big girls had some. She was making baskets out of them. It will be fun for us to do that."

So the children carried home the sugar. They told mother about the burdock burrs. Then they went back to pick them.

Have you ever picked any? If you have,

you know that they cling to your fingers. And they cling to one another. They do not wish to let go.

Peter made his burrs into a round ball. He said, "Here is a good baseball. In a minute I shall make it as large as a football."

"Your baseball is a soft one," said Polly. "You cannot bat it very well. If you kick your football, it will come to pieces."

"I shall try it just the same," said Peter. "When are you going to make your baskets?"

"I have picked enough burrs now," said Polly. "Let us sit on the grass near the sidewalk. Then I will show you how to make them."

Polly stuck ten or twelve burrs together. She kept them flat like a mat. Then around the edge she stuck a row which stood up straight. Then another on that, and another until the outside of the basket was high enough.

After that she made a handle from one side to the other. She said, "That is a good basket. Of course I cannot carry it by the handle, for then the handle would come off."

"Let us make some other baskets," said Peter. "I can make one that is smaller than yours. I wish that the burrs did not stick to my fingers so."

"I will make a basket with square corners, now," said Polly.

"I wish that I could make a hat," said Peter. "You do it for me."

Polly made a very good hat. Then she made another.

She said, "Those hats are too small. I am going to make quite a large plate. I am going to have that for my hat."

She made the plate. She put it on her head. She pressed it down hard. Her hair was very thick and curly. The burrs

caught in her thick hair. The hat stayed nicely.

"I have found a hat that will not come off when the wind blows," said Polly. "I like it very much." And she pressed down the burrs again.

"Let's go home now," said Peter. "We can take our football and the baskets and the hats. You can take off your big hat to show to mother."

Polly put up her hand. She pulled at the burdock burrs. The hat began to come to pieces. A few burrs came off her head. But the others were caught in her hair.

She could not get rid of them without pulling her hair very badly. The more she tried, the more her hair became snarled.

At last she said, "O Peter! What shall I do? What shall I do? My hair is all mixed up with those old burrs. I cannot get them out."

"Let me do it," said Peter. He pulled off a few more pieces. He tried to be careful. But he pulled Polly's hair very badly.

At last she said, "You cannot do that any more. It hurts too much. Besides

you will pull out all my hair. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"Come," said Peter. "Mother will fix it."

The children ran to find mother.

"O mother!" Polly cried. "See what I have done. I put some burdock burrs on my head for a hat. Now I cannot get them off. Can you, mother?"

"Perhaps I can, dear. I will try. But I may hurt you. Can you be a brave little girl? Or should you rather have me cut some of your hair?"

"Have it cut, Polly," said Peter, "It is fun to have short hair."

"No," said Polly. "I like my hair. It curls. I can be brave and let you pull, mother."

So mother carefully picked the burrs from Polly's curls. It took a long, long time. Before she was finished, Polly was very tired. So was mother. But Polly was not cross once.

She said, "I know that you cannot help pulling, mother. And I think it is good of you to help me. If you did not, I should have to get Peter's barber to cut my hair short like Peter's. I am never going to wear a burr hat again."

Polly's mother only said, "I shall be glad, if you do not."

PLAYING SCHOOL

Early in September school began. The schoolhouse was a small white building. In front of it was a large yard. This was a good place to play.

Polly went to school every day except Saturdays and Sundays. She liked it very much. Peter stayed at home and played with Tim and Wag-wag and Collie. He liked that better than going to school.

Polly came home from school early. She had plenty of time to play.

One day Polly said, "I know something to do. Let's have a school."

"We used to do that," said Peter.

"Yes, we did, Peter. But I know how to play it better than I did. I go to school now, so I can play it better."

"I do not like to play school," said Tim. "Let's not."

"We are going to," said Polly. "You need not, if you do not wish."

"Well," said Tim, "I will, if Collie may play, too."

"Of course Collie may," said Polly. "Dogs make good pupils. Wag-wag must play, too. Peter, please go into the house and get some of the doll family. Then we shall have quite a large school."

"Shall we have it out of doors?" asked Peter. "You do not have your real one out of doors."

"Sometimes we do," said Polly. "I like that very much. You and I will have ours out of doors until it is winter."

"I wish it were winter now," said Peter. "I am tired of autumn."

"Well, I am not," said Polly. "I hope that it will be autumn for a long, long time."

"It will not," Tim said. "My father thinks that a hard frost will come any night. He has taken all our pumpkins into the barn."

"So has my father," said Polly. "Oh, I know something! We will play school in

the barn. Then we will use the pumpkins for chairs. Come on!"

Polly and Peter picked up the doll family, and away the three children ran. After them ran Collie and Wag-wag.

POLLY'S PUPILS

In the barn the children looked for pumpkins which had no stems left on them. Some of them were so large that they made good seats.

"We will put four small seats in the front row," said Polly. "Those are for the four dolls.

"Then we will have four in the next row. Those are for you two boys and Wag-wag and Collie.

"My chair is out here in front. I shall be the teacher. I shall always be the teacher."

"We do not care," said Peter. "If you are the teacher all the time, we shall be naughty boys some of the time."

"No, you will not," said Polly. "Now, boys, take your seats."

"If you say, 'Take your seats,' I shall

not do it," said Tim. "You must say, 'Take your pumpkins.'"

"If you say, 'Take your pumpkins,'" said Peter, "I shall really take mine and go away."

"Oh, dear!" said Polly. "What shall I do with two naughty boys? I know. You get the dogs and make them sit on their pumpkins."

The two biggest pumpkins had been put in the row for the two dogs. Tim showed Collie what he was to do.

Collie is a very smart dog. He knew what Tim meant. He was willing to play school. So he tried to sit upon the pumpkin. He was so big that one of his legs kept slipping off.

When Wag-wag saw Collie on his seat, he jumped up on the next one. He was small, so it was easy for him to sit there.

"Now, Collie," said the teacher, "how many are two and three?"

Just then Collie slipped off his pumpkin. Polly played that he meant to stand.

"That is right," said the teacher. "You must always stand, when you answer a question. Now, can you tell me? Then come down here and I will help you."

Collie walked out to the teacher.

"You mind very well," said she. "I will show you about two and three. Speak, Collie!"

Collie barked. His master had taught him to do that.

"Speak again!"

Collie barked again.

"That is right, little boy. That is two. Now do it three times more. Speak! Speak! Speak!"

Collie barked three times more.

"Very good," said the teacher. "You have barked five times. That is what two and three make. Do you understand about it?"

Just then she heard a noise. It was Tim and Peter. They were rolling their seats over the barn floor.

"Children, children, stop, stop!" cried the teacher. "What are you doing? Take your seats!"

"We have taken them," shouted Peter. "We have taken them away. It is recess. We are playing it is winter. We are rolling snowballs. See how big they are."

"I will have a bigger one," said Polly. And she ran to get Collie's seat.

Out of the barn and down the driveway rolled the pumpkins. And that was the end of playing school for that day.

PETER'S FUNNY BED

One morning Peter said to Polly, "I have seen plenty of red leaves. I am glad about it. I wish to have winter soon."

"I am not glad about it, Peter. I think that the red leaves are pretty. But by and by they will all fall from the trees. After that, cold weather will come."

"Yes, it will," said Peter. "The snow and the ice will be here. That is what I like. I think that summer has been long enough."

"I wish that it would last all the year," said Polly. "We stay out of doors more in the summer. It is Saturday, to-day. I am going to play up at Tim's. Will you come?"

"Yes," said Peter, "I will. I am glad that it is Saturday. You can play with me all day."

Polly and Peter and Tim went into the pasture back of Tim's house. There had been a frost in the night. But it had not hurt the grass and the flowers much.

"It is time for nuts," said Tim. "We will get butternuts over in your field, Peter. But we can get beechnuts up here in my woods. Shall we to-day?"

"No," said Polly. "Let's not to-day. Let's go to the sand bank and play in the sand. We can hunt for beechnuts some other time."

The sand bank was high. Near the top there were many, many round holes. The children knew what made them.

"See the swallows' holes," said Polly. "I believe that there are more than ever."

"I should like to see inside one," said Tim. "It must be dark."

"We must let those holes alone," said Polly. "I think that the swallows have all gone south, but maybe they have not. We must not touch their homes."

"We cannot reach them anyway," said Tim. "I tried it the other day. I was not going to hurt the holes. I just wished to look into them."

"Let's build forts," said Peter. "I will build one here."

At the bottom of the sand bank the soft sand was deep. It was a fine place to play.

"I will get some sticks for soldiers," said Polly. "Then they will capture your fort."

"They will not," said Peter. "I shall make my fort too strong. Besides I shall have some big guns on the top."

"I shall not play war," said Tim. "I shall build a city. See, here are my streets. Here are my houses. These sticks are my people. This great big house is a church."

It was fun playing in the sand. It got into the children's shoes. And Tim put some sand down Peter's neck. The sun was very bright and hot. It did not seem like autumn.

At last Peter said, "I have built enough things. What else shall we play?"

"I know," said Polly. "Let us dig holes and bury ourselves."

Soon three holes were dug. But the children could not cover themselves up very well. So Polly said, "We will take turns."

"Bury me first, then," said Peter. "I

have worked hard. I am tired. The hole will be a nice soft bed."

"You are always tired or hungry," said Polly. "I think that you are just lazy. But Tim and I will bury you. We will let you be first this time."

So Polly and Tim covered Peter all over except his face. Then Polly put Peter's hat over his face so that the sun would not shine in his eyes.

She said, "You may stay buried until we call you. Then it will be our turn."

She and Tim played in the sand for a few minutes. Then they went farther up the field. In this way they could get on top of the high sand bank.

They lay down and looked over the edge. They could see Peter. He was perfectly still.

Polly called to him. "Peter, Peter," she said. "Do you wish to come up here with us?"

Peter did not answer. He did not move.

"He has gone to sleep," said Polly. "How funny! I know something. Let's leave him there. He will get enough of being buried. He will not wish to be first, the next time."

After quite a long while, Peter woke. He had forgotten where he was. He tried to turn over. But he could not.

"What is the matter with me?" he

thought to himself. "Where am I? What is on my face? I feel very queer."

At last he remembered. Then he called, "Polly! Polly! Come and dig me out! I have been buried long enough. I do not like my bed any more."

Polly did not answer.

He called again and again.

Then he said to himself, "Well, I do believe that she has gone off and left me here. I must dig myself out."

At last he stood up. He was covered with sand. But that would brush off. He was not very much pleased with Polly and Tim.

As he started home he said, "Sometimes, when I go to sleep, nice things happen. Once I caught a fish. And sometimes things happen that are not nice. It was not nice to be left all alone."

THE MAPLE-LEAF CHAIN

One day Polly brought something pretty home from school. She showed it to Peter.

She said, "See this wreath of red leaves. I made it. One of the big girls taught me how. I will teach you."

"All right," said Peter. "I have been waiting for you to come home. I thought that you would play with me."

"I will," said Polly. "Let us both hunt for red leaves. They have begun to fall from the trees.

"There are none under these trees in our yard. These are elms. See, their leaves are all yellow."

"I know where to get red leaves," said Peter. "Come down by the fence. The

trees down there have red leaves. They have yellow ones, too."

"Yes, they have, Peter. Those are the trees that we tap in the spring. They are sugar maples."

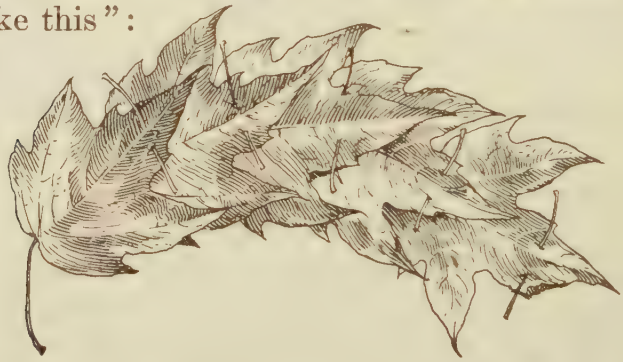
"See," said Peter, "here are many red maple leaves on the ground. And here are many yellow maple leaves, too. And here are a few green leaves.

"I shall use some of the yellow ones in my wreath. They will be pretty."

Polly said, "I will make one wreath all yellow. This is the way to do it. Watch!

"Break the stem off every leaf. Then lay the point of one leaf over the bottom of another. Lay it over just a little.

"Now use one of the stems for a pin. Pin through both leaves. That will hold them together. Then you can pin on another, like this":



"I see," said Peter. "I can do it. First I shall take a red leaf. Next I shall take a yellow leaf. It is a good way."

"Yes, it is, Peter. See my wreath. It is large enough. I shall wear it on my head. First I must fasten the ends together. I will show you how to do it."

Polly took another stem-pin. She pinned the first leaf and the last leaf together. This made a circle. She put the wreath on her head. It fitted very well.

"Now I have a crown," she said. "So,

of course, I am a queen. Finish your wreath and you may be a king."

Peter put his on his head. Then he made a larger one. He wore this around his neck.

"What are you doing now, Polly?" he asked. "Why are you making such a big one?"

Polly had made a very long chain of maple leaves.

She said, "I am not going to make this into a wreath. I am just going to keep on making a chain.

"I shall hang it on the fence. By and by, it will be so long that it will reach to Tim's house. You help."

Peter made short chains. Polly joined these to the long one. She hung the long one over the pickets of the fence. The red and the yellow leaves looked very pretty on the white fence.

"I believe I like autumn," said Polly. "I like to swing way up into the yellow elm leaves. I like to make wreaths.

"It is fun playing in the leaves. Only I do wish that they could stay on the trees always."

"Then you could not play in them," said

Peter. "But most of them are up on the trees yet."

"I know that," said Polly. "But they keep falling down. See the wind blow them. Their stems are all loose. Look at our long chain."

"We can never make one all the way up to Tim's," said Peter. "I am going to stop until to-morrow. We can do more then."

"All right," said Polly. "It is getting dark anyway. We could not see much longer. I wish that night would not come so early. Let's go in."

When morning came, the children ran to look at their lovely chain. What do you think had happened?

Why, in the night, the red and yellow leaves had begun to curl up. They had begun to grow brown. The chain was no longer very pretty.

STARTING FOR THE FAIR

Polly ran into the house from school one day. She banged all the doors.

"Next week is fair week! Next week is fair week!" she shouted.

Peter was in the house. He heard Polly. "Next week is fair week! Next week is fair week!" he shouted, too.

"How do you know, Peter?" asked Polly.

"Because you said so," answered Peter. "Besides, the blacksmith said so. His horses are going to the fair to get blue ribbons. Do horses like to go to the fair? If we go, shall we get blue ribbons?"

Father laughed. "You certainly are a prize," he said. "You ought to get a blue ribbon."

"Then will you take us so that we can?" asked Peter.

And Polly said, "Oh, will you take us? School closes for two days so that all the children can go."

"Yes," said father. "I mean to take you. Mother is going, too. If it does not rain, we shall have a good time."

"Goody, goody!" cried both children.

"Shall we drive Mary?" asked Polly. "Tim is going on the train."

"I think so," said father. "But we may go on the train. That will be just as mother says. You must ask her."

"Are you going on the train, mother?" asked Peter. "I wish to go on the train."

"If we do, you will have to help carry the luncheon," said mother.

"Oh, shall we take things to eat?" shouted Peter. "Goody, goody! Then let us go in our carriage."

"I think that will be easier," said mother.

The day of the fair was warm and bright. Mother and father were up early. So were Peter and Polly.

Mother got the breakfast, and washed the

dishes, and put up the luncheon. Father fed the horse, and milked the cow, and fed the hens.

Polly made the beds. She was in a great hurry to get them done.

She smoothed out all the wrinkles in mother's bed. She smoothed out all the wrinkles in father's bed. She smoothed out all the wrinkles in Peter's bed.

When she came to her own bed she said, "I shall not smooth out all my wrinkles. It takes too long. I wish to be downstairs and know what is going on."

You see that mother and father and Polly were all busy. And Peter was busy, too. He was busy getting into everybody's way.

He stood just where mother wished to walk. Then he went upstairs and stood just where Polly wished to walk. But he did not mean to do so.

At last mother said, "Peter, why don't you run out and sit in the carriage? In a few minutes father will harness Mary. I am almost ready now."

"I will," said Peter.

He got his hat and his coat. Father had

drawn the two-seated carriage out of the barn. Peter climbed into it.

He waited a long, long time. He thought that he had waited all the morning. But it was really only half an hour.

At last Polly came. Then father brought out the luncheon basket. He harnessed Mary. Mother came out of the side door. She was ready, too.

Mother and Polly sat on the back seat. Father and Peter sat in front.

Down the hill they went. Past the store and through the woods, past Farmer Brown's and on, on, on to Large Village the road ran.

"I never was so happy before in all my life," said Polly. "Just think! We are going to the fair, and we are going to have a picnic, too. I must jump up and down."

"Jump then," said mother. "But remember the blacksmith's pig. Do not jump out."

Through Large Village they went. Then the road became crowded. There were many carriages. There were more automobiles.

They had to drive very slowly. But at last they came in sight of the Fair Grounds.

A BUNCH OF BALLOONS

"See all the people!" cried Polly. "I did not know that there were so many except at a circus."

"Father, where did you put Mary?" asked Peter.

"Over there by the fence. Here is a ticket for her. No one can take her without this ticket. She will wait for us."

"Let us go into that place," said Polly. "See all the people going in there."

"That is a place in which to eat," father said. "We do not wish to eat yet. Besides, we brought our food with us."

"Let us go to see the cattle," said mother.

Father took them to a large building. It was full of sheep. There were many different kinds.

"Farmer Brown has some of his sheep here," said father.

"Are his two pet lambs here?" asked Peter. "I mean the ones that came to our party on his piazza last summer. I hope that they will get a blue ribbon."

After they had seen the sheep, they went into the building where the cows were kept.

"Some of Tim's Jersey cows are here," said father. "Perhaps we can find them."

There were hundreds of cows. The children grew tired of looking at so many. At last they found Tim's Jersey cows standing side by side.

"Let us look at the horses now," said father. "Perhaps we can find the blacksmith's."

"Perhaps you can find a pony for us," said Peter. "I wish that you would try."

"Now," said father, "you have seen enough of the horses. There are the pigs left to see. Does anybody wish to look at the pigs?"

"Suppose you go alone," said mother. "The children and I will stay outside this building and wait for you. We are a little tired."

"Look for the little black pig!" Polly shouted.

Mother and Polly and Peter found a bench on which to sit.

Then mother said, "Now let us look for interesting things. You first, Polly. What do you see that is interesting?"

"All the automobiles standing over there. And all the wagons. And all the people."

"Yes," said mother. "There are hundreds of automobiles and wagons. Peter, what do you see?"

"All the people going into that place to eat. And all the people coming out."

"Oh, oh!" cried Polly. "Look, look! See the men leading the ponies, Peter!"

"O Polly!" cried Peter. "See the men leading the dogs!"

"Those dogs are going to race," said mother.

"Where, where? Let us go," said Polly.

"We will see them this afternoon, Polly," said mother. "They do not race until then."

"Oh, I wish that we had brought Wag-wag," said Polly. "I am sure that he could beat."

"Perhaps he could not," said mother. "Those dogs are trained to race. Wag-wag is not."

"O mother, mother!" cried Peter.

"There is a boy with some balloons! See them! See them! Red ones and white ones and blue ones. May we have some?"

"Yes, you may. Here is a dime for you, Peter. Here is a dime for you, Polly. Run and buy."

"Stop, stop!" called Peter to the boy. "I will buy a red balloon."

"I will buy a blue one," said Polly. "Here is the money."

The boy untied a blue and a red balloon. He gave them to Polly and to Peter.

A crowd of people had gathered around him. Somebody pushed against him. He dropped Polly's money.

He stooped to pick it up. His bunch of balloons slipped from his hand. He jumped up and caught at them. But he only pushed them farther away.

Other people tried to get them. But the crowd was thick. People bumped against one another. Nobody caught the balloons. Up into the air they sailed.

The boy looked ready to cry. But he did not. He said, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I shall be punished for losing my balloons. I wish I could get them."

"It is too bad," said one man. "Perhaps we can help you. Here! Give me your cap.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "let us put into this boy's cap the money for his balloons. Then he will not be punished for losing them.

"It is too nice a day for anybody to be punished. Now walk right up and help." And he dropped in a large piece of silver money.

Mrs. Howe gave Peter and Polly each five cents. They put the money into the cap. The man who passed the cap smiled at Polly.

Many, many people put money into the cap. The boy had enough to pay for his balloons.

Then the crowd went away. Polly and Peter watched the bunch of balloons up in the air.

At last Polly said to her mother, "That was a homely man who held the cap. But he looked handsome to me. I think that he is kind.

"You see I remember, 'Handsome is that handsome does.'"

THE BROKEN SHOW CASE

Before long, father found mother and Polly and Peter. He saw the children's balloons. He heard the story of the bunch that went up in the air.

Then he said, "Now, before we have our luncheon, I will take you to the merry-go-round. Have you heard the music? Do you wish a ride?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Polly and Peter dancing up and down.

Do you know what a merry-go-round is? If you do not, look at the picture. It will show you.

Peter and Polly had ridden on one just twice before. Then they had liked it very much.

Peter chose a black horse and Polly chose a gray one. They were side by side. Father

sat on one behind these two. Many other people sat on other horses.

At last the music started. The horses started, too. All moved around in a circle. It was quite a large circle, but not so large as a circus ring.

Faster and faster the horses went. Polly and Peter held on with both hands. Around and around the circle they flew. Oh, what fun it was!

Then the music stopped. The horses slowed down. The people climbed off the horses, and it was over.

"I should like to ride again," said Peter. "Does it cost much?"

"Five cents apiece," said father. "Perhaps we can have one more ride after luncheon. Come now, it is time to eat."

The luncheon was taken to a shady place and opened. How good everything looked! How good everything tasted!

Father said, "While we eat, I will tell you a story. Then we shall not hurry. This is a true story. It happened to me, when I was a little boy.

"One day my father took me to the fair. He showed me the same things that I have shown you. He let me ride on the horses. He gave me a drink of lemonade."

"Oh," said Peter, "I wish that you would get us some lemonade."

"The kind that Polly sells is better than any we can buy at the fair," said father.

"Let us wait until we get home. Here is plenty of cold water."

"Please go on, father," said Polly. "What else did you do at the fair? Were there horse races?"

"Yes," said father. "After luncheon we shall see horse races just like them. We will sit in the grand stand. Then we can see very well. Yes, when my father took me to the fair, I saw horse races.

"I was about as old as Peter, then. In the afternoon I began to be very tired. My father said that he would take me home. But first he wished to go into one more place.

"This was a very large building. In it were all kinds of things. These had been made by different people. There were bedspreads and quilts hanging up. There were all kinds of fancy work.

"The only things which pleased me were the things to eat. There were many counters and show cases filled with bread, cookies, cake, pies, and candy.

"My father lifted me up in his arms so that I could look into one show case. He began to talk with the woman who stood be-

hind the case. He did not see what I was doing.

"I told you that I was very tired. I just leaned out of my father's arms and rested my arms on the glass at the top of the case.

"Crack, crack, crack went that glass. I had leaned so hard that I had broken it.

"The woman who owned it was very angry. She was quite cross to me. But my father told her that he would pay for it at once. As soon as he did, she cut a cake and gave me a large piece.

"When we got home, I heard my father telling your Grandmother Howe about it. He told her that he thought he had paid for the cake the woman gave us, because she had charged him so much for the glass."

"That is a good story, father," said Polly. "I like stories about when you were a little boy. I am sorry that you broke the case. I hope you were not frightened."

"I was a little, Polly," said father. "Now, if you have finished your luncheon, we will have another ride on the merry-go-round. Then we must get good seats in the grand stand for the races."

IN THE WOODS

"Let us go after those beechnuts to-day," said Tim to Peter. "My mother says that I may."

"The squirrels take all the nuts," said Peter. "We cannot find any."

"Yes, we can," said Tim. "We can get the beechnuts before the squirrels do. Only we must hurry. See if you may go."

Mother said, "Yes." Then the boys went through the field back of Tim's house. They passed the sand bank. Soon they came to the edge of the woods.

The woods were not green any longer. The trees were bright with colors. There were many red and yellow sugar maples. Tim's father always tapped these in the spring.

A few of the trees in the woods were evergreens. Their needles were a dark green.

And there were many beech trees. Their leaves had turned brown and yellow.

"See, Peter," said Tim. "Some of the leaves have come down. I am glad. We can play in them."

"No," said Peter. "We must hunt for beechnuts. Let us find a beech tree. Then we will look on the ground for nuts."

"All right," said Tim. And he began to hunt for beechnuts under a maple tree.

He looked on top of the leaves. He scraped up the leaves. But not one single nut did he find.

"There are no nuts," he said. "This is not a beechnut year. I shall not hunt any more."

Just then Peter shouted, "Oh, come here, come here! I have found some! See, see! The squirrels have not taken them all."

He held out his hand. In it were some small, brown nuts. They were three-cornered nuts. Two were in a prickly burr.

"There are more on the ground," he said. "And, O Tim! Look up into the tree! I can see burrs all over it. I wish that we could climb up and knock them off."

"I wish so, too," said Tim. "I am going back to look up into my tree. Maybe they have not come down from my tree."

When Peter saw Tim looking up into a maple, he laughed.

"O Tim!" he said. "Of course you cannot find any beechnuts there. Beechnuts do not grow on maples. Find a beech."

Soon Tim found a tree like Peter's. The leaves were not the shape of maple leaves. The bark was smoother than maple bark. It had gray spots on it.

Tim began to find nuts, too. He put them into his pocket. That is where Peter put his.

It was not easy work to find such little nuts. Sometimes they were lying on the leaves. Sometimes the leaves hid them.

"It is easier to pick up butternuts," said Peter. "I could fill my pockets with them very quickly. I shall never get my pockets filled with beechnuts. I have enough anyway. Let's go home."

"In a minute," said Tim. "Let's sit here a little while. See the leaves come down. I can hear them, too. Can you?"

"Yes," said Peter. "And I shall be glad when they are all down. I am wishing for

winter all the time. My mother says that it will come soon."

The woods were very still. The boys heard no birds singing. Some of them had gone south. Those that were left did not sing.

There was no noise but the sound of the leaves as they fell down from the trees.

Peter got up and scuffed in the fallen leaves.

"I like the smell of them," he said. "Now I am going home. Come on."

So home through the field they went. Collie met them. He jumped around them and barked. Perhaps he said, "Why didn't you take me with you?"

Tim put his hand into his pocket to show Collie his beechnuts. But he could not find them.

He turned his pocket inside out. Still he found no nuts. Instead, he found a large hole.

He said to Peter, "The squirrels take most of the nuts, and the hole takes the rest. I think that is a good joke. Let us go for more, to-morrow."

THE DOLL FAMILY

"See what I have, Peter," said Polly.

"What are they, Polly?"

"They are acorns. They came from oak trees. Here are some oak leaves."

"I never saw any acorns before. They look like nuts. What are they good for?"

"To play with, Peter. I will show you how, soon. And they are good for squirrels."

"Squirrels get all the nuts," said Peter. "Tim and I cannot find any more beech-nuts. We know where they are, too. Those old squirrels have them."

"What if they have?" asked Polly. "You cannot have everything that there is to eat."

"Are acorns good to eat, Polly?"

"These are not very good," said Polly. "But the squirrels like them. One of the

big boys gave me these. He got them up on the hill. He says many oak trees grow there. He gave me these oak leaves, too. Aren't they pretty?"

"Yes," said Peter. "They are not like elm leaves. They are not like maple leaves. And they are not like beech leaves."

"See what a dark red they are, Peter. I wish that we had some oak trees here."

"So do I," said Peter. "Let's plant an acorn. Maybe it will grow. How do you play with acorns?"

"I shall have a dolls' party," said Polly. "We can have it on the front steps. Let us bring out the family.'

Polly and Peter had a large family. It was made up of Mr. and Mrs. Rag Doll and eight children. Mother and grandmother had given the dolls to them.

Polly had other beautiful dolls. One was two feet tall. But she liked the family best. She could play harder with them.

Mrs. Rag Doll sat on one step with four children. Mr. Rag Doll sat on the step above with four children.

Polly always played Mrs. Rag Doll. Peter always played Mr. Rag Doll.

MRS. RAG DOLL. "Can't you keep your children still? They are all jumping around."

MR. RAG DOLL. "No, I cannot. Why don't you keep yours still?"

MRS. RAG DOLL. "They would be still, if your children would stop kicking them."

MR. RAG DOLL. "It is time for them to have their tea, anyway. Where are those new cups?"

Polly put an acorn in its cup in the lap of each doll. She set cups without the acorns on the step beside each doll.

Then Mrs. Rag Doll said, "Now they each have a cup of tea. They each have a plate of cake, too. Perhaps they will behave."

The children did not behave. Just as soon as they had finished eating, they began to push and pinch one another.

The boys threw their cups and saucers on the grass. Then the girls threw their plates on the grass. Their mother and their father were ashamed of them.

MRS. RAG DOLL. "What shall we do with these naughty children? They have not been so bad for a long time."

MR. RAG DOLL. "They have not been to a party for a long time. They have forgotten how to behave. I think they have broken all the dishes."

MRS. RAG DOLL. "Oh, dear! How dreadful! I shall take them straight home. I shall put them to bed."

MR. RAG DOLL. "I will help you. They ought to be punished. Maybe I shall spank them."

"No, you will not, Peter. Mother does not spank us," said Polly.

"She does not send us to bed in the afternoon, either, Polly," said Peter.

"That is so," said Polly. "Then I shall not do it."

MR. RAG DOLL. "Perhaps they are not feeling well. Sometimes I am cross when I do not feel well."

MRS. RAG DOLL. "Perhaps that is so. I will hold my four in my arms and comfort them. Then they will feel better."

MR. RAG DOLL. "I will hold my four in my arms and comfort them. Then they will get well."

So Polly and Peter gathered their large family up in their arms. They carried them into the house and upstairs to the playroom.

There they sat down to comfort their naughty dolls.

COMFORT

My dolls are sick and tired sometimes,
And I can't stand their noise;
I put them quickly into bed,
And hide away their toys,
I shut the door and leave them
In the playroom all alone,
And scamper quickly down the stairs,
For fear I'll hear them moan.

Last night I had the toothache hard;
My mother was so kind;
She held me closely in her arms,
And said to never mind.
She gently kissed the achy spot,
And soothed me with a song;
And, if you will believe my word,
The pain was quickly gone.

I like to have my mother care
When I am sick and blue;
I shouldn't wonder if my dolls
Would like me gentle, too.
I think next time that one is sick,
I'll sit and smooth her hair,
I'll hold her hand and pat her cheek,
And let her know I care.

— Caroline M. Griswold.

TIM'S FOOTBALL

"Peter," called Tim, "come out here."

Tim was in Peter's front yard. He was kicking something about.

"What are you doing?" asked Peter.

"I am playing football. Don't you know that all the big boys play football in the autumn? My mother made me this football. It is a good one. See!"

Tim picked up his ball. He handed it to Peter. It was just a bag made of cloth. It was stuffed with rags.

"Yes, it is a good one," said Peter. "One

day I made a football out of burdock burrs. But it came to pieces, when I kicked it. Yours will not do that."

"No," said Tim, "it will not. My mother said that I may kick it to pieces, if I can. Then my father will bring me a real one from Large Village."

"Let me take it a minute, Tim. Let me show it to my mother. She will make one for me."

Mrs. Howe made Peter a football. It was just like Tim's. It did not take her very long to do it. She made a strong bag on the sewing machine. She stuffed it with rags. Then she sewed up the end.

"There," she said, "now you both have footballs. I think that they are very good ones. You may go to Tim's and play with them. Tim has some leaves up at his house for you to jump in."

Tim and Peter kicked their footballs all the way up the hill. Sometimes the balls did not go straight. Sometimes, when they tried, the boys did not kick them at all.

Once Peter kicked very hard. He did not touch his ball. He kicked so hard that he fell down.

"See all your leaves, Tim," said Peter. "Your yard is full of them. Let's rake them up. Maybe we can have a bonfire."

"We can rake them," said Tim. "But we cannot burn them. I heard my father say that he should keep our leaves."

"What for?" asked Peter.

"He is going to put them in a big pile," said Tim. "He is going to cover them over.

"After he has left them in a pile for a long, long time, they will rot. Then they will be good for the garden."

"I should rather have a bonfire," said Peter.

"So should I," said Tim. "But my father would not. He gets things to sell from his garden. So he has to make them grow fast."

"My father does not," said Peter. "He keeps a store. He has the post office, too. That is in his store. I have seen him put the letters into boxes."

"So have I," said Tim. "And I have had a letter, too. Let's rake up a pile of leaves now. We can jump in them."

"Where is my football?" asked Peter.

"I do not know, Peter. It must be somewhere in the leaves. We can find it when we rake them up. Oh, see mine!"

"There is a hole in it," said Peter. "The insides are sticking out. Now you can have a real one, Tim. Your mother said so. Let us take it in to show her."

When the boys came out of the house, Tim said, "Polly and I buried you in the sand the other day. Now you bury me in the leaves."

He lay down and Peter piled leaves all over him. He even covered up his face. The leaves were very light. Tim liked the smell of them.

Soon he jumped up. He did not need any one to dig him out. Then he covered Peter all over.

"Do not go to sleep," he said. "If you do, we shall never get the leaves raked up. Now you have been buried long enough. Come out!"

Next they tried to bury Collie and Wag-wag. But the dogs would not lie still. They thought that it was some kind of game. They wished to play, too.

At last the boys found Peter's football.

"I must take this home, before I lose it again," said Peter. "Good-by, Tim. I have had a good time. Come and play with me this afternoon."

THE GEOGRAPHY LESSON

Polly liked to go to school. She had wished to go for a long time. She thought that she should like it. And, sure enough, she did.

Father had taught Polly to read. So she did not begin with the very easiest book. She began with the second reader.

It was just the same with the number work. She knew all about eight and eight, and nine and nine.

She could tell Miss Barnes, her teacher, the answer to six times four, and seven times three.

Besides, she could tell how much things cost at her father's store. And she knew how much sugar you could buy for thirty cents, if it cost ten cents a pound.

One day, Miss Barnes said, "Now we will have our geography lesson. We will talk about our village. You may tell all the things that you have seen when I have taken you walking. Who will talk first?"

"I will," said Polly. "I know things about our village. It is called East Village. It is in a valley. The hills are high all around it. They make good sliding places.

"There is one store and it is my father's. The post office is in it. There is one church. It is white. I go to church.

"There is a railroad station. Peter and I have to watch for trains when we cross the tracks."

"Where does the railroad go?" asked Miss Barnes.

"It goes to Large Village," said Polly. "And when you get there, you can travel to many other places. I am not sure where it goes the other way."

"I know," said a big boy. "It goes through the White Mountains. If you ride

far enough, you will reach the ocean. Once I did."

"Good," said Miss Barnes. "Can you tell more, Polly?"

"Oh, yes," answered Polly. "I know about the blacksmith's shop. I go there. The blacksmith is my friend. Next to his shop is the creamery. Some of the butter they make goes far away. I have seen boxes of it at the station."

"They send it to Boston," said another girl.

"There is a sawmill," said Polly. "They make butter boxes there. Besides, they saw up big logs. I have seen them.

"I have been inside the grain shop. That is where Tim's father buys all the grain for his Jersey cows. We get ours there, too. But we do not buy so much."

"Have we a river?" asked Miss Barnes.

"Yes, it is the Moose River," said Polly. "Last winter I saw men cutting ice on it. I saw them putting the cakes into the big ice house. The boys fish in the river in the summer. So does Blacky.

"It turns the wheels of the sawmill. I have seen three brooks that run into it.

One goes under the road just a little way from here. Lots of other brooks must help to make it, too."

"Where do the brooks come from?" asked Miss Barnes. "Perhaps you do not know that, Polly."

"Oh, yes, I know," said Polly. "Peter and I went to the boiling spring the other day. A brook comes from that. It is the one that goes under the road."

"Can you tell us anything about our trees?" asked Miss Barnes.

"We have elm trees in our yard," said Polly. "Our swing is in one of them. We can swing way up in the branches. The leaves are all gone now.

"We have maple trees in front of our house. They go all the way up to Tim's. Peter and I made wreaths of their leaves. They were red and yellow.

"I know something more, too. Next spring my father will tap those trees. We can get maple sugar from their sap.

"Peter and I know where to find butternut trees. The squirrels take most of the butternuts.

"We know where to find beech trees,

too. Once Tim hunted for beechnuts under a maple.

"One of the big boys gave me some acorns and some oak leaves. I do not know where the oak trees are."

"That is a good geography lesson, Polly," said Miss Barnes. "Your father must have shown you a great many things. I did not show you all that you told us about. Now I have thought of something.

"I am going to give a box to each child in my room. We will call them 'Keepsake Boxes.'

"You may put into these boxes anything about this geography lesson that you can find. I will look at your boxes next week. Do you think that will be fun?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Barnes!" shouted all the children.

And Polly said, "I can think of lots of things for my Keepsake Box this very minute. I can think of butternuts, and beechnuts, and corn from the grain shop, and a stamp from the post office. Oh, I am in a hurry to go home so that I can begin."

PETER'S FIFTH BIRTHDAY

"Mother, when is my birthday?" asked Peter. "I wish I could be five years old soon."

"You will be five years old soon, Peter. Your birthday is the very last day of this month. It comes on Halloween. Do you know about that?"

"Yes, mother, I know. The big boys and the big girls go out with Jack-o'-lanterns and scare people."

"Sometimes they do," said mother. "I am going to let you have a birthday party this year. Are you glad?"

"Oh, goody, goody, mother! May Tim come?"

"Yes, Peter, and you may ask three other boys to your party. Which shall you choose?"

"I shall choose Ned and Jack and Will. When may I ask them?"

"Any time you wish, Peter. Ask them to come to your party on the last day of October. I will speak to their mothers about it."

Peter awoke early on the morning of his birthday. He called to Polly. Mother heard him.

She said, "Turn on the light, Peter. You may begin to dress, if you wish. There are some presents for you downstairs."

"Did Santa Claus leave them?" asked Peter. "I must hurry and look. May I go down before I dress?"

"If you wish," said mother.

When he ran downstairs, he found a sled, a pair of mittens, a book, and a new fur cap. He liked these very much.

All that day Peter was quite busy. First he had to help father. Father was working in the barn. He was making Jack-o'-lanterns.

He made big ones and middle-sized ones and little ones. All had funny faces. All were smiling at something. Peter

helped to scrape out the insides of the pumpkins.

He said, "I never before saw so many Jack-o'-lanterns. I am glad that you planted lots of pumpkin seeds. What shall we do with so many?"

"Mother will show you by and by," said father.

When the lanterns were done, Peter helped mother. They put the lanterns in the dining room. Some were on a table. Some were on a shelf. Some were on the sideboard. The room was full of smiling lanterns.

Next Peter helped mother wash and polish five apples. These were for an apple game. They hung by strings from the top of the room. They hung down into the middle of the room.

The boys would try to take a bite of these apples without touching them with their hands. This would be fun.

At last it was time for the party to begin. Tim came first. He wished to start playing at once. But just then the three other boys came. Then the fun began.

Tim tried to take a bite out of one swing-

ing apple. But he got only some hard knocks on his nose. The apple was so slippery that he could not get a piece without using his hands.

"I do not wish a bite anyway," said Tim. "You play that game, Ned. I will do something else."

"Here is my train of cars," said Peter. "Let us play with that."

"I shall be the engineer," said Tim. But he ran the engine so fast that the train went off the track.

Then they all played tag. This was fun until Jack tumbled over a chair. He bumped his nose, but he did not care much.

Mrs. Howe said, "You must play a quieter game now. Try puss in the corner. There are four corners in this room and there are five boys."

"Peter, you must be the first one without a corner."

What fun it was changing corners! At last Tim was in the middle. He could not get a corner. He grew tired of trying.

He said, "May we play leapfrog? I will be the first frog."

All the boys but Peter could jump quite well. Peter got stuck. He had to be the next frog.

Then Ned tumbled over his back. So Ned had to be the frog.

At last Mrs. Howe said, "You boys must be hungry. You have worked hard. Supper is almost ready. There is time for one game of hide and seek.

"You may all hide. I will hunt for you. Hurry, while I count five hundred."

Off they ran. After a minute they heard her call,

"One, two, three; look out for me,
For I am coming; one, two, three."

She uncovered her eyes and turned around. She saw Peter behind a chair. Then she said, "I spy Peter, and touch the goal before him."

Behind the door she found Will. So she said, "I spy Will, and touch the goal before him."

Just at that minute somebody under the couch sneezed and then somebody laughed. Mother found Jack and Ned there.

She said, "I spy Jack and Ned, and touch the goal before them."

Only Tim was left. He could not be found. Mother hunted everywhere for him. At last she called, "I give up, Tim. You are safe. Come out now."

Tim walked in from the hall. He had

been hiding under Mr. Howe's long coat. It hung from a hook nearly to the floor.

"I beat, didn't I?" asked Tim.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Howe. "Now come to the dining room. I hear grandmother. She and Polly have just come in. We were waiting supper for Polly."

She opened the door and the children looked in.

"Oh, oh, oh!" they cried. Then they began to laugh. You see, every Jack-o'-lantern was lighted. Every one was grinning at them.

And besides, there, on the table, was Peter's birthday cake. That looked very good.

What fun those children had at supper! And the Jack-o'-lanterns must have had fun, too. Anyway, they smiled a great deal.

When the boys went home, each carried a large piece of Peter's cake and a box of candy with him.

The Jack-o'-lanterns stayed all night. They had never before been to a party. Perhaps they talked about it, when everyone had gone to bed.

THE FIRST SNOWFLAKES

"Mother, may I go to school to meet Polly?" asked Peter. "Tim has gone away. I have played with Wag-wag all the afternoon."

"Why, yes," said mother.

"Then may Polly and I take a walk? We will not go far."

"Yes," said mother again. "Be home before dark, please. It grows dark very early now. Next month will come the shortest days of the whole year."

Peter went over to the schoolhouse. The children were just coming out.

One of the big boys said to him, "Hello, Peter. Did you think that you would come to school again? Have you grown big enough now?"

Peter only said, "I am waiting for Polly and there she is."

"Polly, Polly," he called, "come with me. Mother said that we might take a walk. I know where to go."

"Where?" asked Polly.

"To the place where the brook runs under the road. Let us go under the road to-day. Will you?"

"All right, I will," said Polly. "I always meant to. But I forgot about it. It will be fun. Isn't it cold?"

"Yes," said Peter. "My fingers are cold. But I do not care. Only I wish that I had on my new mittens."

"Look at this," said Polly. "Come out in the road. See how it is frozen into ruts. I am going to walk on the ridges."

"That isn't very much to look at," said Peter. "It has been that way for a few days."

"Yes, it has," said Polly. "But look in the ruts. There is ice. It is thin. Let us step on it. Hear it crack."

"There is a puddle," said Peter. "It has ice on it, too. See me step on that."

"Keep off the middle," said Polly. "You do not know how deep that puddle is. If the ice lets you down, you may get your feet wet."

"All right," said Peter. "There is the blacksmith's shop, Polly. Do you think that the blacksmith is inside?"

"Perhaps he is, Peter. See! He has closed his big door. That is because it is cold weather.

"He has it closed in winter. I like it to be summer better. Then I can see into the shop."

"Here is the brook, Polly. Let us climb down the bank and look under the road."

"There is ice on the edges of the brook, Peter. I think that the boiling spring is colder than ever now. Let's break off pieces of this ice."

"Can we walk through under the road?" asked Peter. "I told Tim about it. He said that we could not."

"I think that we can," said Polly. "Come on. We will try. Keep close to the wall. Do not step into the water."

"It is quite dark," said Peter. "I am glad that it is not far."

"You must bend down now, Peter. I have to bend down. Do not push me. I shall slip in, if you do."

"Oh, there is the end," said Peter. "I can see the field. I do not like this place. It is hard walking on the stones. It is cold here, too."

"I am out," shouted Polly. "Come on, Peter. O Peter, Peter, Peter!"

"What, what?" called Peter. "Have you fallen in?"

"No, no!" shouted Polly. "But look at this! Don't you know what it is?"

"A snowflake, a snowflake!" cried Peter. "And here is one on my sleeve, too."

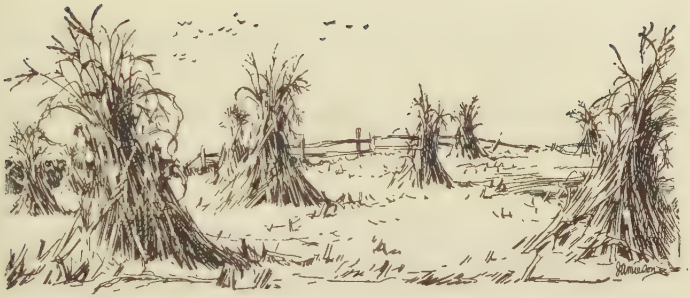
"There are more in the air, Peter. See them! See them! Do you suppose that it will be winter right away?"

"Of course it will, Polly. It is winter when the snow comes. Let us run home and get our sleds. You may take my new one part of the time."

The children were at home before it was dark.

At supper time, when father came, Polly said, "Will you please get our sleds out for us to-morrow, father? How much has it snowed now?"

"Not much," said father. "You see, that was just a little flurry of snow. We shall have many such before there is a good storm. You must wait a little longer for your sliding."



THE TREE WITH A STONE IN IT

"Should you children like to go to walk with me?" asked father. "It is a nice Sunday afternoon. I know something interesting to show you."

"Oh, yes!" shouted Peter and Polly. "Where shall we go? Tell us fast!"

"Up the road on this side of the river," said father. "You do not often walk there. Get your coats and your mittens. It is cold."

"Oh," said Peter, "if we have to wear mittens, then winter is here."

"The snow has not come yet," said Polly. "So the very best part of the winter is not here. I shall be glad of the snow, myself."

"See how hard the ground is," said father as they walked down the hill. "It is frozen. The sun cannot thaw it any longer."

"There are no leaves left on the maple

trees," said Polly. "And there are no leaves left on the elm trees."

"Let us look for signs of late fall and winter," said father. "What can you see, Peter?"

"The birds have gone," said Peter.

"Yes," said father. "Just those are left that stay with us all winter. Now Polly."

"I said about the leaves, father."

"Very well. Peter, you tell next."

"The squirrels have taken the nuts," said Peter. "There are no more on the ground."

"I know two boys who took some of those nuts," father said. "Didn't you and Tim have as many as you wished?"

"Oh, yes," said Peter. "And the squirrels must have had all that they wished, too."

"They need them in the winter," said Polly. "And we do not. I know more signs. The goldenrod is not yellow any more. And the other flowers have dried up."

"The corn is cut," said Peter. "It is standing up in bundles."

"Yes," father said. "Mother calls those bundles of corn dancing ladies. See, that field is full of them."

"Some of the ladies are very fat," said Peter. "And they do not dance very fast. I can think of something else. The pumpkins are all taken from the fields."

"And I go to school," said Polly.

"People have been making bonfires," said Peter.

"People have been cutting boughs," said Polly. "They have covered up plants with them. They have piled them around

their houses, too. That is a good sign of winter."

"The road is frozen," said Peter. "And it is cold enough to wear mittens."

"Thanksgiving is coming soon," said Polly. "That is the best sign yet. It is coming this very month."

"Goody, goody!" cried Peter. "I know that we are going to eat Thanksgiving dinner at grandmother's."

"I know it, too," said Polly. "Father, what are you going to show us? Are we nearly there?"

"Very nearly, Polly. Do you see that big maple tree? It has no leaves now. But I know that it is a maple by the shape and by the bark. Can you tell that, too?"

"I see it," said Polly. "But what is there interesting about it?"

"Come and look. The interesting thing is at this side. It is near the bottom of the tree. Find it, if you can."

"It looks just like all the other maple trees," said Peter. "Are they all interesting?"

"Yes," said father. "But not in this way. What have you found, Polly?"

"A hole," said Polly. "I will kneel down and see if there is anything in it."

"You are getting very warm," said father. "If you look hard, you will find the interesting thing."

"I see it! Oh, I see it, father!" cried Polly. "There is a flat stone in this hole. It is a big one. How could it get in there?"

"The tree has grown right around it," said father. "I do not know just how. But that stone has been in this tree ever since I can remember.

"The tree was not so large when I was a boy. We boys always used to call it 'the tree with a stone in it.'"

"Do the other children know about it now, father? I never heard of it before. May we show them?"

"Of course you may show them," said father. "They ought to see such an interesting thing."

"This is as good as our dwarf kitten," said Polly. "I wish that we could have it in a circus with her."

"You can, if you have your circus up here," said father.

JACK FROST'S CELEBRATION

"How the wind blows to-night!" said father after supper. "It whistles around the corners. It nearly whistled off my hat, when I came home."

"I should think that you would wear a cap," said mother.

"Fur caps will be needed soon," father said. "The cold weather is here to stay. No more warm weather until next spring. Let's celebrate, this evening."

"I know what celebrate means," said Polly. "It's what we do on the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving and Christmas."

"Birthdays, too," said Peter. "I had a birthday party."

"That is so," Polly said. "But what shall we celebrate to-night?"

"Let us celebrate winter," father said. "Let us give Jack Frost a party. Come now and begin.

"First we will light the fire in the fireplace. Light your end, Polly. Light your end, Peter. We will see which end burns brighter.

"Mother will fix the chairs while I am down in the cellar. You two look out for sparks. That kindling wood is snapping."

In a few minutes father was back. Can you guess what he brought?

A pan full of apples. They came from a barrel in the cellar. They had grown out in the orchard.

Besides, he had a bag with ears of corn in it. And he had another pan, and a corn popper.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Peter and Polly. "How could you carry so many things?"

Father put down the pan of apples. "We will each roast one," he said. "Pick yours out, children. Now we will put our apples on the bricks near the fire.

"Peter, you may watch them. After a

while, you must turn them around. Do you know why?"

"What shall I do, father?" asked Polly.

"You may shell some corn into the pop-

per. We cannot pop it yet. We must wait for the flames to die down a little."

"Next week is Thanksgiving," said mother. "Won't it be fun to go down to grandmother's for dinner? I wish that we might have a snowstorm before then."

"I am thankful right now," said Polly. "I am thankful for you and father and Peter and grandmother and this fire. I shall be thankful for popped corn, when I get some."

"We will try it now," said father. And he began to shake the popper over the coals.

Pop, pop, pop, pop went the corn. The white kernels hopped up and down. They seemed to be trying to get out.

"It is nearly done," said Polly. "See! The popper is full."

Just at that minute the corn caught fire.

"Oh, oh!" cried Polly. "It will all burn up! It will all burn up!"

It did not. Father quickly blew out the flames. Some of the kernels were black. He poured the others into the warm pan. Mother put in salt and melted butter.

Polly shelled more corn, and father

popped it. Soon the pan was full. Did anything ever taste so good as that hot, buttered popped corn?

At last father said, "This celebration is almost over. I believe that it is long after bedtime."

Polly said, "I am sure, now, that I am glad winter has come. I was not sure before. I have had a good time at our winter party."

"So have I," said Peter. "I am going to kiss everybody good night. I have had such a good time that I have lots of kisses in my face."

"Pass them around then, my son," said father. "Then run upstairs to bed. Jack Frost's party is finished."

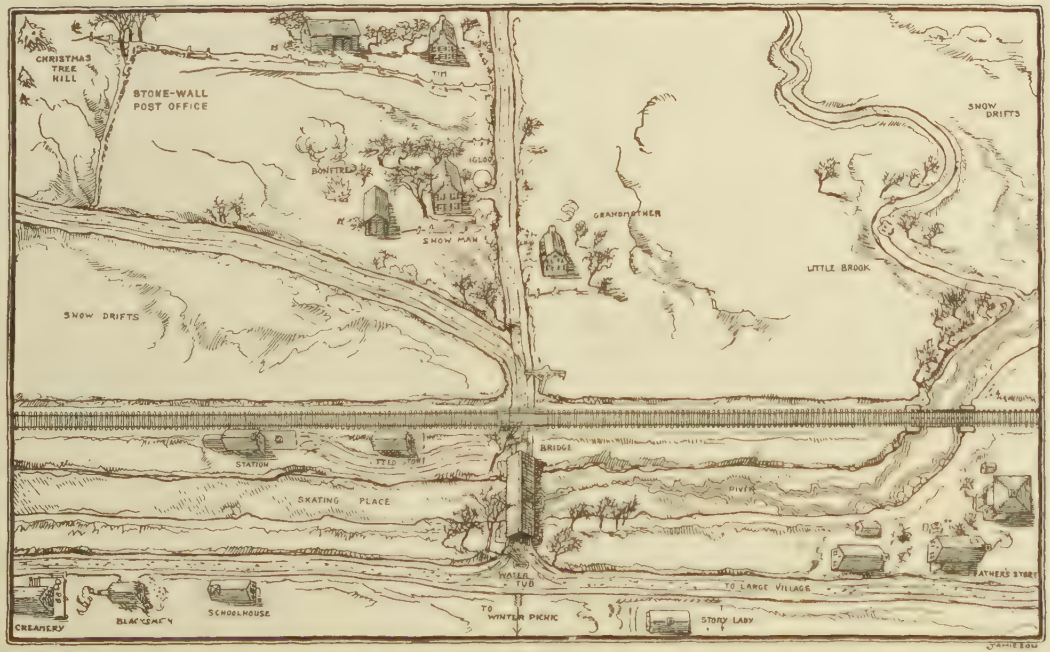
PETER AND POLLY IN WINTER

BY

ROSE LUCIA

To

C. M. G.



Frontispiece MAP

PETER AND POLLY IN WINTER

BY

ROSE LUCIA

Formerly Principal of the Primary School
Montpelier, Vermont

Author of "Peter and Polly in Spring," "Peter and Polly in Summer," and "Peter and Polly in Autumn."

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO
BOSTON ATLANTA

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PETER AND POLLY IN WINTER.
E. P. 24

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PETER AND POLLY IN WINTER

PETER AND POLLY

Peter Howe is a little boy. Polly is his sister. She is older than Peter.

They live in a white house. The house is on a hill. It is not in the city. It is in the country.

There are no houses close about it. But there are trees and fields around it.

In summer these fields are green. In winter the snow covers them.

The fields and the hills are as white as the house. Then there is fun playing in the snow.

Peter likes to watch the snowflakes. He calls them "white butterflies." But he knows what they are.

His friend, the Story Lady, told him. They are just frozen clouds.

Peter said to her, "I think they are prettier than raindrops. They can sail about in the air, too. Raindrops cannot. I like winter better than summer."

"It will be winter soon, Peter," said the Story Lady. "But many things must happen first.

"The birds must fly away. The leaves must turn red and yellow. Then they will fall and you can rake them into heaps. We will go to the woods for nuts.

"All these things will happen before winter comes."

"Yes," said Peter. "And my grandmother must knit me some thick stock-

ings. And my father must buy me a winter coat. Grandmother must knit some stockings for Wag-wag, too."

"But Wag-wag is a dog, Peter. Dogs do not need stockings."

"My dog does," said Peter. "He needs a coat, too. His hair is short. It will not keep him warm. I shall ask father to buy him a coat."

"Do, Peter," said the Story Lady. "It is good to be kind to dogs. And when Wag-wag wears his coat and stockings, bring him to see me. I will take his picture."

THE BIRDS' GAME OF TAG

It is fall. Summer is really over. But it is still warm. Jack Frost has not yet begun his work.

Peter and Polly have been watching the birds. For days they have seen great flocks of them. In the summer there were not so many together.

One day they saw several robins. These were flying from tree to tree.

Peter said, "I know they are having a party. They are playing tag."

"Perhaps they are," said his father. "Perhaps each bird is telling something to the bird he tags."

"What is he telling?" asked Peter.

"I think he is saying, 'Brother bird, don't you know that winter is coming? Soon the snow will be here. What shall we do then?

"'We cannot get food. We shall freeze.

Come, let us fly away to the South. It is warm there.'"

"What does brother bird say?" asked Peter.

"I think brother bird says, 'It is a long way to the South. It will take many days and nights to fly there.

"'Are our children's wings yet strong

enough? I do not like to go. But I know that we must.'"

"Doesn't he like to go, truly?" asked Peter.

"We do not know, Peter. The robins make their nests here. They lay their blue eggs here. They hatch their little birds here. They never do this in the South.

"Besides, they sing their beautiful songs here. They never sing them in the South. We like to think that they love the North better. But, of course, we do not know."

"How can they find their way back?" asked Polly.

"We do not know that, either, Polly. Many birds fly in the nighttime. Then they rest a part of the day."

"I couldn't find my way in the dark," said Polly.

"But the birds can," said father. "We do not know how. The winter home of some of our birds is thousands of miles from here."

"I like to watch the swallows," said Polly. "They sit in a line on a telephone wire. Then one flies to another wire. In a minute they all fly, too.

"I think that they are talking about going away soon. I hope they will not get lost."

"Yes," said father. "They will soon be gone. But perhaps some of these very birds will come back here next summer."

"I wish we could know them," said Polly.

"We shall have a few birds left this winter," said father. "You know some of them. You know the chickadees and the woodpeckers. And this winter I shall show you others."

"May we hunt for nests and eggs, father?" asked Peter.

"We may hunt, Peter, but we won't find any eggs in winter. We shall find other things. Perhaps we shall find the white-footed mouse. He sometimes makes his home in an old bird's nest."

"Can a mouse climb trees, father? If he lives in a bird's nest, does he lay bird's eggs?"

"He can climb trees, Peter. But he cannot lay eggs. We will see if we can find Mr. White-foot some day.

"But first we will watch the birds fly away and the snow come."

THE STONE-WALL POST OFFICE

Around Peter's house is a beautiful field. This is Mr. Howe's hayfield. You can find it on the map in the front of this book.

The children like this field. All the year round, it is a pleasant place.

In the spring they find blue violets here. In the summer they watch the birds that make nests in the tall grass. In the winter they slide here on the crust.

At the farther side of the field, there are some trees. These are butternut trees. In front of the trees is a stone wall.

Peter and Polly like to play by this wall. Sometimes they play that it is a post office.

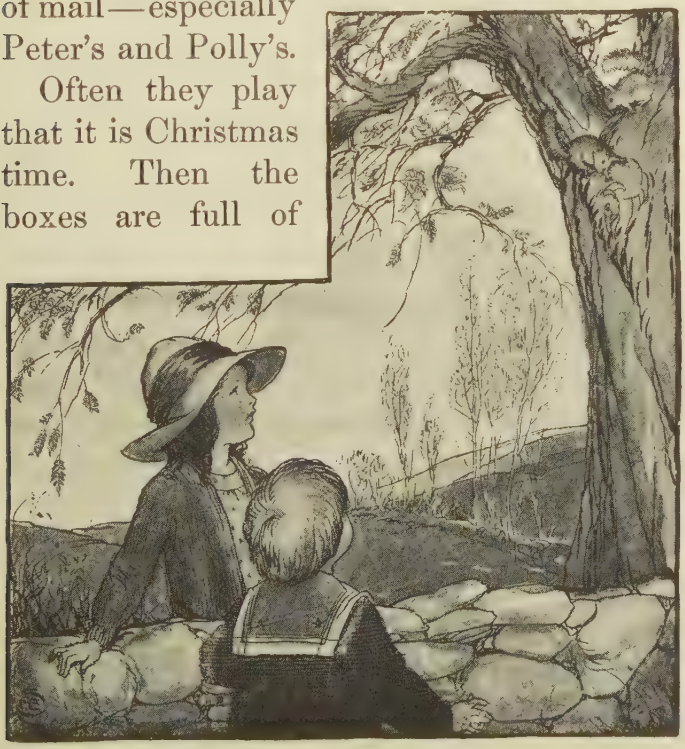
The holes in the wall are the boxes. There is a box for every one in the village. Peter has more than one box; so has Polly.

The children take turns being the postmaster. If Peter is the postmaster, Polly calls for the mail.

The real post office is in their father's store. So they have often seen Mr. Howe put the mail into the boxes.

They use little sticks for the post cards. Leaves are the letters. Stones are the packages. Sometimes the boxes are full of mail—especially Peter's and Polly's.

Often they play that it is Christmas time. Then the boxes are full of



packages. It is fun to guess what is in each package.

One day Peter said, "There is a knife in this package. I like it. There is a hammer in this package. I will build a house with it.

"There is a game in this package. Will you play it with me, Polly? And, O Polly! There is a pony in this package! That is what I wish for most of all."

"But, Peter, a pony is too big to be in your post-office box. It would not come by mail."

"Then Santa Claus will bring it," said Peter. "If I get it, I do not care how it comes."

One day the children saw that the butternuts were falling.

Polly said, "Let's pick up all we can. We will put them in our post-office boxes. When they are full, we will bring your cart. Then we can take the nuts home. We will crack them next winter."

So they filled the boxes with nuts. The nuts were still green. The children stained their hands with them.

While they were playing with the nuts, they saw two squirrels. These sat in the

trees above them. They watched Peter and Polly with their bright eyes, and scolded them a great deal.

"They want our nuts," said Polly. "But we have put them into our post-office boxes. We will keep them."

The next day the children went for their nuts. They took Peter's cart with them. What do you think they found?

Why, they found their boxes empty! The nuts were all gone!

"Some one bad has been here," said Peter.

Polly laughed. "You always say that, Peter. I think it was those squirrels. And I don't care, because they need the nuts to eat this winter."

"I don't care, either," said Peter. "I think we forgot to lock our boxes."

"Perhaps we did," said Polly. "But I guess the squirrels thought the boxes were theirs. When they called for their mail, they found the boxes full. How pleased they must have been! Let's pick up more nuts for them."

So the children again filled the post-office boxes with nuts. Then they went home and left them for the squirrels.

PLAYING IN THE LEAVES

One day Peter saw something that pleased him. It was a branch of red leaves on a maple tree.

He said to mother, "It will be winter soon."

"Why do you think so, Peter?"

"I have seen red leaves," said Peter.

"But, Peter, a few red leaves do not count. There are red leaves in the summer. You must watch until you see many red, yellow, and brown leaves."

"What makes the leaves red and yellow, mother? Is it magic?" asked Peter. "Can you do it?"

"Perhaps it is a kind of magic, Peter. It is like the clouds turning into snow. I cannot do that."

Then Peter watched for all the trees to turn. At last they were bright with colors.

The maples were red and yellow; the oaks a deep red. The beeches were a bright yellow.

Even the elm trees in front of the house were yellow. Now Polly liked more than ever to swing. The swing took her way up among the yellow leaves.

Then, one day, the leaves began to fall. Down they came, a few at a time. The next day more fell, and the next and the next.

Polly said, "They are prettier than the snowflakes. The snow is white. These have lovely colors. See them flying through the air."

At last most of the trees were bare. The leaves lay on the ground.

Then Peter said, "Oh, the poor trees!

They haven't any clothes on. I am so sorry."

Polly said, "The leaves are not clothes. They are children. Now they have gone to bed. The snow is their blanket. When it comes, it will keep them warm. If we leave them alone, they will sleep all winter. I learned it in a poem."

"They cannot go to sleep yet," said Peter. "I shall not let them. I shall wake them up."

"How will you do that?" asked Polly.

"I shall run in them. That will keep them awake. I shall do it now. Come on! See if you can make as much noise as I can."

After a while the children raked the leaves into large heaps. Then they jumped in the heaps. This scattered the leaves. But the children did not care. They raked them up again.

Once Peter jumped where the leaves were not very deep. He came to the ground with a bang. He was surprised. But he was not much hurt.

He said to mother, "My teeth shut with a noise when I went down."

Mother said, "It is lucky that your tongue was not in the way. You would have bitten it badly.

"Come in now, both of you. You must wash your hands and faces. Father will be home soon. You may play in the leaves to-morrow."

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN[1]

I'll tell you how the leaves came down.
The great Tree to his children said,
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red;
It is quite time you went to bed."

[1] Copyright, 1889, by Roberts Brothers.

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief;
'Tis such a very pleasant day
We do not want to go away"

So, just for one more merry day
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among, —

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg and coax and fret."
But the great Tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed," he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled,
"Good night, dear little leaves," he said.
And from below, each sleepy child
Replied, "Good night," and murmured,
"It is so nice to go to bed!"

— Susan Coolidge.

THE BONFIRE

The next day father said, "Peter and Polly, will you work for me? I wish to buy your leaves. I will give you a cent for three loads."

"Oh, goody, goody!" said Polly.

"Oh, goody, goody!" said Peter.

"You must put the leaves in a pile in the garden. I will show you where."

"What will you do with them, father?" asked Polly.

"You will see to-night, if you are good workmen."

In the night the wind had blown the leaves about. So the children raked them up once more.

Then they filled the big basket full.

They packed in the leaves as hard as they could.

"That is to give good measure," said Polly. "Father always gives good measure at his store. So you and I must, too."

Every time they took a basketful to the garden, Polly made a mark on a piece of paper.

At last the yard was raked clean. They had taken to the garden twenty-nine loads. They had worked nearly all day.

At supper father said, "You are good workmen, chicks. Our yard looks very clean. It is ready for winter.

"You piled the leaves carefully in the garden, too. Now, how much do I owe you?"

"We took twenty-nine loads, father," said Polly. "I wish there had been one more to make thirty."

"Why do you wish that, Polly?"

"Because three goes in thirty better than in twenty-nine."

"Well," said father, "we will call it thirty loads, Polly. I saw you packing the leaves into the basket very hard.

"You are honest workmen to give me

such good measure. Now, Polly, three goes in thirty how many times?"

"Ten times, father. So you owe us ten cents. We shall each have five cents."

"Very good, Polly. Here is your money. I have a surprise for you. Put on your coats and come to the garden. Mother will come, too."

In the garden they found father beside the pile of leaves. He had thrown many things upon it.

He said, "I came home early and cleaned up the garden. Now, what shall we do with all this stuff?"

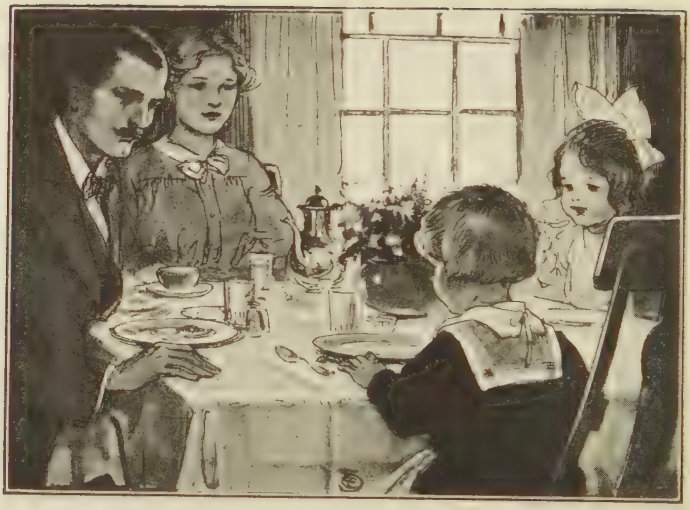
"Burn it, burn it!" shouted both children at once. "A bonfire, a bonfire!"

"Very well," said father. "You may burn it. Here is a match for you, Polly. And here is one for you, Peter. Light your fire."

Polly and Peter lighted the great heap. Soon the red flames were leaping up. They made the garden bright. Farther away from the fire it was very dark.

"Oh, see, see, mother!" cried Polly. "The flames are as pretty as the red and yellow leaves. Have they taken the color from the leaves? How hot they are!"

The children danced around the fire until it died down. Then mother took them into the house. It was bedtime.



THE HEN THAT HELPED PETER

Peter is a nice little boy. But he can be very naughty. Mother and father know this. Grandmother Howe and Polly know it, too.

You see, Peter always wishes his own way. And you know this is not good for little boys and little girls.

Peter cannot have cake between his meals. He may always have milk to drink. Sometimes he may have bread and jelly, or bread and sugar.

He likes this very much. But he does not

like the crusts of the bread. So he used to eat only the soft part. The crusts he threw away.

But at the table he could not throw them away.

Then he put them under the edge of his plate. You know how.

When mother took the plate, there would be a crust on the table. It did not look very well.

One day father said, "Peter, you are a big boy now. You are nearly five years old. You are old enough to eat your crusts.

"I will give you a week in which to learn how. After that, I shall not expect to see any more crusts on the table."

Peter knew that, when his father spoke so, he meant what he said. But the little boy thought he would not eat his crusts until he had to do so.

He said to himself, "In a week I will begin to eat them all up. But now I will still put them under my plate."

So, every day when his plate was taken away, there were the crusts. Peter did not see his father look at them. And his father said nothing more about them.

By and by Peter began to think that his father had forgotten.

So, when the week was over, he said to himself, "I am sure that my father has forgotten. I am going to keep on leaving my crusts."

But his father had not forgotten. He was just waiting to see if Peter would obey.

That noon he saw that Peter had left a crust.

He said, "My son, you have not learned to eat your crusts. And you have not learned to obey. I must teach you."

Then Peter was more naughty still. He said, "I do not like old crust. I will throw old crust away. Then I cannot eat it."

He picked up the crust and jumped down from his chair.

His father called, "Peter!"

But Peter did not stop. He ran to the door and threw the crust out upon the grass.

His father went after him. "You may pick up your crust, Peter," said he.

This time Peter started to obey. He knew that he had been very naughty. But, before he could get to the crust, an old hen

ran up. She snatched it in her bill and off she went.

Peter looked at his father. He was not sure what his father would do. He almost wished the hen had not taken the crust.

Father only laughed. He said, "That old hen is a friend of yours, Peter. If it had not been for her, you would have eaten that crust."

"I know it," said Peter. "And, father, I am sorry. I do not like to be naughty. I will be good. I will eat my crusts now to please you."

And after this he did.

THE FIRST ICE

"Water now has turned to stone,
Stone that I can walk upon."

One morning mother said, "Polly, will you go to the store for me? I need a can of corn. We must have it for dinner."

"May Peter go, too, mother?"

"Oh, yes, Peter may go, if he wishes. Run and find him."

Now Polly and Peter liked to go to the store. It belonged to their father. Sometimes they helped him unpack goods. Sometimes they sat still and watched the customers.

Sometimes he let them play keeping store. Once Polly had really sold some candy to another little girl.

But to-day they could not stay to play. They must get the can of corn for mother, and come home.

They went down the hill. At the railroad tracks they stopped. They looked for a train. They saw none, so they ran across the tracks.

Then they came to the bridge. You can find it on the map in the front of this book.

They stopped to look over the rail at the water, far below.

"O Polly!" said Peter. "What is on the water?"

"Why, it is ice, Peter. The top of the water is frozen. See, the ice goes nearly across the river."

"Ice, ice!" shouted Peter. "Now winter is almost here. The leaves have gone. The ice has come. Let's run and tell father."

The children ran to the store.

"Father, father," called Peter, "we have seen ice!"

"So have I," said father. "Where did you see it?"

"We saw it from the bridge. The river is frozen at the sides. It is not frozen in the middle."

"Yes," said father. "It freezes first at the edges, because the water flows more slowly there. In the middle it flows faster.

"Every cold night that ice will grow. It will soon cover the middle of the river, too. And at the same time it will grow thicker.

"By and by it will be so thick that we can walk upon it. Then it is time to learn to skate. Perhaps you can learn this winter.

"When the ice is thick enough, men cut it into blocks. What will they do with them?"

"Make houses of them," said Peter.

"O Peter, we are not Eskimos," said Polly. "I know, father. They will put the ice into big ice houses. They will keep it to use in the hot summer. I saw them doing it last winter."

"Right, Polly. That is where our ice comes from in the summer."

"Does all the water in the river freeze, father? Where do the fishes go? Are they in the ice?"

"The ice is lighter than the water, Peter. So it stays on top of the water. The bottom of our river does not freeze. The fishes are there. They do not mind the cold as we do.

"Did you come to the store just to tell me about the ice, chicks?"

"No, father," said Polly. "We came for

a can of corn. We saw the ice when we were on the bridge."

"Then here is the corn. Take it to mother and tell her about the ice."

Off went the children. When they came to the bridge, Peter dropped some small stones on the ice. But it did not break.

"It must be thick now, Polly," said he. "I wish we could skate."

"We weigh more than those stones do, Peter. I think the cold will have to make the ice grow more before father will let us. And, anyway, we have no skates."

"Let's tell mother about that, too, Polly. Perhaps she knows where there are some."

So Peter and Polly hurried up the hill to find their mother.

THE THREE GUESSES

"Polly and Peter," said Mr. Howe, "I have something for you. It is something to use in the winter, and not in the summer. You may have three guesses."

"It can't be a sled," said Polly, "for we have sleds."

"It can't be a coat," said Peter, "for we have coats."

"And we have mittens and leggings and overshoes, too," said Polly.

"It might be my pony," said Peter.

"No," said Polly. "It couldn't be, Peter. We can use a pony in the summer. Let's not guess that."

"Is it good to eat, father?" asked Peter. "I am hungry now."

"No, Peter. And there are four of them; two for each of you. They are hard and shiny."

"Guns, guns!" shouted Peter.

"One guess is gone, Peter. What would you do with two guns?"

"Are they for us to wear, father?" asked Polly.

"Yes, Polly, but not all the time. You cannot wear them in the house."

"Then I know what they are, father. If there are two for each of us, that is one for each foot. Can't you guess now, Peter?"

"Rubber boots," shouted Peter.

"I think it is skates, father. And I am glad. I have wished for some ever since we saw the ice."

"You have made a good guess, Polly. Bring me the box that is in the hall."

Out of the box Mr. Howe took two pairs of shining new skates.

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried both children, when they saw what was in the box.

"We will go skating now," said father. "Then we can try them."

At the edge of the river he stopped. He put on the children's skates. Then he put on his own.

"I will show you how to do it," he said. "Then I will help you just a little."

He showed them how to strike out, first

with one foot and then with the other. His tracks looked like this:

Then Polly tried, but her tracks looked like this:

"That is not the way, Polly," said her father. "You are skating with your right foot. But you are only pushing with your left. You must skate with both. Watch me again."

Then Peter tried. His tracks looked like this:

The cross marks the place where Peter fell down. But he did not care. He got up and tried again.

Polly was doing better. So her father took hold of her and helped her a little.

He said, "I wish you to learn alone. Then you will be a good skater. If I help you all the time, you will never be able to skate alone."

Polly said, "That is what my teacher tells us. She says, 'I will show you how to do it. And I will help you a little. Then you must try for yourself.'"

"That is good," said father. "You must learn to do things alone. Your teacher and your father will not always be near."

Soon the skates were taken off. "We must not stay too long the first time," said father. "You may come again to-morrow. You may skate every day until the snow comes."

"Oh, may we, father, may we?" cried Peter and Polly, jumping up and down. "And when the snow comes, we can sweep it off the ice."

"Maybe I shall not wish for any snow now," said Peter. "Maybe I like skating better."

"You will get the snow just the same, my son," said father. "So you may as well wish for it. It is sure to come.

"Now, good-by. We have all had a good time. Take my skates home with you and dry them when you dry yours. Then they will not rust. We will bring mother the next time we come."

THE FIRST SNOWSTORM

One morning mother called to Peter, "Wake up, Peter! Look out of your window. Winter has come."

Peter had been dreaming about a big snow man who chased him. He jumped out of bed and said, "You didn't get me that time, old snow man. I woke up too soon."

He ran to the window. The ground was white. The trees were white. The air was full of the white butterflies that Peter likes so well.

"Oh! Oh!" he shouted. "I must go out to play! I must go out to play!"

"Not until you are dressed, Peter," said mother. "Then you must have breakfast. After that you may go out."

At breakfast father said, "It has snowed a foot since dark yesterday. How many inches is that, Polly?"

"It is twelve inches, father. Do you think this snow has come to stay? Or will it melt away?"

"I think that it will stay, Polly. It is time for sleighing."

Peter and Polly put on their coats and caps, their leggings, overshoes, and mittens. Then they were ready to go out.

At first Peter ran about in the yard. He kicked up the snow as he ran. It flew all over him.

"Polly, Polly!" he called. "I am a snow man now. I shall chase you as the one in my dream chased me."

He ran after her. Just as he caught her, she slipped. Down they both went. They were covered from head to foot with snow.

"Now we are both snow men," said Polly. "Let's go and shake the little trees."

These were two fir trees. They were at the side of the house. Polly took hold of the end of a low branch. Peter stood under the tree, while Polly shook it. Down came a shower of snow.

Then Polly stood under the other, while Peter shook that. Down came another shower of snow. Some of this went into Polly's neck. But Polly did not care.

"Now we will show grandmother how white we are," she said.

Grandmother heard them coming. She went out on the piazza.

She said, "I see two snow men. I cannot ask them in. Snow men would melt near the fire. Then they would be nothing but water."

"Oh, yes, grandmother, they would be Peter and Polly," said Peter.

"Why, Peter! Why, Polly! Is this really you? I have no spectacles on, this morning. Where are your sleds?"

"In the barn, in the barn!" shouted Peter. "We could not wait for them."

"See the posts of your fence, grandmother," said Polly. "They all have on tall white caps."

"So they have, Polly. And how clean the snow caps are. How clean the snow makes everything. We are all glad to have it, aren't we?"

"I am, I am!" shouted Peter. "Winter has come, winter has come! Good-by, grandmother. I must go and play."

"Good-by," called grandmother. "Come down to dinner, if mother will let you. We will have sugar on snow."

"She will let us," called Peter. "I know she will. And I will get the pan of snow for the sugar."

THE STAR SNOWFLAKE

All that day Peter and Polly played in the snow. All day Peter's white butterflies fell. Down they came out of the air, softly and silently.

Peter liked to stand and look up into the sky. He liked to feel the soft flakes light upon his face. He liked to see them on his coat sleeve.

Polly said, "Aren't the flakes pretty, Peter? They are little stars. The perfect ones have six points. The Story Lady told me a story about a star snowflake. I will tell it to you.

"Once a little water fairy lived in our brook, back of grandmother's house. One day she was very, very naughty. She did not wish to go up into the air. She did not

wish to be part of a cloud. She wished to stay in the brook.

"Her father said, 'You must go. And I shall have you punished for being so naughty. I shall have Jack Frost change you into a snowflake.'

"Jack Frost came one day to change the cloud into snowflakes. He saw how sorry the water fairy was because she had been so naughty.

"So he said, 'You know that I have to make all snowflakes like stars. Some of them are very pretty. I will change you into the prettiest star snowflake that I know.

"'And when you melt,' said Jack Frost, 'you will be a water fairy again. You will always be good then, won't you?'

"So he changed her into a beautiful star snowflake. I have seen her picture. The Story Lady showed it to me."

"Let's find her," said Peter. "Then let's show her to the Story Lady. That will be better than the picture."

So the children looked and looked. They found many stars. But Polly was not sure that any one of them was the right one.

At last Peter found the most beautiful star

of all. "This is the water fairy, this is the water fairy!" he cried.

And Polly said, "It does look like the picture. So let's go and show it to the Story Lady."

Down they went to her house and into the kitchen. There was the Story Lady, washing dishes.

"O Story Lady," said Peter. "I have the water fairy on my arm! She is changed into a star. See her!"

But when the Story Lady looked, there was no star snowflake.

"She has gone," said Peter. "That is too bad." And he looked ready to cry.

"Why, yes, Peter," said the Story Lady. "She has gone. But don't you think that she is happy to be just a water fairy again? She likes that better, you know. You must be glad that you found her and helped her melt."

"I am glad," said Peter. "But it was only a 'Once upon a time' story, wasn't it?"

"Of course it was, Peter. But don't you know that all snowflakes are water fairies? Now run along and play with those that are left."

HOW PETER HELPED GRANDMOTHER

Grandmother was getting ready for Thanksgiving. Peter and Polly and father and mother were going to her house on that day.

So grandmother was making mince pies. She was making other things, too. One was fruit cake.

Peter and Polly were down at grandmother's, helping. At least, Polly was helping and Peter was hindering.

He seemed bound to stand just where grandmother wished to walk. He spilled a cup of milk on the table. After he had wiped it up, he upset some flour.

But he did not mean to hinder.

Polly watched her grandmother make the pies. She watched her roll the pie crust thin and trim it to the size of the plate.

She said, "If I had some dough, I am sure I could do that."

Her grandmother gave her some and a little plate. Polly rubbed the plate with melted butter. Then she rolled out the dough and put it on the plate.

"That is very good, Polly. Now we will fill our pies. Here is the mincemeat."

Polly tried to make her little pie look like grandmother's large one.

"Next we must put on the covers," said grandmother. "Roll yours out like mine."

She had Polly stick a knife through her cover in four places. Ask your mother why she did this.

Then she helped Polly put on her cover, for that was quite hard to do. Last of all she showed her how to pinch together the edges.

"Now," said grandmother, "we will bake our pies. What shall you do with yours?"

"I should like to take it home to show mother and father. May I?"

"Why, to be sure. They ought to have a bite of your first pie. Please, Peter, carry this pail of sugar into the pantry for me. I do not need it any more."

The pies were baked brown. As soon as hers was cool enough, Polly carried it up the hill to mother.

"See, mother," she said, "I can cook now. Grandmother let me make a pie. It is for you and father."

"How good it looks, Polly! We will try it for dinner. You have done this well. I see that I must begin to teach you to cook.

"Bread comes first. The next time I sponge bread, you may try. Your first good loaf you may take to grandmother."

"Oh, may I, mother? I want to learn to cook. Then I can cook for you and father. I watched grandmother all the morning. I helped her, too."

"So did I help grandmother," said Peter.

"O Peter, what did you do to help?" asked Polly. "You spilled the milk and then you spilled the flour. That isn't helping much."

"I did help," said Peter. "I helped all the morning. I worked very hard."

"I am sure that you meant to, Peter," said mother. "But tell me what you did."

"Why," said Peter, "why, I carried away the pail of sugar."

Polly laughed, but mother said, "That was kind, Peter. And you know that you always help by being a good boy. So I really think that you are right."

THE SNOW MAN

"Let's make a snow man this morning. Will you, Peter? The snow is just right for big balls."

"Then we will," said Peter. "But let's get Tim to help us."

Tim is Peter's playmate. He lives on a farm. His house is farther up the hill. Look for it on the map in the front of this book.

Soon Tim was down at Peter's. His big dog Collie was with him. Wag-wag and Collie are friends. They often play together.

The three children began to roll snowballs. Polly's grew very large. The boys had to help her with it. They pushed it over and over. At last it was quite near the edge of the bank.

"One more push," said Polly. "Then it will be just right. People can see the man from the road."

But that push was too much. Over the edge of the bank the big ball rolled.

"Oh, stop, stop!" cried Peter. "Do not run away. We will make you into a good snow man."

But the ball did not stop. It rolled against Tim. It knocked him flat. Peter and Polly fell down the bank after it. At last it smashed itself against the fence.

"Never mind," said Polly. "We can make another. Do not let the next one knock you down, Tim."

"Old snowball ran over me," said Tim. "But I do not care. He smashed himself."

Another big ball was made. It was rolled into place. Then smaller ones were lifted on it. These were for the body.

At last the head was ready. Polly stood in a chair. She stuck the head on the body. She made eyes, a nose, and a mouth with small sticks.

She put an old hat on the head. She put a branch under the arm.

Then she said, "We will name you White Giant. You may take care of our house at night. In the daytime you may play with us. Will you, old Giant?"

Polly did not think that the snow man could talk. But just then she heard some one say, "Of course I will play with you, Polly."

"Oh, oh! Has he come alive?" cried Peter. "Can he chase me? I do not wish him to do that." And he ran behind Polly.

"I cannot chase you, Peter," the snow man seemed to say. "I cannot move at all in the daytime. But at night you should see me."

"I saw you the other night in a dream," said Peter. "I did not like you. You chased me."

"I will never do that again, Peter. So you must not be afraid of me."

Just then Tim cried out, "Look, look!" And there behind a tree was Peter's father.

Polly laughed. "I know now that the snow man did not talk," she said. "At first I thought he did. It was you, wasn't it, father?"

"Why do you think so, Polly? You didn't see me. Did it sound like me?"

"No, it did not, father," said Peter. "And I think it was the snow man. I am going to watch him to-night and see."

"Why don't you?" asked father. "I should like to know about it. You tell me when you find out. Where are your mittens, Tim? Aren't your hands cold?"

"I've lost them. And Peter has lost one of his red ones. We can't find them at all."

"Perhaps they are under the snow. The sun will help you find them by and by. Peter, run in and tell mother. She will get some mittens for you and Tim to wear.

"When you come back, bring the old broom. That is better than the branch for your snow man. If you watch to-night, you may see what he does with it."

PETER'S DREAM

At bedtime Peter said, "I want to sit up. I am going to watch the snow man."

"Why?" asked mother.

"I heard him speak," said Peter. "He said he would not chase me. He said I ought to see him at night. He can move then."

"Very well," said mother. "But you might get into your bed. You can watch him from your window."

"I did not think of that, mother. I will go now."

Soon Peter was in bed. By sitting up, he could see the snow man. His window was wide open. But Peter had on thick night clothes. He did not feel the cold.

The moon was bright. Peter thought of his friend, the Fairy Bird. He wished the Bird would come again and take him to the moon.

All at once he rubbed his eyes. Where was the snow man? He looked again. The snow man was gone!

"Oh, oh!" said Peter to himself. "I've lost him. That's too bad. Now I shall not see anything."

But just then the door opened softly. Peter saw something white coming into his room. It was the snow man!

Peter was so surprised that he nearly jumped out of bed. He was frightened, too. He called, "Oh, dear!"

"Sh, sh, sh!" said the snow man. "You'll wake every one in the house. I came up here to please you. I don't care to see any one else.

"It was hard work climbing the stairs. You children didn't make me very good legs; nor very good arms, either, I must say. I have no feet and no hands.

"My hat came off when I broke myself away from the snow. But, without hands, I couldn't put it back on my head.

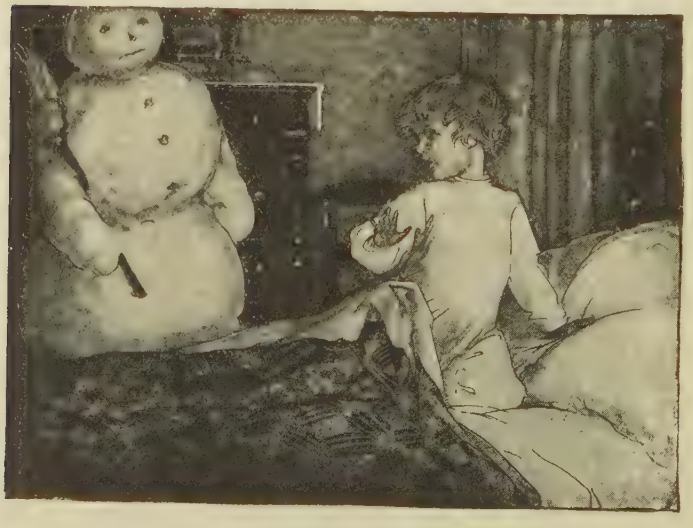
"I do wish that you would make me better next time. You can, if you try. But I'm thankful you gave me eyes and a mouth, too. I like to see and I like to talk."

"Don't you like to eat?" asked Peter. "What do you eat? Oh, dear! I'm afraid you eat little boys like me."

The snow man began to shake. Bits of snow dropped on the floor.

"Why, Peter, I believe you are afraid of me. You needn't be. You'll laugh, too, when I tell you what I do eat. Sticks and twigs and leaves that I pick up when you are rolling me.

"Best of all I like mittens. I don't get very many. But I ate yours and Tim's this morning. They were good. I like red ones best. And I had only one red mitten."



Then Peter did laugh. "What queer things to eat," he said. "And how funny you look when you laugh. You shake, but you do not laugh with your mouth."

"Yes," said the snow man. "That's all because of Polly. You see, she made my mouth with a horrid straight stick. I can't bend it at all."

"You make me very cold," said Peter. "You are so white. I want my mother to come and tuck me up."

"I will try," the snow man said. And, with his snowy arms, he tried to pull up the bedclothes. One arm slipped and hit Peter's neck. Peter was so surprised that he screamed.

In just a minute mother ran in. "What is it, dear?" she asked.

Peter could only say, "The snow man, the snow man! He has been up here!"

"He's out in the yard, dear. I can see him. And he has lost his hat. The wind must have blown it off. It has been raining hard. The rain has come in at the window. It is wet on the floor."

"He didn't have his hat up here," said Peter. "He dropped it when he started.

He couldn't put it on. And he made those spots on the floor. It was not the rain. Pieces of snow dropped off him when he laughed."

Mother only said, "I'll tuck you up again, Peter. We can see about it in the morning. Now good night."

In the morning the rain had stopped. The children went to look at the snow man. He had grown much smaller in the night. There was a crack near the bottom of his legs.

"He did walk, he did, I know he did!" cried Peter. "That's what made the crack. And, O Polly, look at this!"

Sticking out of the snow man's stomach was the end of a red mitten!

CUTTING THE CHRISTMAS TREE

It was nearly Christmas. Peter could hardly wait for the day to come.

He kept saying, "Mother, will it be Christmas to-morrow? Mother, will it be Christmas to-morrow?"

At last father said, "Do you want Christmas before I get the tree?"

"No," said Peter. "But will you ever get it?"

"I will to-day. You and Polly may go with me. We will choose the prettiest fir tree we can find. Put on your things, and we will start now."

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Peter, jumping up and down. "Now I know that Christmas is almost here."

"It will be here to-morrow," said father. "Run and tell Polly."

They went through the field back of the

house. They climbed over the stone-wall post office. Polly looked into some of the boxes for mail.

She said, "Father, one day Peter told me that he had a pony in his post-office box."

"It must have been a very large box, Polly. We do not have such large ones at the store. Which is it?"

"I don't care if I didn't have it in my box," said Peter. "I think I shall get it on the tree. It will be up in the tiptop."

"Then we must find a strong tree, my boy. Can you see one you like?"

"That one," said Peter.

Father laughed. "That is a strong tree. But it is too tall. We should have to cut a hole in the ceiling to stand it up. Find a smaller one."

"There is a good tree, father. See how pretty it is. It looks like our little firs at home."

"I believe that is just right for us, Polly. I will cut it down. Please hold my coat."

Father swung his ax. He gave three sharp blows. All at once there was a chatter overhead.

In the next tree a gray squirrel was run-

ning up a large branch. He was scolding with all his might. His tail was jerking. He looked very cross.

"Well, old fellow," said father, "did I disturb you? I am sorry. Go back to sleep. We will not take your tree."

"His is too bare, isn't it, father? The leaves have all gone. We must have a fir tree for ours. It has queer leaves. But they do not fall off in the winter."

"That is why we call such trees evergreens, Polly. They are always green. Pine trees are evergreens, too. Their needles are longer than fir needles."

"I think that is one of our squirrels," said Peter. "He took our nuts, Polly. I wonder where he put them."

"He thought they were his," said Polly. "He needed them."

Soon father had cut down the fir. He put it over his shoulder. The end dragged on the snow.

"Now we are ready for home," he said. "To-night mother and I will dress this tree. To-morrow you may see it."

"Have you really a dress for it?" asked Peter. "I hope it is red. Who made it?"

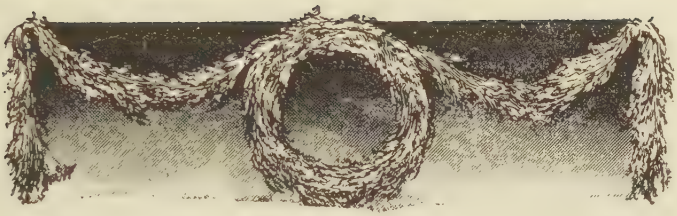
"O Peter, how silly you are! Father means dress it up with candy bags and popped corn and presents."

"I know now," said Peter. "Ponies and guns and things."

"See the snow sparkle, children. The sun makes it do that. Look at the blue sky. Doesn't the air feel good to you?"

"It makes me feel like running," said Polly.

"Then run along, chicks. You will get home first. Tell mother that the Christmas tree is really coming. You may pop the corn this afternoon."



THE GIVE-AWAY BOX

When Peter and Polly got home, they ran into the house.

"Mother, mother!" they shouted. "The Christmas tree is coming. Father has it."

"Why, mother," said Polly, "what makes the house smell so sweet? It smells just like the woods."

"It is the green wreaths, Polly. I have them in all the rooms. There is one on the front door, too. These wreaths smell better than the ones that we buy. You may help me make the rest of them. We need more."

So the children went into the kitchen. On a table were pieces of evergreen boughs.

They helped their mother twist the pieces into circles. On each circle she wound many small twigs. When done, the wreaths were firm and thick and green.

"How good it does smell, mother. I like Christmas smells. But see my hands."

"That is the pitch from the greens, Polly. Just rub on a little butter. It will take off the pitch. Then wash your hands in warm water. I will clean up the rest of the greens. When this is done, we will pop our corn."

That was always fun. Polly liked to shake the popper. She liked to see the white kernels of corn hop up and down. She liked the good smell, too.

Soon two large panfuls were popped. Then came another task. The corn must be strung. Polly and Peter both helped. But, of course, mother could string faster than they. She told them stories while they worked.

"When I was a little girl," said mother, "we did not have a Christmas tree. Instead. we hung up our stockings. We hung them near the fireplace. We thought Santa Claus could reach them better there.

"I was the smallest in our family. So my stocking was the smallest. My presents would never go into my stocking. This used to tease me.

"My dear grandmother found it out. One day she said to me, 'I am going to

knit you a new red stocking. It is not to wear. It is for you to hang up.'

"And the very next Christmas, what do you think? She had knit me a stocking as long as I was tall! How pleased I was to hang it up!

"Now, children, the Give-away Box is ready. You may choose your things to give away."

On the floor in the dining room there was a large box. It was filled with games, dolls, bags of candy and popped corn, and many other things.

These were for Peter and Polly to give away. They would make other children happy. And that would make Peter and Polly happy, too.

Peter chose a jumping jack for Tim. Polly chose to give him a whistle.

"He cannot whistle with his mouth yet," she said. "Perhaps Collie will come for this whistle."

When Polly was out of the room, Peter chose a present for her. It was the prettiest doll that he had ever seen.

Polly chose a train of cars for Peter. But he did not know that.

"We can give this candlestick to Mrs. White," said Polly. "She gave us back our Jack-o'-lanterns. I think she would like it."

Mother said, "Why don't you give the hot water bag to grandmother? Her bag leaks."

"Oh, we will, we will!" cried both children.

"Farmer Brown is our friend," said Polly. "He showed us his sheep. Mrs. Brown is our friend, too. She gave us a

party last summer. The lambs came to it. It was on her steps. Let us give them two wreaths."

"There is my teacher," said Peter. "I will give her these marbles."

Polly said, "Your teacher! You don't go to school, Peter."

"I did one day," said Peter. "I like her. She was good to me. She is my teacher. I don't care what you say."

"Never mind about that, chicks," said mother. "I'm afraid she hasn't a pocket for the marbles. Why not give her the box of handkerchiefs?"

Before long the Give-away Box was empty. The presents were tied up. Every friend in the village had been remembered.

Peter and Polly were tired. They were glad when it was bedtime.

As mother tucked her up, Polly said, "I like the Give-away Box. It is fun. It is as much fun as it is to get things. You gave it to us, mother. You give us everything."

"Father, too," said mother. "And it makes fathers and mothers happy to do that."

CHRISTMAS MORNING

Early Christmas morning Peter awoke. He heard a noise in mother's room. So he knew that he might get up.

He pushed open the door. "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" he shouted.

"Merry Christmas," said mother, hugging him tightly.

"Merry Christmas," said father, tossing him up into the air. "Did you see Santa Claus last night?"

Just then Polly ran in. "Oh, oh, it is Christmas!" she cried. "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! See what I found in my bed."

It was a box of animal crackers. They were all sheep.

"O father! You did it for a joke. You know I do not like mutton."

Peter ran to look in his room. He thought a joke might be there, too.

"See, see!" he shouted. "I have found a letter box. That is not a joke."

"Look inside," said father.

Peter looked. There he saw a very small pony. It was made of cloth. On its back it had a cloth monkey.

"A joke, a joke!" cried Polly. "Your pony came in your letter box after all."

There were to be no more presents until after breakfast. So the children dressed quickly.

It was hard for them to eat anything.

At last Polly said, "I cannot wait another second. I will eat my breakfast with my dinner. Here comes grandmother. Now may we open the door and see the tree?"

"In just a minute," said father. "You say 'Merry Christmas' to grandmother. I have one last thing for the tree. You may come in when I call." And out he ran.

"I wonder what it is," said Polly. "I can hear him coming back through the side door."

Then grandmother came in, and Polly forgot to wonder any more.

At last they heard father shout, "Come!"

Polly opened the door, and the children rushed in.

"Oh! Oh!" said Polly.

"Oh! Oh!" said Peter.

Such a beautiful tree they had never before seen. It was hung with strings of popped corn and red cranberries. It was covered with colored balls and big gold stars. Over it was white, shiny stuff that looked like snow.

It had candy bags and oranges. At the top, there was a doll with wings. And there were many boxes and packages.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" said both children again.

"Do you like it?" asked mother.

"I never saw anything so pretty," said Polly. "Is that a fairy at the top?"

"I think it is Santa Claus's little girl," said Peter. "I should like to have her for my own."

"Should you rather have that than anything else here?" asked father.

"I think so, father. May I?"

"Walk around the tree and see if you are sure, my son."

Peter did as he was told. He had not taken many steps when he jumped back with a cry.

"What is it? What is it?" he asked.

Polly ran forward, and what do you think she saw?

On the other side of the tree something moved. Polly saw two large eyes, two long ears, a brown head, and then she knew that it was a pony.

"Peter, Peter!" she cried, "here is the pony! It is on the Christmas tree! O Peter, Peter, Peter!"

"Lead her out," said father. "She will come with you. She likes children."

So Polly took hold of the little strap. And the pony walked out into the room after her.

"Her name is Brownie," said father. "She is grandmother's present to you and Peter. She is half yours and half Peter's."

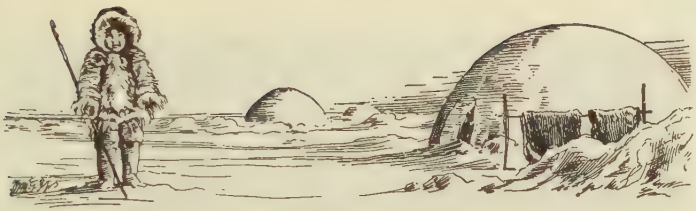
"O grandmother!" cried Polly. "I thank you now, but I will thank you better by and by."

"Which half is mine, grandmother?" asked Peter.

"Half of both halves," said grandmother. "Why?"

"Nothing," said Peter. "I love both her halves. And I love you, too. And I love the tree, and Christmas, and everybody."

"And so you should," said father. "Come now, we will take Brownie to her stable. Then you may get the presents off the tree."



THE SNOW HOUSE

One day there was a heavy snowstorm. At the same time the wind blew. It heaped the snow over the road in front of Polly's house.

The snow was so deep that horses could not walk through. Men had to dig the road out.

Mr. Howe helped to do this. Peter and Polly watched the work. They thought it great fun.

The men threw the snow by the side of the road. Soon the piles were very high. They were twice as high as Polly could reach.

A few days after this Polly said, "I know what we can do."

"What?" asked Peter.

"Let's play Eskimos."

"How do you play it?" asked Peter.

"Well," said Polly, "first we must make

a snow house. Then we can think of other things to do."

"We can't," said Peter.

"Can't what?" asked Polly. "Can't think of things to do? I can, if you can't."

"No," said Peter, "we can't make a snow house. We tried. It tumbled down. Don't you remember?"

"I've thought how to do it, Peter. Come on. I will show you."

Polly took Peter to the great pile of snow by the side of the road.

"There is our house," she said. "It is all made for us."

"That isn't any house, Polly. I think I won't play with you to-day. You tease me. I am going to see Tim. Good-by."

"O Peter! Wait, wait! I won't tease. I will tell you about it now. That is our house really and truly. But it is just the outside.

"We must make a hole in the pile for a door. Then we must dig out the inside. Can't we do that, Peter?"

Peter said, "Oh, yes. We can do that. I see about it now. I will help. We can dig very well.

"We dug our cyclone hole last summer.

Perhaps we shall find another box with silver dollars in it."

"Perhaps we shall not, too," said Polly. "I don't expect to find things in the snow. People hide their gold and silver in the ground.

"The ground does not melt. Snow does. So it would not hide their gold and silver very long."

"Why doesn't the ground melt, Polly?"

"Well, I don't know. You ask father. Snow melts because it is made of water."

"Butter melts, sugar melts," said Peter. "They are not made of water. I wish to know why the ground does not melt, too. I wish to know now."

"Peter, can't you stop asking questions and go to work? See, first we must dig a path here. Then we will begin our door."

It took a long time to dig the path. But at last it was finished. Then they made a hole. It went straight into the side of the big snow pile. That was for the door.

"Now we must hollow out a place," said Polly. "It will be our room. We must make it large. We shall sleep there and eat there and live there. That is the way

the Eskimos do. I read it in a book at school."

"I'd rather live in a house," said Peter. "Let's live in the house and play out here."

"Then we will," said Polly. "It would be cold here anyway. I should think Eskimos would freeze in snow houses. But they do not."

The next day the children scraped out more snow, and the next and the next. At last they had made quite a large room.

It was nearly round. The floor was packed hard. The white walls were smooth. Polly could stand up straight in the middle.

Mother gave them an old rug for the floor.

She said, "Eskimos have fur rugs. You must play that this is bearskin."

Father said, "Do you know what Eskimos call a snow house? It is igloo. Perhaps some day I will try to crawl into your igloo. I should like to see it."

"Oh, do, father. Then we will have a party. It is quite warm inside. But we can make the door bigger for you."

"Never mind about that," said father. "Perhaps I can get a fairy to shrink me. We shall see."

THE FALL OF THE IGLOO

For many days the children played in their igloo. More snow fell. They dug it out of the path. Then they could get to the door.

"It only makes our house taller," said Polly. "It does not hurt the inside. I do not care how much snow comes on top of it."

"You may care some day," said father. "Snow is heavy. After a while it may break down your roof."

"What if we are inside when the roof breaks, Peter? The snow will get down our necks."

"It will do more," said father. "It will bury you."

"Will it hurt us, father?"

"I think not. But you will look like snow men afterward."

One day Tim was playing with Peter and Polly. They were in the igloo. Collie was outside playing with Wag-wag.

Wag-wag could go into the igloo. But the children did not like to have Collie there. He was so large that he took up too much room.

Polly was the mother Eskimo. Peter was the father Eskimo. Tim was the little boy Eskimo.

Mother Eskimo. "I think we need some meat. We need a seal. I can use its skin. I will make boots of it."

Father Eskimo. "I killed a bear yesterday. Use the bearskin for boots."

Mother Eskimo. "Oh, no. That would not make good boots. I need sealskin for them. Besides I wish to use the bearskin to make some trousers. I must have new ones."

"O Polly," said Peter, "women do not wear trousers."

"Eskimo women do, Peter. Now you go and catch me a seal."

Father Eskimo. "But it is cold. I may have to watch many hours for a seal. I must sit very still beside his hole in the ice. If I move, he will not come up there to breathe. Perhaps I shall freeze, sitting so still."

Mother Eskimo. "No, you will not. Do I not make you good fur clothes? Do I not sew them with my good bone needle? They will keep you warm."

Father Eskimo. "Yes, but don't I have to get the fur for them? That is harder than making the clothes."

Mother Eskimo. "I am not so sure that it is. Should you like to scrape the skins to clean them? Should you like to chew them to make them soft?"

Father Eskimo. "No, I should rather hunt than chew skins. So I will go now."

Father Eskimo crawled out of the igloo. He called to the dogs.

"Come here, dogs. You must drag my sledge. I am going out to catch a seal. You must draw it home on the sledge."

The dogs were jumping up and down and playing with each other. They did not know that they were Eskimo dogs.

Peter could not get them. He grew quite cross. He crawled back into the igloo.

"I cannot catch the dogs," he said. "I shall not go hunting. I shall not play Eskimo any more to-day."

Polly started to speak. But instead she screamed. Something was happening. What were the dogs doing? Were they on the top of the igloo?

The roof was breaking. She could see the leg of one dog sticking through. Then something fell on the children.

It was the snow roof. It was also two dogs. Collie and Wag-wag had broken down the igloo.

Father was just coming home. How he laughed when he saw the children and the dogs. He pulled them out from under the snow.

He said, "Aren't you glad you are not real Eskimos? Aren't you glad you live in a strong house? Let's all go in and see what mother is cooking for supper. It will not be seal meat. Tim must come, too."

PULLING PETER'S TOOTH

Peter had a loose tooth. It was a lower front tooth. It was his first loose tooth. He had always wanted one.

When Polly's teeth became loose, he would feel of his.

He would say, "I wish I could wiggle mine, too. I wish I could pull mine out."

Mother said, "You are not yet old enough to lose your teeth. I am glad that you are not. Why do you wish to have a loose tooth?"

"Because they are nice to wiggle," said Peter. "Because Polly is faster than I am. She has had four. I like the holes in her face, too. She can make a funny noise through them. It is a whistle."

"Your turn will come by and by," said mother. "I suppose you will lose your upper front teeth first."

But it happened one day that Peter fell down. He bumped his nose. He also cut his lip on a tooth.

He must have bumped that tooth quite hard, for it became loose. Peter was much pleased.

"I should let it alone," said mother. "Perhaps it will grow tight again."

But Peter could not seem to let it alone. He wiggled it with his tongue. He wiggled it with his fingers. At last he made it very loose.

Then he said, "Polly, I must pull my tooth."

"Oh, let it come out," said Polly. "Two of mine did."

"No," said Peter. "I shall pull it. You pulled one of yours with your fingers. I shall do that."

But the loose tooth would not come out.

"It will not pull," said Peter. "I shall put a string on it. I shall tie the end of the string to the door. Then I shall shut the door hard. It will pull my tooth. You did that."

"Yes," said Polly. "That was fun. But I know a better way now. I will show it to you."

She took a flatiron. She tied a string to it. She set it on the kitchen table. Then she tied the other end of the string to Peter's loose tooth.

She said, "This string is too short to reach the floor. You push the flatiron off the table. It will fall down and jerk out your tooth."

"Shall I now?" asked Peter.

"Yes, now."

So Peter pushed the flatiron. But Polly had not been right. The string was too long. It reached to the floor.

Down went the flatiron, bang! It landed on the edge of Peter's boot. It landed on the edge of Peter's toe, too. It hurt him, but not much. And the tooth did not come out.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Peter. "It hurt my foot, it hurt my foot! It didn't pull out my tooth at all." And he started to jump up and down.

The very first jump surprised him. Something pulled at his mouth and then seemed to let go.

It was the string around his tooth. He had jumped up far enough to pull the tooth out himself.

How Polly did laugh when she saw this!

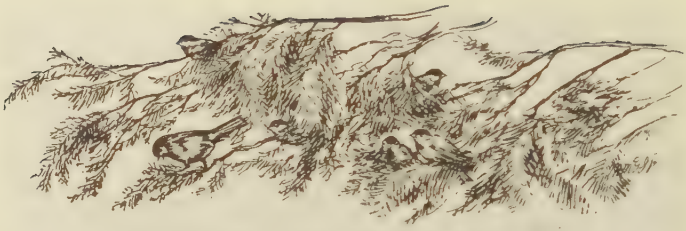
Peter cried, "It's out, it's out! We have found a new way! I found it!" And he got down on the floor to pick up his tooth.

"I am going to save it to plant in my garden," he said.

"To plant!" said Polly. "What for?"

"So I shall have more," said Peter.

Then Polly laughed again. She ran to tell mother about Peter's garden.



DRIVING WITH FATHER

One morning father said, "I am going to Large Village to-day. You children may have a ride. You may go as far as Farmer Brown's. I will leave you there."

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Polly.

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Peter.

"You are to stay to dinner. I shall have my dinner at Large Village. Run and get ready."

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried both children at once.

Farmer Brown lived two and one half miles away. You must follow the road past Mr. Howe's store to find his house.

Peter and Polly liked to go there. They liked to see his horses, cows, sheep, pigs, and hens.

"We can see the sheep," said Polly. "They will not be in the pasture. The snow has covered the grass. Their wool will be thicker now than it was last summer."

"We can see the pigs," said Peter. "Perhaps they will grunt at us."

They drove to the farm in a low sled. When they were out of the village, Mr. Howe stopped.

"Do you wish to ride on the runners?" he asked.

This was a great treat. Peter and Polly could never "catch rides" on people's sleds. Some of the other children were allowed to do this. But father showed Peter and Polly how they might get hurt.

He said, "If you 'catch rides,' I shall worry. I shall worry all the time. So I ask you not to do it. When you drive with me, you may 'catch rides' all you please."

So, on the way to Farmer Brown's, he drove slowly. And the children jumped on and off the sled at any time they wished. It was fun.

The road followed the river all the way. But the river could not sing now. It was covered with ice.

They passed through thick woods. Many of the trees were cedar. They are evergreens. So they had not lost their leaves.

"Look there," said father, stopping the horse.

On one tree were many little birds. They looked black and gray. They were hopping about from twig to twig. They were calling, "Chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee."

"I know them," said Polly. "They are saying their own names over and over. They are getting their breakfast. Aren't they cold at night, father? Where do they sleep? I wish they would come to our house."

"I hope they sleep in some old hole, Polly. Then they can keep one another warm. Perhaps they rent part of a woodpecker's hole for the winter.

"We must put out some food for the birds to-morrow. Do not let me forget."

At last Mr. Brown's house was in sight. The farmer and his wife came to the door to meet them.

"Well, well," said Mr. Brown, "here are our little friends. Your cheeks are red. You look as if you had been running. Didn't your father give you a ride?"

"Oh, yes," said Polly. "But we have been running behind. We have been catching rides on his sled. He lets us.

"He lets us ride on the runners, too. He does not wish us to do it except on his sled."

"I hope that you mind him," said Mr. Brown.

"We do," said Polly.

"Shall we go out to the barn?" asked the farmer. "Where is Wag-wag? Didn't you bring him? He might have come."

"I didn't know he was invited," said Polly. "Yes, let's go to the barn. Let's see everything you have there. Have you any little lambs?"

"It is not quite time for little lambs yet. But you can see all the sheep. They look fatter than they did last summer. That is because their wool has grown longer. When we get back, it will be dinner time."

THE STAG

"There is one hen that goes up into the hay," said Farmer Brown. "I think she lays her eggs there. But I cannot find them."

"Let us go up into the hay to look for them," said Polly.

So the children hunted. The barn was not very cold. Still it was not so nice as in the summer time.

At last Polly nearly tumbled over something. It was the brown hen. She flew away with a loud cackle. Then Polly saw four eggs lying in the hay.

"I've found them, I've found them!" she shouted. She gave Peter two and took two herself. Then they went down to show Mr. Brown.

"You have sharp eyes," he said.

"I used to think I could see better if I had spectacles," said Polly. "I used to think that I should have four eyes then."

"I am going to feed the horses now," said Mr. Brown. "You may come."

While Mr. Brown did this, Peter and Polly looked carefully at each horse. They were hunting for one that they knew.

It was the old brown mare. They had ridden horseback on her last summer. That was when they went with John to hunt for the turtle's eggs.

"There she is, I think," said Polly.

"Are you looking for John's mare? Yes, that is the one," said Farmer Brown.

"You will not need her to ride any more. I hear you have a pony of your own."

Then the children told him about their pony. They told him about the Christmas tree.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Farmer Brown. "Who ever heard of a pony on a Christmas tree?"

"But think of a pony in a letter box," said Polly. And Farmer Brown laughed still more.

How warm the cow stable was! Polly said, "How can it be so warm? There is no stove."

"The cows themselves make it warm," said Mr. Brown. "See, here is one just the color of a deer. Isn't she pretty?"

"I guess the deer would be glad, if they had such a nice, warm house," said Polly.

"Yes, the winter is hard for them. It is cold, and food is not easy to find. There are two that sometimes come to our barnyard. I give them grain and hay and salt."

"I wish I could see a deer to-day," said Polly. "Let us go to the barnyard and look."

"We will feed the sheep now, Polly.

You can watch for one while I am doing that."

When the sheep were fed, it was dinner time. After dinner Mrs. Brown let the children play on the piazza.

All at once Peter said, "See the pretty cow coming down from the woods. Whose is she? Perhaps she is lost."

"Where, Peter?" asked Polly.

"Coming across the field. Now it is right there near the fence."

"Oh, oh!" cried Polly. "That isn't a cow. I think it is a deer. See its horns."

She called to Mr. Brown. Just as he came out of the house, the deer reached the fence. He walked quite close to it. Then he jumped over it.

"A pretty jump," said Mr. Brown. "The fence is more than four feet high. That is a fine stag. A stag is a father deer, you know."

The stag walked across the road. He jumped another high fence. Then he went off up the railroad track.

"Oh," said Polly, "I wish I could jump like that. He didn't run at all."

"It was a pretty sight," said Mr. Brown.

"I am sorry the old fellow did not stop for dinner. I am afraid he will have nothing better than bark and twigs, now."

"It wasn't a cow, was it?" asked Peter.

"Cows can't jump like that, Peter. Though perhaps one did. I have heard of a cow that jumped over the moon. Have you?"

"Yes, I have. But I know she didn't really. Oh, here is father. We will tell him about my pretty cow."

POLLY'S BIRD PARTY

"Do you remember something, father?" asked Polly.

"What is it, chick?"

"Something you told me not to forget, father."

"Let me think. What was it? Yes, I remember now. We were to put out some food for the birds. Is that it?"

"That is it. So, let us do it now."

"Very well," said father. "We will. But mother must help. She must give us bones."

"Bones!" said Polly. "Birds don't eat bones. But dogs do. If we put out bones, Wag-wag will get them."

"Wag-wag will not get these," said father. "I shall tie them up in the trees. Wag-wag has not learned to climb trees."

"I saw him trying one day," said Polly. "He was after a chipmunk. The chipmunk ran up a tree. Wag-wag put his fore paws

on the trunk. He stood up on his hind feet. He tried hard to get up that trunk. He barked and barked."

"What did the chipmunk do?" asked father.

"The chipmunk stopped on a branch over his head. He sat there and chattered. Grandmother said he was laughing.

"She told me he was saying, 'You can't come up, Wag-wag. You can't come up. You don't know how to climb. I am safe!'"

"Perhaps he was saying that," said father. "Now here are the bones."

"Oh, I see," said Polly. "They have meat and fat on them. That is for the birds. They need not try to eat bones."

"Yes, and here is grass seed. Some birds would rather have that. And here is cracked corn, too. It is for the larger birds."

He put the grass seed into small baskets. He did the same with the corn.

"Now we are ready," he said. "You help me carry these things out. I will come back for the stepladder."

Soon father had tied the bones to the

trees. He put them on the small branches. He tied them so that the birds could get at them easily. The birds could perch on the branches and peck at the meat.

He said, "I will not tie them to large branches. Some cat might walk out and catch our birds."

Then he fastened up the baskets. He fastened them tightly. They could not swing. The birds could perch upon the edge and eat the seeds and the corn.

"Now our party is ready," said father. "Do you suppose anything will come to it? We will keep food here the rest of the winter."

How Peter and Polly watched the food! It seemed as if the birds would never come. But at last they found it.

The very next morning Polly saw two birds eating there. She did not know what they were. She ran to tell mother.

"See our birds!" she cried. "We have two. What are they, oh, what are they?"

"You know them in the summer," said mother. "Then the father bird is yellow and black. You call them your canaries."

"But they have changed their clothes,"

said Polly. "They do not look the same. They are not so pretty."

"Many birds change their color," said mother. "Do you dress in the winter just as you do in the summer? How those birds like the seeds!"

"There, there!" cried Polly. "See that big bird. He is after the meat. I know him. He is a blue jay. Don't you frighten away my other birds, Mr. Blue Jay."

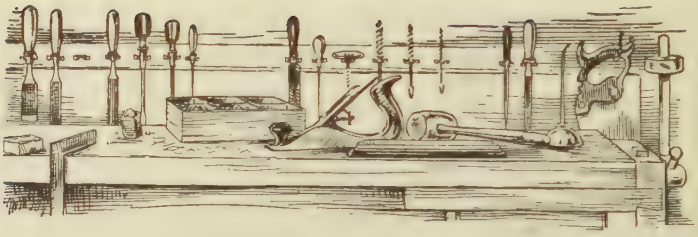
It was not long before many birds found the food. Day after day the chickadees feasted. A few crows came. Once a flock

of snowbirds stopped at the party. And there were many that Peter and Polly did not know.

One day Polly saw a bird that she liked very much. It was a robin. She was surprised and pleased.

"I did not know that robins were here in cold weather," she said to him. "I like you best of all. You make me think of spring. Peter likes winter best. But I like you and spring. Please come to see me every day."

And the robin did for nearly a month. Then he came no more. Perhaps he grew tired of waiting for spring. Perhaps he flew south to find it. Polly never knew.



THE NEW SLED

"I am going to begin to make something to-day," said father. "The stove is lighted. The workshop is warm. Who will be my helper?"

"I will," said Polly.

"I will," said Peter.

"Very well. You may both help. Come to the shop and guess what we are to make."

The workshop was in Mr. Howe's barn. In it was a large workbench. Tools hung on the walls. A box of tools was near the bench.

On the other side of the shop there was a very low workbench. It had two drawers. In the drawers were tools.

There were two small hammers. There were two small saws. There were two small screw drivers. There were two pots of glue. There were nails, tacks, and screws.

The big bench and the big tools were for Mr. Howe. The little bench and the little tools were for Peter and Polly.

It was not hard to guess what was to be made. Father had laid the pieces of wood together. Any one could tell what they would make.

"It's a sled like your low one," said Polly. "I think it must be for Brownie. It is too small for a big horse."

"That is just what it is, Polly. Grandmother wished to give you a sleigh. But this will be better. If you tip over, you will not fall far.

"I am glad to have you learn to use Brownie in the winter, too. The snow will make a soft cushion, if you fall off your sled."

The parts of the sled had been made for father. He needed only to put them together. This did not take very long.

"Now," said father, "the carpenters have finished their work. We must draw our sled to the blacksmith's shop."

"What for?" asked Peter.

"For the iron runners, my boy. They will make your sled slip easily. The black-

smith has been making them. He says that he will fit them on to-morrow."

So the three took the sled to the blacksmith. On the way Polly rode a little. Then Peter rode a little. Father was the horse.

Once he played that he was running away. He tumbled Polly off into the soft snow. The children thought this great fun.

At the blacksmith's shop they saw the runners. These did not quite fit the wooden runners. Polly felt sorry about this.

But the blacksmith said, "Never you mind, Polly. I can heat them at the forge. That will make them soft. Then I can bend them as I wish.

"You ought to know about this. Haven't you seen me shoe horses? Haven't you seen me make the shoes fit?"

"Yes," said Polly. "But, you see, I forgot about that."

The next afternoon the sled came home. The blacksmith's boy drew it. The iron runners were on. They fitted well.

"Now," said father, "we have another job to begin to-morrow. We must paint the sled. What color shall it be?"

The children talked about it a long time.

At last Polly said, "Peter likes red and I like red. May we paint it red, father?"

"Red is a good color," said father. "We will paint it red. See that your brushes are soft. You must help on the work, you know."

The next day the painting began. Each child had a part to do all alone. Of course, Peter got paint on his hands. And there were large, red spots on his clothes. But they were old, and no one cared.

The first coat of paint dried quickly in the warm room. Then another was put on, and the work was done.

Peter and Polly went to the workshop many times a day to look at the sled. They touched the paint with their fingers. Surely it must be dry.

At last father said, "The paint is hard now. The sled is ready for use. We will harness Brownie to it to-morrow."

BROWNIE

"Now may we harness Brownie?" asked Polly.

"Now you may," said father.

He drew out the new, red sled. He put on Brownie's little harness. He helped the children harness her to the sled.

They jumped in. Polly had the reins. She said, "Get up, Brownie," and Brownie walked out of the yard.

"First, we will show grandmother," said Polly. "Brownie is grandmother's present. She must see us driving her."

They stopped in front of grandmother's house. Peter went in to call her to the door. Polly held Brownie.

"Well, well," said grandmother, "that is

nice. What a pretty sled you have. I like the color."

"We helped to make it," said Polly. "We wished you to see us first. We are going to show the children now. Hear our pretty sleigh bells. Good-by."

Down the hill Brownie trotted. Her bells jingled softly. She went across the railroad track and into the bridge.

Some of the village children were looking over the railing. They were watching men cutting ice.

When they saw Peter and Polly, they cried, "Here comes the pony! See Peter and Polly! Look at the red sled! Give us a ride! Oh, give us a ride!"

"Yes, we will," said Polly. "Come up on the street, where it is smooth. Two of you get in with us. We will take two more by and by."

Polly could drive quite well. She had often driven father's horse, when father took her with him. She let each child hold Brownie's reins.

"Let more ride at once," said one of the girls. "There is room in the sled."

"No," said Polly. "The pony is strong,

but she is little. I will not let her drag more than four. And two are enough, going up-hill."

So they trotted up and down the street. Sometimes the boys and girls who were not

riding ran by Brownie's side. Brownie seemed to enjoy the fun as much as any of them.

At last it was time to go home. The children all patted the pony. This was to thank her for the good time she had given them. Then Peter and Polly drove away, up the hill.

Mother came out of the house. She said, "Do you think you can do an errand for me? Can you drive to the creamery? I wish some buttermilk. Here is a pail for it."

"What fun," said Polly. "Yes, of course, we can do that. You hold the pail, Peter."

Down the hill they trotted again. At the creamery, Polly took the pail. She went inside.

She said, "Have you some buttermilk for me?"

"Plenty," said the creamery man. "Just hold your pail under the faucet."

"See our new pony," said Polly. "See our new sled."

"Are you driving your pony? I saw her the day she came. She is a fine pony. If you tip over going home, come back for more buttermilk."

"Thank you," said Polly. "We have not tipped over yet."

"There always has to be a first time," said the man.

Going up the hill, Polly said, "We are nearly home. Perhaps we shall not tip over to-day. Why does every one think that we shall?"

But, as they turned into their driveway, Polly pulled the wrong rein. Brownie stepped to the side of the road. One of the sled runners struck a bank of snow.

Over went sled, children, and buttermilk. Brownie stopped and looked around. Polly was standing on her head in the soft snow. Peter was covered with buttermilk. No one was hurt.

Polly scrambled up. She pulled Peter to his feet. She said, "Don't cry, Peter. Buttermilk will not hurt you. You like it."

"Yes, I do," said Peter. "But that is inside, not outside. How would you like it down your neck?"

"Well," said Polly, "you get into the sled again. We must go back for more buttermilk. You may drive all the way. Perhaps you won't tip us over."

DISH-PAN SLEDS

"Peter and Polly," said mother, "should you like to play a new game?"

"Oh, yes, oh, yes! Tell us fast!" cried both children.

"I cannot tell you," said mother. "But I will show you. Get ready to go out of doors. Here comes Tim. That is good. He may play, too."

"How many can be in this game, mother?"

"Ever so many, Polly. Please take this dish pan. Peter, carry this pan. Tim, here is one for you. Now follow me."

Mrs. Howe went through the open gate into the hayfield. A hard crust was on the top of the snow.

"See, children," she said, "what a fine crust. It holds me up. It is just right for sliding. By and by the sun will make it soft."

"I wish we had our sleds," said Peter. "Let's go back for them."

"You have them with you," said mother. "That is the game."

"I don't see any game," said Peter. "And I don't see any sleds."

"Then I will show you, my son. Bring your big pan here. Put it down on the edge of the hill. Now sit in it. Hold on to the handles. Keep your feet up. You need not steer. You can't run into anything here. Now go."

Mother gave Peter a push. Away he went on the icy crust.

"Mother, mother!" cried Polly, jumping up and down. "Look at Peter, look! I want to go! I want to go!"

"In a minute," said mother. "Watch Peter, first."

Peter's dish-pan sled was not like a real sled. It did not go straight. It turned around and around. First Peter slid backward, then sideways. At last he reached the bottom.

He stood up and looked around. Then he laughed.

"Did you like it, Peter?" called mother.

"I did! I did!" cried Peter. "It felt just like sliding and rolling down hill at the same time. I am going to play this game all the morning. Let's all go now."

"Very well," said mother. "If you bump into one another, it won't hurt you. Get ready."

So the children, in their dish-pan sleds,

started down the hill. Polly bumped into Tim. This made him spin around and around. Polly went the rest of the way backward. Near the bottom she fell out.

Just then Wag-wag came running up the field. He was dragging Peter's sled behind him.

He had heard the children and was coming to find them. Perhaps he thought they had forgotten Peter's sled.

"Oh, look, look!" said Polly. "Wag-wag has a sled, too. Let's give him a slide. Come here, Wag-wag. Come here, sir."

But Wag-wag would not come. Instead, he ran up the hill past Mrs. Howe. The children picked up their dish pans and chased him.

"Never mind," said mother. "When he is tired of playing with the sled, he may bring it back. Or you can go after it.

"Now good-by. Slide until the crust is soft. Then come in. Do you like the new game, children?"

"Oh, we do, we do!" they all cried.

"And we like our new sleds, mother. We are going to name them," said Polly.

"I am going to tell my mother not to

wash dishes any more. I am going to tell her to give me her dish pan," said Tim.

The children slid for a long time. At last the crust began to be soft. They sank in a little at every step.

"I shall slide once more," Polly said. "Then I shall go home."

"I shall get my sled first," said Peter. "I wish Wag-wag had not left it so far away."

Peter started across the field. Before long, he came to a place where the snow was very soft. He sank into it as far as his legs could go. He could not get to the sled. So he went home feeling quite cross.

Tim's father was in the yard. He had come for Tim. Collie was with him.

Peter said, "Wag-wag is a bad dog. He left my sled out in the field. The snow is soft. I cannot get to it."

Tim said, "My father will send Collie after your sled, Peter. Won't you, father?"

"Oh, will you?" asked Peter. "I shall want to slide in the road after dinner. Dish pans are not good in the road. So I need my sled."

"Why, yes," said Tim's father. "Collie

can get it. He will not break through the crust as you do."

He showed Tim's sled to Collie. He put the rope into Collie's mouth. He pointed to the end of the big field. Then he said, "Collie, go bring the sled."

Collie was a wise dog. He understood many things that were said to him. He knew what his master wished him to do now.

He went running over the snow. He found the sled and drew it home.

"Good old Collie," said his master, patting him.

"There," said Tim, "I told you Collie is smarter than Wag-wag. He is, too."

"Maybe he isn't," said Peter. "Maybe Wag-wag was smart to leave my sled there. But anyway I like Collie because he got it for me."

CAT AND COPY-CAT

One winter day grandmother had been visiting Mrs. Brown. In the afternoon she started for home. The sun was warm. The snow was packed hard in the road. The walking was good.

Grandmother liked the cold, crisp air. She liked the blue sky, and the hills and fields all white with snow. She liked to hear the chickadees, calling among the trees.

She was halfway home, when she heard a noise behind her. It was, "Meow, meow."

"That sounds like a cat," said grandmother to herself. "But, of course, it is not. No cat would be in these woods in winter."

"Meow, meow," came the sound again.

This time grandmother looked around. What do you think she saw? There, in the road behind her, were two black and white kittens. They were trotting along side by side. They looked just alike.

Grandmother stopped and called, "Kitty, kitty, kitty! Come here, you pretty kitties. Where did you come from? Are you following me?"

As soon as grandmother stopped, the kittens, too, stopped. She went back toward them. When she did this, the kittens turned and ran away. They did not wish to be caught.

Grandmother called to them again. She tried in every way to get near them. But she could not.

At last she said, "Poor kittens! You do not know that I am your friend. I do not like to leave you here in the cold. But I cannot stay any longer. I must go home."

So she walked on up the road. When the kittens saw this, they started after her. She looked back and saw them following. Side by side they came, their little pointed tails straight up.

"Well, I never!" said grandmother to herself. "Now, do you suppose they will follow me home?"

She kept looking back to see. Every time she looked, the kittens were coming. But, if she stopped, they stopped.

Through the village they went. They did not seem afraid. There were no people about. Not a dog was to be seen.

At last they reached grandmother's house.

"Now," said grandmother, "you have followed me to my door. Are you looking for a new home? Did you pick me out to be your mistress? If you really wish to live with me, you may. We shall see."

She unlocked the door and went in. She left the door open. And after her went the two black and white kittens. They ran under the stove at once. Then grandmother shut the door.

In a short time she gave them some warm milk. When they had finished it, they took a walk around the room.

One found grandmother's workbasket Then he felt sure that he should like his new home. He began to play with the spools.

His brother saw him. He thought he should like a game, too. So he rolled some of the spools out on the floor. But grandmother put the basket away before they did much harm.

Just then the telephone bell rang. The kittens both looked around. One jumped

upon the table. From there he jumped to the telephone box.

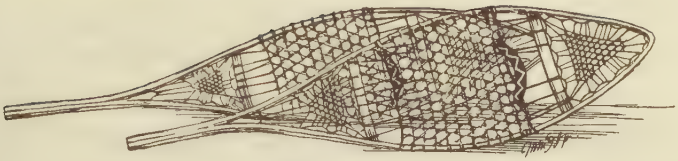
He put his paw on the bell, which kept ringing. Perhaps he thought it would play with him. Perhaps he did not like the noise.

Then one jumped up into grandmother's lap. She patted it; and soon the other came, too.

"You funny kittens," said grandmother. "You are almost alike. You, sir, have a black spot on this leg. You have not. If you are to be my kittens, I must name you.

"You are so nearly alike, I shall call you Cat and Copy-cat. And, if you are good, you shall always live with me.

"Now I will telephone to Peter and Polly about you."



POLLY'S SNOWSHOES

"Peter, I've thought of something. Let's make some snowshoes."

"How do you do it, Polly?"

"I think I know. I saw a pair this morning. They were made of barrel staves. They are not real snowshoes, of course."

"Of course not," said Peter. "Father's snowshoes are not made of barrel staves. Let's go to look at his. Let's make some like them."

"We can't, Peter. But we can make the other kind. Let's see if there is a broken barrel. Then we'll ask mother if we may have four staves."

"My flour barrel is just empty," said mother. "We will roll it outside. I will knock it to pieces. Then you may have your four staves. Please clean them out of doors. If you do not, you will get flour all over the workshop."

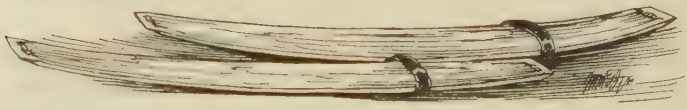
When the children took the staves into the workshop, Peter said, "What next?"

"We want four strips of leather next. They are for straps. We will tack one strap on each stave. They will go across the staves. We will tack them at the sides. They must be loose. We shall put our toes under them."

"How will our snowshoes stay on?" asked Peter.

"I'll show you by and by. I must ask mother to cut this leather for me."

When the leather was cut, Polly tacked on the straps. The snowshoes now looked like this:



"I wish to put mine on," said Peter.

So he stuck his toes under the leather straps. He scuffed over the floor. Then he tried to go backward. But he only pulled his feet out of the leather straps.

"They will not stay on. I knew they would not," he said. "I do not like them very well."

"I'm fixing mine so that they will stay on," said Polly. "I will fix yours, too."

To each end of the leather straps Polly had tied a piece of soft rope. Her snowshoes now looked like this:

"Put your toes under the straps, Peter. I will wind the ropes back of your heels. Now they go around your ankles and tie in front. See if the snowshoes will come off now."

Peter scuffed around the room again. The snowshoes held fast. They worked very well when he scuffed. But, if he tried to step, the backs flew up and hit him.

"Father's don't do that," said Peter.

"I know it," said Polly. "There are holes in father's. His toes go down through those holes. You haven't any holes. So your toes push the front of your snowshoes down. Then the backs fly up and hit you. You must scuff, not walk."

"I will," said Peter. "Let's go out of

doors and try them. They are good snowshoes now."

So out the children went. There was a little crust. The children walked on it. Their snowshoes held them up.

They called to mother. She must see them. Mother looked through the window. She clapped her hands.

All went well for a few steps. Then the toe of Polly's snowshoe caught. It cut into the crust.

This pulled Polly forward. She fell on her face. Her arms stuck down into the

snow. The points of her snowshoes stuck down into the snow, too. At first Polly could not get up.

Then she rolled over on her side. She was almost on her feet again, when Wag-wag dashed up.

He had seen Polly rolling in the snow. He thought it was a game. He wished to play, too.

He took the end of one snowshoe in his teeth. He pulled and pulled. He shook the snowshoe. Then he jumped around Polly and on her.

Polly was laughing so that she could not scold him. She could only say, "Oh, don't, Wag-wag! Don't!"

Mother and Peter were laughing. And perhaps Wag-wag was laughing, too.

At last he stopped playing. Mother came out of the house. She threw a broom to Polly. Polly helped herself up with this.

She said, "These are good snowshoes. They are best when I am on them. They are not so good when I am down. But I think that I can do better than that next time."

THE WOODS IN WINTER

"We are going on a picnic to-day, chicks," said Mr. Howe.

"A picnic, father! I thought picnics were in summer."

"So they are, Polly. But why not have a winter picnic, too? I am going into the woods. You may come, if you wish."

"But at picnics we have things to eat. We eat out of doors."

"We shall have things to eat to-day. And we shall eat out of doors, too."

"But, father, we shall be cold!"

"What keeps us warm in the house in winter, Polly?"

"A fire," said Polly. "Oh, now I know, now I know! You will build a fire in the woods. Once you promised me that you would. Goody, goody, goody, goody!" And Polly jumped up and down for joy.

"What shall we eat?" asked Peter. "Just bread and butter?"

"Oh, no," said father. "We shall have bread and butter, of course. But we shall have other things, too. We will cook our dinner."

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried both children.

"Are you glad? I thought you would like it. Now help me get ready. Please get my knapsack, Polly."

In the kitchen, mother was busy spreading bread. She wrapped paper around the slices. She put coffee into a small, cheesecloth bag. She filled a flat bottle with milk.

Father took six eggs. He rolled them up in paper. He put a jar of bacon into his knapsack. Then the bread, coffee, and eggs were fitted in. The bottle of milk went into his pocket.

"We will take my camp dishes," he said. "I will fasten my hatchet to my belt. Get on your things, and we are ready."

"Let's play that we are Indians," said Polly. "Where are we going, father?"

"Up the wood road on the hill. I must see if all our wood has been cut. We need a little for our furnace, a little for our stove, and a great deal for our fireplaces.

"Let's all keep our eyes wide open today. We may see interesting things."

"I think that cooking our dinner will be interesting, father. I almost wish it were dinner time now."

"We will build our fire where our trees have been cut. There we shall find plenty of firewood," said father.

"See those tracks in the snow, children. A rabbit has been here. Yes, this hollow is where he lies. The snow is packed hard. It is a little dirty, too. Perhaps he is near by, watching us."

"Poor rabbit," said Polly. "What a cold bed. The Eskimos have snow beds. But they have fur rugs to cover the snow."

"The rabbit has one between him and the

snow, too. Only his rug is on his back. It keeps him warm," said father.

"Look, look!" cried Polly. "Over there by those trees!"

"That's surely a rabbit, Polly. See him jump along. He is nearly as white as the snow. He did not wait for us to call, did he?"

"What big jumps," said Polly. "I think he could beat Wag-wag."

"I am sure that he could, Polly. His hind legs are very long. They are made for jumping. He can take twice as big jumps as he is taking now. But he will not, unless we frighten him."

"Why doesn't he go into a hole in the winter? Why doesn't he sleep until spring comes? The woodchuck does. Why doesn't he?" asked Polly.

"He is not made so that he can. Some animals store up fat on themselves. In the winter they go to sleep.

"Then they seem to live on that fat. For, in the spring, they are always thin and hungry looking.

"You couldn't do that, you know. And the rabbit cannot do it. What are those birds, Peter?"

"Chickadees," said Peter. "I always know them. They cannot fool me. They never say anything but 'chick-a-dee.'"

"Oh, yes, they do, my son. Listen! What is that? There it is again."

"Some one is whistling," said Polly. "Isn't it a pretty whistle?"

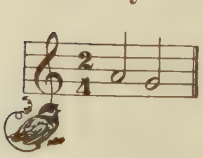
"It is just two notes," said father. "Aren't they sweet and clear?"

"It is quite near. But I cannot see any one. Are you doing it, father?" asked Polly. "Why, now I can hear three people."

"Look above you, Polly. You will see who is whistling."

Polly looked. There on a limb of a tree was a chickadee. He was singing those two notes. In the next tree another was singing two other notes.

"So you see, Peter, that they do say something besides 'chick-a-dee.' These two notes are their song. The other is just their talk. Perhaps you can learn to whistle those notes.



"Here is the place where our wood has been cut. Let us look at it."

THE WINTER PICNIC

"Yes," said father, "we shall have plenty of wood. See, this wood with rough bark is maple. This, with smooth bark and lighter spots, is beech. We will not use it in our fireplaces. It might snap sparks out on the floor.

"And here is some beautiful white birch. This is for our fireplaces. Here is yellow birch, too. Yes, there is plenty for next winter."

"If we were really Indians, we could make canoes out of the white birch bark," said Polly.

"Isn't it nice here? The trees are thick all about us. How still it is!"

"It is still in the woods in winter," said father. "I always like it."

"I think it is too bad to cut the trees down, father. Will they grow again?"

"See, Polly," said father. "We have

cut down only the largest trees. They were as large as they would ever be. Now the smaller ones will have a better chance to grow.

"I would not cut them all down, unless I planted more. It would not be good for my land to do that.

"This is the spot for our fire. Let us make it now."

He found a place, near a log, where the snow was not deep. He cleared most of it away. There he built the fire. He used pieces of birch bark instead of paper. Small twigs made very good kindling wood.

Peter and Polly pulled birch bark from the logs. They broke up the dry twigs.

With his hatchet, father cut sticks of wood. He laid some of these on the fire. He stuck his kettle irons down into the snow. They looked like this:

Then he lighted the fire.

He filled the coffeepot with snow. He hung it on the hook of the kettle irons. It was quite near the blaze. When the snow had melted, more was put in.

Father said, "It takes much snow to

make a coffeepot full of water. When the water boils, we will put in the bag of coffee."

Polly had taken out the camp dishes. She said, "We must have three plates, three cups, three knives and forks and spoons. I will

put them on this log. I will put the bread and butter on the log, too."

Father had cut a straight stick. It looked like a cane. He took out the frying pan.

"This stick is my handle," said he. "See where it fits in. Now I shall not need to stand too near the fire. Frying would be hot work, if I had not a long handle. Give me the bacon, Peter."

Soon the bacon was cooking nicely. How good it smelled! Then the eggs were dropped into the pan.

When they were fried, father said, "Dinner is ready. Bring your cups. You are to have a little coffee. It will be mostly milk."

This was a great treat. Peter and Polly did not drink coffee at home. Then father gave them their bacon and eggs.

"Why," said father, "I forgot the sugar for our coffee."

"Mother did not," said Polly. "I saw her put it in, and here it is."

How good everything tasted! They sat on the log near the fire to eat. So they were quite warm.

"This is the best dinner I ever had,"

said Polly. "Who taught you to cook, father? I forgot all about playing Indians, I have been so busy."

When dinner was over, father picked up the dishes. He wiped them with paper napkins. He put them into their case. Mother would wash them at home.

The fire burned low. He threw some snow on it. This made it safe to leave.

"Now I will show you some tracks," said he. "They were made by the white-footed mouse. See how small they are. That line in the snow is where he dragged his tail.

"He must have gone up into this tree. But I cannot see him anywhere. Perhaps he lives in that old nest up there. He may have watched us eat our dinner."

"Good-by, Mr. White-foot," called Polly. "We are sorry not to see you. We are going home now."

Down the hill through the quiet woods they went. Polly had the big knapsack over her shoulder. It was quite empty now, and not at all heavy. Peter ran ahead.

At the door, Polly said, "Thank you, father, for our good time. It is the best picnic that I ever had."

THE SEWING LESSON

"Mother," said Polly one day, "I wish I could sew something real. I am tired of my patchwork. I wish I could make a dress for my doll. She needs a new dress."

"Then you shall try it, Polly. Go to the drawer in the sewing table. You will find a pattern at the back of the drawer. It is for you."

"O mother!" said Polly. "How did you think of it?"

"I knew you would need it soon. Here is the cloth for the dress."

She gave Polly some pretty blue cloth. She said, "Spread it out on the table. Pin the pattern smoothly to the cloth. Be sure to pin it straight. Now cut around the edge."

Polly worked very carefully. At last she said, "See, mother, this is what I have left. There was too much."

Just then Peter came into the room. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"I am cutting out a doll's dress. See my pattern. See my pretty cloth."

"What is this piece for?" asked Peter.

"Nothing," said Polly. "That is left over. I do not need it at all."

"I wish I could have it," said Peter. "I wish I could sew something, too."

"You may have it," said mother. "You may sew something. What do you wish to sew?"

"Let me see, mother. I think I will make me some clothes."

"There is not quite cloth enough for that, Peter. Besides, it would be hard to do. Why not make a bean bag?"

"That would be good," said Peter. "Where are the beans?"

"You shall have them when the bag is finished," said mother.

"But I must have them now. I must sew around them, mustn't I?"

"No, dear. This is the way we do it. First we cut it right. Then we turn the edges. Then we baste them together.

"Here is a little thimble. Here is a large

needle. Begin at this corner. Make your stitches as small as you can.

"If they are too far apart, your beans will fall out, by and by. How are you getting on, Polly?"

"I have some of the pieces basted together. May I stop basting and sew a little?"

"If you like. Aren't you glad now that you can sew over and over so nicely?"

Peter and Polly did not finish their work that day. But at last the bean bag was done. Then Peter took it to Tim's house. He wished to show Tim what he had made.

At last the dress, too, was finished. How pleased Polly was! She put it on her doll at once.

She said, "Now I will take her calling. I will show her to the other children. They will all wish to make dresses."

"If they do, we will cut the patterns for them," said mother. "Perhaps we can have a little sewing school. I will be the teacher, and you may be my helper. Should you like that?"

"Oh, I should, I should, mother. You do think of nice things. I will go this minute and tell the other girls."

FISHING THROUGH THE ICE

"I wish I could go fishing," said Peter.

"You'll have to wait until summer," said Polly.

"Then I wish it were summer now."

"Why, Peter Howe! When it was summer, you wished for winter. Now it is winter, you would like it to be summer."

"Yes," said Peter. "You see, when I wished for winter, I forgot all about fishing. Anyway it will be summer soon."

"Not very soon," said Polly. "Will it, mother?"

"I will take you fishing," said father.

"How can you?" cried Peter. "Can you make it summer?"

"No, but I can take you fishing just the

same. Get ready and we will go. Polly may come, too, if she likes."

"Oh, oh, oh!" shouted Peter. "Where is my fish pole, mother?"

"You will not need it, Peter," said father. "We shall need just our lines, hooks, sinkers, and bait.

"Put an extra pair of mittens in your pocket. You might take the red ones that the snow man liked so well."

They walked up the road. By and by they came to a bridge. At one end they climbed down to the river.

Here they found a path. It took them on to the river. At the end of the path the snow was trodden down. Peter saw two holes in the ice.

"Father," he said, "see those holes. Who made them?"

"The blacksmith and his boy chopped them yesterday. Then they fished through them. You see now why the blacksmith did not shoe Brownie yesterday.

"He knew you would be sorry about that. So he told me to bring you fishing."

"I'd rather do this than anything else," said Peter. "I will thank him for his holes."

"You will not like to do it long," said father. "It is a cold day."

He baited Polly's hook and Peter's hook. He showed them how far into the water to put their lines.

Then he said, "While you are fishing, I will build a little fire. There are plenty of small pieces of wood by the bank. You may warm your fingers at my fire. Perhaps the fish will not bite to-day."

"Did the blacksmith catch any?" asked Polly. "Oh, yes," said father.

"Maybe he caught them all," said Polly. "I haven't had a bite yet. I am getting cold standing here."

"Then come and warm your fingers at my fire," said father.

Just then Peter said, "I feel something!" And he began to pull up his line.

As soon as he pulled, Polly cried, "Oh, I feel something, too. It's a bite, a bite!" And she began to pull up her line.

All at once they both stopped pulling.

"I'm caught," said Polly.

"I'm caught," said Peter. "It won't come any farther. But it jerks. Maybe it isn't caught. Maybe it's a big fish."

Father began to laugh. "I think your big fish is Polly," he said. "Let me see."

He took Peter's line. He told Polly to let hers out slowly. Then he pulled. Surely enough, Peter's hook came up through his hole. Polly's hook came up, too.

Peter and Polly had caught each other! How they laughed at this!

Peter said, "I shall carry my big fish

home to mother. She will like it. But she will not cook it. Let us go now to tell her."

"Very well," said father. "Roll up your line. Then warm your hands before we start."

Polly had dropped her hook back into the water. All in a minute she felt a good bite.

"Oh, I have one, I have one!" she cried.

"Pull in!" said father.

Polly pulled. Up through the hole came a beautiful big trout.

"Well, well, well!" said father. "Isn't that a beauty? I wonder how it happened to bite our pork. We must throw it back. It's too bad."

"O father, my fish!" cried Polly. "Why did you? Wasn't it a good fish?"

"Indeed it was, Polly. But back it had to go. We can't keep trout in the winter."

"Then let's go home now," said Polly. "I might catch more. And I should not like to throw them back."

"I'm all ready," said Peter. "I think we have had a good time. You caught a big fish and I caught a big fish and we can't eat either of them."

MAKING MOLASSES CANDY

It was a wet, rainy day. Peter and Polly had been out in the rain. It did not hurt them.

They had on rubber boots, rubber coats, and rubber caps. Peter's rubber coat was yellow. Polly's was black. They played that they were firemen.

In the afternoon, mother wished them to stay in the house.

She said, "The rain makes the snow wet. It is not nice to play in. We will have a candy party. We will make molasses candy. You may each pull some."

"I should rather do that than play out of doors," said Polly.

"So should I," said Peter.

"Very well, children. Put on your aprons. Now, Polly, get the molasses jug."

Mother measured out the molasses. Then she put it on the stove to boil. Soon she

measured out some white sugar. She poured it into the molasses.

"Peter, you may carry away the sugar. That is the way you helped grandmother, you know."

"Now let me stir," said Polly.

"Oh, no," said mother. "We do not stir this candy. I thought you knew better than that."

Soon the molasses boiled. The children liked to watch it. They liked the good smell.

Peter said, "See it bubble up just like our spring."

"It is the steam, trying to get out, that makes the bubbles," said mother. "You know that steam is strong. You have seen it lift the lid of the teakettle.

"Now let us try the candy. Bring a cup, Polly. Bring a cup, Peter. Fill them half full of cold water."

Mother dipped a spoon into the boiling candy. She poured part of the spoonful into Polly's cup, and the rest into Peter's cup.

"Let it stand a minute. Then we will see if the candy is hard enough to pull. After that you may eat it."

This was just what the children wished to do. They were glad because mother had to try the candy again.

At last, it was poured into cake tins. It was set out of doors to cool. There was a big tin for mother, a little tin for Polly, and a little tin for Peter.

Peter and Polly could hardly wait for the candy to cool. They were in such a hurry to begin pulling it. Polly stuck her finger into hers before it was ready. It almost burned her.

A few minutes after this, mother said, "Yours is cool enough now. Mine is not. Wash your hands again. Then you may begin."

What a sticky time there was!

Polly pulled her piece over and over quite well. Soon it began to grow light colored. When it stuck to her hands, she ran out of doors. This cooled the candy.

But Peter could not pull so fast. His piece stuck to both hands. It got between his fingers. Mother scraped it off and he began again.

At last, he dropped part of it on the floor. Mother said, "Let it alone, Peter. I will scrape it up. It is not good to put with yours now."

Peter said, "I guess I do not like to pull candy. I am going to make fly paper of mine. It is sticky enough."

"Yes," said mother. "It is sticky. But you are doing very well."

"Mine is ready to cut up, I think," said Polly.

She laid it on the clean kitchen table. She pulled it out into a long, thin strip. Then she took a pair of clean scissors. She cut the strip into short pieces.

"That is just the way," said mother. "Put it on the buttered plate. You are a good candy maker. Grandmother must

have some of this. O Peter! What are you doing?"

Poor Peter had somehow got his hand stuck to his hair.

"I am just trying to get my hand away," said Peter. "But it is stuck."

"I should think it is," said mother. "You must sit quite still until I get my candy ready to cut. Then I will help you."

"O Peter! How funny you look!" laughed Polly. And indeed he did look funny, with his hand held close to his hair.

"But I don't feel funny, Polly. You stop laughing at me."

Mother gently pulled his hair away from the candy. Then she scraped his hands.

"Please save my candy, mother," said Peter.

"I cannot, Peter. It is not clean now."

And Polly said, "You may have mine, Peter. I am sorry I laughed."

Then mother washed Peter's hands. "I must wash your hair, too," she said. "But never mind. It needed washing. You have had fun with your candy, haven't you?"

Peter answered, "Yes, I have, mother. But please do not make it so sticky next time."

GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

"Here is grandmother. Light the fire, Peter. Light the fire, Polly."

Peter and Polly each took a match. Peter lighted the open fire at the left. Polly lighted it at the right side.

Soon the kindling wood began to crackle. Then the flames leaped high in the fireplace.

Grandmother had come over to supper. She was to spend the evening. It was her birthday. Peter and Polly were to stay up later because of this.

The Story Lady was coming to supper, too. Perhaps, just perhaps, she would tell them a story. She knew stories about everything.

"Here she is now," cried Polly. And the Story Lady walked in at the door with grandmother.

Soon supper was ready. Polly had helped mother set the table. She thought that it looked very pretty.

Grandmother's birthday cake was in the center. On it were a dozen small, colored candles. Polly had helped to put them there.

When mother had shown her the candles, she had said, "Why, mother, grandmother is more than twelve years old.

"She must have a candle for every year. That is what I have."

"I know you do, Polly," mother had said. "But grandmother is sixty years old. We cannot put sixty candles on this cake. It is not large enough.

"So we will count the fives in sixty. Then we will use one for every five years. That makes just twelve."

"Yes," Polly had answered, "I have learned that. Twelve fives make sixty. It is a good way to do. I shall do it when I am sixty years old."

Now the cake was on the table. Just

before it was time to cut it, father lighted the candles.

They all watched them burn for a few minutes. The melted wax ran down the sides. They grew shorter and shorter.

"See Nan Etticoat," said Polly. "The longer she stands, the shorter she grows. Do you know that story, grandmother?"

"My grandmother taught me to say Nan Etticoat," said grandmother. "That was

many years ago. She told me about making candles, too.

"When she was a little girl, there were no electric lights. There were no gas lights. There were no lamps. Every one used candles.

"Not such pretty, colored ones as these. They were larger and quite rough. How should you like to make them, Polly?"

"Oh, I should like to," said Polly. "May we?"

"Perhaps not," said grandmother. "We do not need to do so. We have other lights.

"But in those old days, people made their own candles. They called it 'dipping candles.' It was a hard task.

"I am sure that they did not light many at once. I am sure that my grandmother did not have candles on her birthday cakes.

"Now, my son, the wax is dripping on the frosting. The candles are nearly burned. If you will put them out, I will cut my birthday cake."

Mr. Howe pinched the lighted ends in his fingers. He did this very quickly.

"Don't they burn your fingers, father?" asked Polly.

"No, indeed, Polly. I do not give them time to burn me. This is better than to blow them out. Then there is smoke. But children must not do it this way."

Grandmother took the knife and cut the cake. She cut it as a pie is cut. Each one had a very fat piece.

"Now we shall see if this cake is as good as it looks," said grandmother. "I am sure that it is, for your mother is a good cook, Polly."

But Polly was not listening. She was looking at something that she had found in her cake.

She poked it with her fork. Then she took it up in her fingers.

"Why, mother," she said, "what a queer thing there is in my cake. How did it get there?"

Just then Peter said, "There is a lump in my piece, too. It is something hard."

Father said, "Clean the cake from your lumps and see what they are. Why, I have a lump myself."

"And so have I," said the Story Lady.

"And so have I," said mother.

"Then," said grandmother, "I am the only one who has no lump. How did you let these lumps fall into your cake, daughter? Can I ever again call you a good cook?" And she laughed at Mrs. Howe.

Just then her fork struck something.

"Dear me!" cried grandmother. "A lump in my piece, too! Now I think they must have been put in the cake on purpose."

"Oh, see, see, grandmother! See what mine is!" And Polly held up a little, white china pig.

"Look at mine!" shouted Peter. He had scraped the cake from his lump. In his hand was a small, white china monkey.

"What is yours, Story Lady? And yours, mother? And yours, father?" asked Polly.

"Mine is a cat," said the Story Lady.

"And here is a kitten to go with her," said mother.

"And here is a naughty dog, to chase your cat and kitten," said father. "Let's put them in a row on the table. Then we can all see them."

"But where is your lump, grandmother?" asked Polly.

Grandmother held out her hand. On it, there lay a beautiful, gold thimble.

"Oh! Oh! Isn't it pretty!" cried Polly. "Who gave it to you?"

"Indeed it is, Polly. I think I know who gave it to me. It was you, my daughter. You knew that I had lost mine.

"I thank you for this. And I thank you for another happy birthday party. Perhaps you may put lumps in your cakes, just on birthdays."

"I will not do it at other times," said mother. "Now let us all go into the other room and sit before the open fire."

"When our bedtime comes we need not go, need we, mother?" asked Polly.

"Not to-night, Polly. You and Peter may sit up a while," said mother.

AROUND THE OPEN FIRE

The open fire was blazing well. "Let me draw the chairs about it," said father. "Then we can all enjoy it."

"We do not need chairs, father," said Polly. "Peter and I will sit on the floor. I will sit next to grandmother."

"I will sit next to mother," said Peter.

"When I was little," said grandmother, "I liked to sit on the floor. I thought it quite soft enough. Now that I am older, I like chairs better."

"If you sit in a chair, it is never in the right place," said Polly. "A floor is always in the right place. It is a big seat, too."

"What a good fireplace this is," said the

Story Lady. "It is so large that you can put real logs into it. And it never smokes."

"Just think of long ago, when there were no stoves," said grandmother. "How would it seem now to heat our houses with open fires?"

"Why weren't there any stoves, grandmother? And where were the furnaces?"

"People did not know how to make stoves and furnaces, Peter. They had very large fireplaces, instead. My grandmother told me about them."

"What beautiful white birch logs," said the Story Lady. "They make such a good fire."

"They came from our woods," said Peter. "We were up there one day. We went to see next winter's wood. There is plenty. Some is already cut and piled."

"At first, I did not like to see the pretty trees cut down," said Polly. "But father told me that it is sometimes best."

"So it is, Polly," said the Story Lady. "We need the wood to keep us warm, and for many other things, too. What are some of them?"

"Carts, sleds, telephone poles!" shouted Peter.

"Houses, barns, bridges!" shouted Polly.

"Yes, indeed, children, for all those and more. So we must cut down some of the trees. But we must take care that others grow in their places.

"Thousands of years ago, people believed strange things about trees. They believed that in some lived beings called dryads.

"These dryads were like lovely maidens. A maiden is a girl, you know. They could come out of their trees. But still they were a part of the tree.

"If a tree was cut down, the lovely dryad who lived in it died. So, in those days, most people did not wish to cut down trees. They were afraid of hurting the dryads.

"When trees grew old and fell, the dryads died, too. Sometimes kind people propped up old trees. Then the dryads could live a little longer."

"Oh, I wish I could see one," said Polly. "What did they wear?"

"No one knows exactly, Polly, because no one ever saw a dryad. It is one of those stories that have come to us from thousands of years ago.

"Most of the stories are not true. We call them myths. And we like them very much."

"Are myths as good as 'Once upon a time' stories?" asked Peter.

"Yes, indeed, Peter. Get your mother to tell you some, and see."

"Now I shall think of this story, when I see our fire burning a dryad's house," said Polly.

"I shall play that there are dryads in our trees, too. Perhaps, if I play hard enough, one will really be there.

"When spring comes, I shall go to the woods often. I know where there is a hollow tree. That will make a good dryad's house."

"Spring is coming soon," said mother. "The cold winter is nearly over. But, first of all, bedtime is coming. It has nearly come, now. Say good night, Peter and Polly. Then off with you."

So Peter and Polly said good night and went upstairs to bed. Perhaps they dreamed of dryads. Perhaps they dreamed of spring-time. Perhaps they slept soundly and did not dream at all.

STORIES OF AMERICAN DISCOVERERS

FOR

LITTLE AMERICANS

BY

ROSE LUCIA

PRINCIPAL OF THE PRIMARY SCHOOLS
MONTPELIER, VERMONT

"I have but opened the gate for others to enter"
— COLUMBUS

NEW YORK ·:· CINCINNATI ·:· CHICAGO
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

AMERICAN DISCOVERERS.

E. P. 1

To

M. G. R.

WHO MADE KNOWN TO ME THE WORLD

OF FLASHING SWORDS AND

WAVING PLUMES

PREFACE

The study of history is not ordinarily enjoyed by children. This is perhaps due to the fact that the text-book employed is dull, or that the subject is not of interest to the teacher presenting it, or to the fact that the pupil's previous experience with the primary grade history stories has not been such as to create any desire for fuller knowledge of the subject.

Now and then a girl or a boy is found to whom the study appeals, who sees the plan of action, who delights in the carrying out of large and small designs, to whom accidents have their meanings. Such a pupil has a mind for more than dry facts. He seizes upon the romance of the situation, whether it be in the case of Columbus with his handful of men crossing an unknown sea, or in the case of the last political campaign. It is in the hope of helping more minds to attain to this condition that these stories have been written.

The discoverers and explorers of the Western Hemisphere have, in their adventures, given us a fair field from which to glean stories wonderful enough to hold the attention of young children. The swords and helmets of these men shine as brightly as those of even fairy princelings. What they dared and did is not less than the deeds

of him who climbed the glass hill or of Jack of Beanstalk fame. What they searched for is not less wonderful than the bird from whose wings dropped golden feathers, or the cambric which was drawn through the eye of a needle. And what they found appeals to the imagination in as great a degree as the finding of enchanted castles and fairy gold.

It is the aim of these stories so to deal with the adventurers and the adventures that the first touch of history shall come to the pupil in the form of tales as amazing as those in the well-loved fairy books. That these tales are true should not detract from their power to interest. Live men instead of tinseled princes played the great games herein recorded — at what cost of peril and hardship!

As nearly as possible the stories are written in chronological order, and in several instances are somewhat connected, since the lives of many of the adventurers were interwoven. An attempt has been made to define so plainly the explorations by the different nations that the reason for the occupation of the two continents in parts by the Spanish, English, French, and Dutch will be readily comprehended and perhaps remembered.

ROSE LUCIA.

MONTPELIER, VERMONT.

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STORIES OF AMERICAN DISCOVERERS

FOR LITTLE AMERICANS

LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

THIS story is about a little Italian boy who became a great sailor when he grew up. He thought about so many new things, and traveled so far to see if they were true, that the world has seemed larger ever since to most of the people who have lived on it.

He was born in the city of Genoa more than four hundred years ago. He lived there with his father and mother, his brothers and sister, until he was fourteen years old.

His home was a narrow house, such as city people live in. It had windows in the front and back, and high buildings close against it on each side, and no yard at all.

So little Columbus liked to go down to the wharf to play, where he could look at the big blue sea, and watch the ships sail in and out of the harbor.

Genoa has high mountains on one side of it, and the sea on the other, so that when one looks out, he is sure to see either the blue water or the blue sky. Maybe that was why the boys who grew up there liked so well to become sailors.

At any rate they used to go down to the wharf to play, and Christopher was often with them.

He used to watch the sailors unload the cargo from the ships that came sailing in, and to wish he could see the lands from which they came.

He learned how the great sails were pulled up and down, and how the ships were steered, and many other things that were useful to him afterwards.

Some one has made a beautiful statue of him as he looked when he sat on one of the big posts to which the ships were fastened, while they stayed in the harbor.

He has a book in his hands. He looks as if he might be dreaming of what he would do when he should be the captain of a ship. This statue is in Boston.

But Christopher didn't spend all his time dreaming of great things to do by and by. He studied

his lessons at school. He could write and draw so well that his father was really proud of him.

His father was a wool comber. He wished Christopher, who was his eldest son, to learn the same trade. Then they could work together. But he saw that Christopher liked the sea too well to be willing to stay at home and work in the shop.

So, when Christopher had learned all he could at his first school, his father sent him to another higher school away from home. There he could be taught more about arithmetic, and the stars, and how to draw maps. For all these things help men to become good sailors.

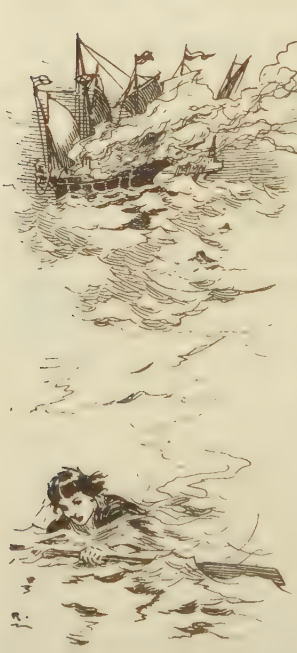
THE FIRST VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS

CHRISTOPHER'S father had a cousin who was a sailor; and when Christopher was fourteen years old, this cousin took him to sea.

We do not know just where he sailed, nor how long he was gone on this first voyage. He liked it so well that he was glad to go again and

again. Whenever he came home, he would help his father in the shop for a while.

But he always sailed away again as soon as he found a captain who wanted a boy to work in his crew.



HE SWAM MORE THAN FIVE MILES.

Sometimes the ships went to other countries, and brought back loads of goods to sell to the merchants in Genoa. Sometimes they went to wars, and fought with the enemy's ships at sea.

Once, when Christopher was on board a ship from Genoa, there was a fight between his crew and the crew of another vessel which they met. At last the two ships were lashed together so that the men could fight the harder. They threw bombs over into each other's ships. The ships caught fire. The sailors had to jump into the water to save themselves from burning.

Christopher was a very good swimmer. By the help of an oar, which he found floating in the sea,

he swam more than five miles to the coast of the nearest country.

This country was called Portugal. Columbus remained there for several years, earning his living by drawing maps and charts.

Near his home was a convent church. Here he used to pray and give thanks that he had been saved from drowning in the stormy sea. And here he often saw a young girl named Filippa.

Her father was a sailor, and she was staying in the convent while he was away on a long voyage. The good nuns who lived in the convent were taking care of her. Columbus loved her and married her.

She used to show Columbus the maps her father had made and the stories he had written about his voyages and about the strange things he had seen and heard far from home.

Columbus liked to read these stories. He thought of almost nothing else, until at length he began to plan a voyage that no one had ever undertaken.

COLUMBUS PLANS A LONG VOYAGE

COLUMBUS had learned a queer thing about the world when he went to school. His teacher had taught him that it was flat — very long and wide — but perfectly flat, with the great sea all around the edge. How wide the sea was, or what would happen if one went too near the edge, one hardly dared think.

But when Columbus became a man, he learned that some wise people had begun to believe that this was a round world instead of a flat one. Columbus studied about it and remembered all the strange stories he had heard, and he knew this must be true.

He believed, too, that there were far-away lands which none of his countrymen had seen. For once it happened that some sailors, who had lost their way at sea, found a paddle floating in the water.

It was carved in a curious way, quite different from anything they had ever known. They brought it home and everybody wondered about it. Who had made such a queer paddle?

"It must be some man who lives in a far land we have never seen," they said. "One day perhaps he lost it from his boat, and the waves carried it out to sea."

And the people wished they knew what the boat looked like and what the man looked like.

Some of the wise men who were studying about these things wished THEY knew what that far-away land looked like. Columbus also wished he knew.

WHO HAD MADE SUCH A QUEER PADDLE?

He wished it so much that, when another sailor came home and told him he had seen some new islands, — so distant that they looked like clouds, — Columbus felt as if he must go and find those islands.

But he would need a large ship, and much money to pay the men to sail it, and whole boxes of food to eat while they were gone.

Now Columbus was poor. He earned his living by making maps and charts for other people to sail by. He made very good ones, but he couldn't earn money enough to go sailing himself.

His wife had died, and he wished to take good care of his little son, Diego. What could he do?

One night, when he was thinking about it, he decided to go to the King of Portugal and tell him what he wished. For of course the king had plenty of money, and perhaps he would like to find out about those strange islands.

Perhaps he would like to be king of the islands and get more money. For maybe there would be gold in that new land.

This King John of Portugal traded with a distant country that sent him gold and spices and other precious things. It was called India.

It took a long time for people to go to India. First they sailed for many days. Then they had to leave the ships and travel miles and miles on land before reaching that country.

Columbus thought that perhaps, besides finding the new islands, he could find a shorter way to get to that rich country.

"For," he said, "if the earth is round, there must be two ways of reaching a place. And if it is a long way to India traveling toward the east, maybe 'tis a

short way sailing west. Maybe you can sail all the way by going west and not have to travel on land at all. I will tell King John about it."

KING JOHN OF PORTUGAL

So Columbus went to King John. King John was interested in his story. He called in some wise men to tell them about it, and to ask them what he had better do.

Some of them told him to try what Columbus planned. But most of them said he had better use his money to make a war. So King John decided not to buy any ships for Columbus.

But he kept thinking what a splendid thing it would be to own those new islands — if there really were any islands. And he thought how grand it would be to find a new way to India without Columbus to help. So he did a very unfair thing.

He asked Columbus to bring him the map he had made to sail by. He said he should like to look it over. Columbus brought it. The king

had a man make one just like it. Then he gave it back to Columbus and said it was a very foolish map, after all, for of course the world was flat.

COLUMBUS BROUGHT HIS MAP TO KING JOHN.

Then King John sent out a ship and some sailors, and they took a copy of Columbus's map to help them find their way across the sea. But very soon they went back and told the king that there was nothing but clouds out there. "Columbus must be crazy," they said. "There are no new islands, and there is no new way to go to India."

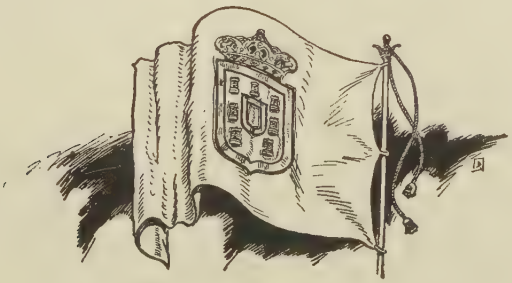
But these sailors of King John hadn't dared to go far enough out to sea to find anything new. Maybe they were afraid the ship would fall off the edge of the world. So they had sailed back and told the king a wrong story.

Columbus was discouraged because no one would

help him. But after a while he thought perhaps some other king might listen to him. So he took little Diego by the hand, and they set out to walk to Spain. Perhaps the King of Spain would like him to search for a short way to sail to India.

It was hot and dusty on the roads, and little Diego couldn't walk very fast or very far. Columbus used to carry him when he grew tired. They were often hungry and thirsty. When no one would let them have a bed, they slept by the roadside. They were so poor that sometimes they begged for their food.

I think little Diego must have wished his father had never heard of those strange lands. Yet something told Columbus not to give up, but to keep on trying. And people say he had a look in his eyes as if he saw beyond the seas already.



COLUMBUS AND DIEGO GO TO SPAIN

AFTER they had walked many days and were very tired, Columbus and little Diego came one night to the gate of a convent. A good monk let them in, and told them that they might have supper and a bed in the convent.

Sometimes when men wish to think about God and how to be good, they go away from the villages and cities and live apart in a big, lonely house that is called a convent. These men are called monks. Here they pray and study and give food and rest to the poor who come to ask for it. The oldest and wisest monk is called the prior.

The name of this convent was La Rabida, and the prior was called Prior Juan. After supper he called Columbus to him and asked him why he had come to Spain.

Columbus told him all about what he hoped to do, and how badly King John had treated him. He told how he hoped to see King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain, and to ask them if they would help him sail across the sea and find new lands.

Now Prior Juan used to live at court with Queen Isabella; he knew the queen very well and she liked him. He was interested in what Columbus told of his great plan for finding new islands and a shorter route to India. He said he would send a messenger to the queen to ask her if Columbus might come to tell her about it.

But going to see a queen is quite different from going to see some other people. A queen never comes to the door herself. There are a great many doors to go through and a great many people to pass, before one really comes to a queen upon her throne.

So the letter that the prior wrote to the queen about Columbus had to be carried to several men, before it could be taken to the palace at all.

One of the men, when he read it, decided that the letter was so foolish it wouldn't do to trouble King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella with it.

So he tore the writing up and Columbus waited and waited at the convent. After a long time he left Diego with the monks and went on to the city.

The king and the queen were making a war. Columbus thought, perhaps, if he waited until the war was over, the king and the queen would have time to listen to him. So he worked hard to earn some

money, and he kept studying and thinking about his great plan.

When the king and the queen moved to another city, Columbus moved, too. He followed them everywhere, to be sure to be near, if there should come a chance to tell his story.

A MESSENGER FROM THE KING AND THE QUEEN.

People used to think he was a crazy man. When children met him on the street, they would tap their foreheads with their fingers. They meant by this that Columbus had something the matter with his head.

At last the war was over. One day when Columbus was out at La Rabida to visit little Diego, there came a messenger from the king and the queen.

The messenger said that Columbus might come soon to tell them his story. The queen sent him

money to buy new clothes and a mule to ride upon. Columbus was more glad than we can think.

When the day came, he rode to the palace. Then he walked through the great hall to the throne where King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella were sitting. The wise men and the nobles of Spain were all around them, and Columbus looked as wise and noble as any one.

He was very tall and walked slowly, with his head up and his shoulders straight, like a soldier. His hair was white, perhaps because he had worked so hard and suffered so much.

He had a beautiful high forehead and eyes that looked as if he could see around the world. When he spoke, his voice was deep, and everybody listened.

QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN

COLUMBUS explained his whole plan to the king and the queen, the wise men, and the nobles. They asked him questions; they said it couldn't be true that the earth is round. So he patiently began at the beginning of the story and told it all over again.

The queen believed it. So did some of the wise

men. But the others couldn't understand about it. They told the king it would be foolish to buy ships and send such a man out on the Sea of Darkness. It would be much better to put the money in a box where it could not get lost.

THE SEA OF DARKNESS.

Then they asked Columbus, "If you should find the new islands, and should find people there, and gold and other precious things, what would you do?

"Would you sail straight home and tell the king and the queen about it and give everything to them — the gold, and the land, and the people?"

"No," said Columbus. "If I find the islands, one eighth of all the gold and precious things must belong to me, and I must be governor of the people."

They were surprised at this. They told him that he must indeed be a crazy man to ask so much.

For, of course, if the king gave him the money to buy ships and to pay the sailors, the land which he found ought to belong to the king. So ought all the gold and precious things.

But Columbus said, "The king has never thought about all those strange lands. He has never learned how to sail a ship, nor how to make a map to go by. All these things that would be my part to do are worth yellow gold and the honor of being governor, too. I will not go without the promise of these things."

Then they said, "You'll never go at all, for you ask too much of us."

So Columbus left the court and went away very, very sorrowful. He had tried so hard, and waited so long, and hoped so much, and now it was of no use.

But he never thought of giving up his plan. He started away to see the King of France. Maybe he would be wiser and kinder than King Ferdinand.

He was riding sadly along, when he heard galloping hoofs behind him. He turned to find a messenger from Queen Isabella hurrying to catch up with him. The messenger brought good news.

Some of the wise men had gone to Queen Isa-

bella and talked with her. They had said, "What a pity if there really are some new lands, to let Columbus go away and find them for the king of some other country!

"That king will then own lands which Spain might have owned. If there are riches in the new islands, his country and not ours will be the richer. Is this best for Spain?"

Queen Isabella was a good woman, as well as a queen. She wanted to do what was right for Columbus, and for her country.

So she said, "If King Ferdinand will not take the money out of his strong box, I will sell my jewels, and give the money for Columbus's ships. All my bracelets and rings and chains I will sell to furnish the ships needed for this voyage."

She sent a messenger to tell Columbus not to go to France. The messenger overtook him on a little bridge and told him the good news that Queen Isabella would help him.

How glad Columbus was, as he turned and rode back to the city! It seemed to him as if at last his dreams would all come true. His long waiting was over, and soon he would start on his wonderful journey.

THE THREE SHIPS

COLUMBUS had three ships in which to go sailing. He himself went in the largest, called the *Santa Maria*. Another was called the *Pinta*, and the smallest one of all was the *Niña* — a Spanish word for baby.

Each ship had a captain, and Columbus was the admiral, or commander, of them all.

There were about one hundred men on the three ships, and it was hard to get as many as that. People were afraid to go on such an uncertain voyage. They feared that they might drop off the edge of the sea; that the sea was boiling water; that great dragons might fly down and eat them. They feared all sorts of foolish things.

Some of the men who promised to go with Columbus were so frightened, when the time came to leave, that they wouldn't keep their promise, and had to be dragged on board the ships. Their poor wives and sisters cried, because they thought they should never see them again.

A priest went down to the shore to say a prayer for Columbus and his men. Altogether it was a very solemn and sorrowful time.

Columbus was the only one who had good courage. He had waited so long and tried so hard to get started that he was very glad and hopeful now.

So they sailed out of the little Spanish town of Palos, early one August morning in 1492. By and by the sailors became more cheerful, for they knew the part of the ocean they were in

COLUMBUS WOULD STAND IN THE PROW OF THE SHIP.

But, when a month had passed, and they had sailed out farther than any of them had ever been, they were afraid again.

Columbus did all he could to quiet them. He didn't tell them how far the ships had sailed. He thought, if they knew what a long way it was, they would be still more frightened.

He tried to keep up their courage by talking about the gold and the beautiful things they would find in the new country. He told them it would be a fine thing to see that wonderful land, and then go back to Spain and tell everybody about it.

But sometimes at night it would all look doubtful to them again. Things do not seem the same when it is dark and lonely. The sailors would scold Columbus for bringing them way out to the edge of the world. Then they would go to sleep and perhaps dream of falling off.

Columbus and the captain of the *Santa Maria* used to talk together in the evening. The captain would say, "What shall I tell them to-morrow morning, when they ask me why we don't see the islands?"

"Tell them to sail on!" Columbus would reply.

"What shall I say if they tell me the boiling water will swallow us up?"

"Sail on!" Columbus would say. And he made the same answer to all the captain's questions.

Then the captain would go to bed and leave Columbus alone upon the little deck. He would stand in the prow of the ship and look at the dark water beneath and at the stars overhead.

He could hear the waves lapping against the side

of the ship, and the ropes and the sails creaking in the wind.

He thought how far they had come over the sea; how far they might still have to go before they found land. He thought how great was the world that God had made, and how small the ships that man had made.

He watched for a light in the night, and listened for some sound that would tell of land near by. But always he saw only the black water, and heard the creaking sails. By and by the sun would rise over the rim of the sea, and another day would begin.

LAND AT LAST

AFTER a great many such days and nights of waiting and watching, the sailors were at last discouraged.

They said to Columbus, "If you do not let us turn the ships around and go home, we will throw you overboard, and steer for ourselves."

Columbus talked to them and tried to make them promise to sail on a little farther.

They said, "We will sail three more days and

nights, and then if there is no land in sight, you must go home."

There was nothing for Columbus to do but to promise them this. So the last day was the most anxious one of all for him. He said to himself, "If we do not come in sight of land to-night, then this great voyage will end in nothing, and I must go home disgraced."

He had offered a prize to the sailor who should first see land. That very night Columbus himself saw a light that moved up and down, as if some one were carrying a torch along the shore.

Early the next morning, October 12, 1492, the cry of "Land! Land!" came from one of the ships. Everybody looked out to see where it was. There before them was a long green island, not very far away.

The shore was of bright yellow sand; there were woods of green trees, and above that was the blue sky. Here and there could be seen some queer huts, shaped like pointed beehives. Copper-colored men, women, and children were running up and down the shore.

The sailors fell down at Columbus's feet and begged his forgiveness for not having believed what he told them about new lands. For there one lay before their eyes.

THEY ROWED SLOWLY TO THE ISLAND.

Then they all sang a Spanish hymn, "Glory be to God in heaven and earth." As soon as they had finished the "Amen," Columbus put on his beautiful scarlet cloak. He took in his hand the great Spanish flag that Queen Isabella had given him.

He stepped into a little boat with some of his men. A boat put out from each of the other ships. They rowed slowly to the island, and Columbus was the first one to step upon the shore of the New World.

He knelt down and kissed the earth that was so precious to him. Then he raised a cross in the yellow sand of the shore. He said, "I take possession of this land in the name of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella."

The copper-colored men were standing a little way off, looking at these strange white people and wondering what it all meant. They had never seen any people like them before.

They thought that they were gods come down out of the sky on great white-winged birds, as they called the ships. But Columbus made signs for them to come near, and at last they dared to walk up to the strange white men.

They became quite well acquainted afterwards, for Columbus and most of his men landed on the island next day and stayed a long time. They walked into the thick forests, and up and down the shore, to see if they could find any gold or pearls.

They saw strange birds and trees and flowers, but they did not see gold. The copper-colored

people knew about gold, but they said Columbus would have to go a very long way to find it.

Columbus named these dark-colored people Indians, because he thought he had sailed halfway round the world and was near India. He did not know that he was near a new continent.

Columbus visited other islands. One of them he liked so much that he called it Hispaniola, which means "Spanish land." The climate of the islands was so warm that many beautiful things grew there, but Columbus did not find any gold.

When he had learned all he could about these new islands, he decided to sail back to Spain and tell Queen Isabella about them.

The captain of the *Pinta* had deserted Columbus and sailed for home. The *Santa Maria* had been broken to pieces on the rocks outside the harbor.

So Columbus took the ship's timbers and built a little fort on the shore of Hispaniola. He left a few men in it to keep guard over the place until he could come back. He sailed away with the rest, taking some of the Indians to show to the Spanish people.

SAILING BACK TO SPAIN

IT wasn't so hard for Columbus to sail back to Spain, because, of course, he knew the way. It was a very stormy voyage, but it was different from sailing away from Spain, out on an unknown sea.

The men all liked Columbus now, because they knew how wise and kind he was. They were proud to think they had sailed with him.

All the sailors were in a great hurry to get home and tell people about the wonderful things they had seen. The ship could not go fast enough to suit them.

When they sailed, at last, into the Spanish harbor, crowds of people rushed down to the wharf to see them land. It was quite different from the day when they sailed away. No tears and goodbyes now, but glad times for everybody.

When King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella heard that Columbus had reached home, they sent for him to come at once to tell them his story.

So he put on his fine clothes again for this solemn occasion. He took with him his captains and the Indians from over the sea. The Indians

were all decked out in feathers and paint. All together they made a great procession.

Queen Isabella was so glad and proud to see Columbus that she allowed him to sit down when he talked to her. They talked a long time, and everybody bowed low to him when at last he left the court.

Another day the queen and all those wise men who had once thought that Columbus was crazy had a grand dinner to honor him.

One of them said at dinner, "After all it is not such a great thing that you have done. It wasn't very hard to find the east by sailing west."

Then Columbus took an egg and asked, "Can you make this stand on one end?" The man tried, but of course it fell over at once. The others tried, but no one could make the egg stand up.

So Columbus took it, broke off a bit from one end, and stood it up quite straight on the table. Then he said, "Of course it is easy enough to do almost anything, if some one first shows you the way." And that wise man said no more.

After Columbus had rested a little while in Spain, and had told Queen Isabella all about the new islands, he wished to set sail again. This time it was very easy for him to start. The queen was glad to help him, and many Spanish men wished

ALL TOGETHER THEY MADE A GREAT PROCESSION.

to sail with him. So he had many ships, and sailed away very grandly.

When they landed on the island which Columbus had named Hispaniola, they looked for the little fort that he had built. It was not there. All the men

who had been left to take care of the fort were gone, too. It took Columbus a long time to find out what had become of them.

Finally he learned that his men had been cruel to the Indians. So the Indians had killed them and burned the fort. This was the very beginning of the trouble between the Indians and the white men. It has lasted long years and makes a sad story.

On this second trip Columbus found other new islands, and still others when he came again, a few years later, on his fourth voyage.

It was on his third voyage that he found land which he supposed to be another island near India.

But we know now that it was the shore of a very large body of land, which is called the continent of South America.

You must remember that all the rest of his life Columbus thought he had sailed halfway round the world and had found the short route to India.

He did not know that a great continent and another great ocean lie between. He thought that the world was much smaller than it really is.

AMERICA

IT is a pity that Columbus never knew how large is the New World that he found. When he was older, he had many sad days, and things were discouraging again.

Queen Isabella died. She was his best friend. King Ferdinand didn't care to help Columbus as she had done. Some of his men told untruths about him. Once he was put in prison because one of his captains told untrue stories to the king.

All his life he was trying to find out about new things, and much trouble and sorrow it cost him. All the things he found out made the world seem bigger and better for us to live in.

This new country, which Columbus found, should have been named for him. Sometimes in poems it is called Columbia. There is a song which people like to sing about "Columbia, the gem of the ocean." But we always speak of our land as America, and in books and on maps the name is printed so.

This happened because another man came to the New World after Columbus had found it.

Then he wrote a book about his voyage and about the lands he saw. His name was Amerigo Vespucci. He had been with Columbus on one of his voyages.

Vespucci did not believe that he had sailed around the world to India. He believed the land that had been found was a new continent. And so it proved to be.

People read his book and began to call the new land America. So Columbus was almost forgotten for a while. He had never written a book about his travels. All the records he left when he died were the maps and charts he had sailed by, and the letters he had written to the queen, when he was away at sea.

But since then many men in many lands have remembered to honor Columbus. And the three ships which crossed the Sea of Darkness on Columbus's first voyage have become famous.

JOHN CABOT

ANOTHER Italian boy, born in Genoa, as Columbus was, grew up to sail the seas. He made great discoveries for the king of a far country.

Columbus made his voyages with the help of the King and the Queen of Spain. John Cabot was the name of this other explorer. He set sail to find new lands for King Henry VII of England.

He lived in Venice for a while, and then moved to England with his three sons. He was a merchant, but he was interested in maps and ships and the great blue sea, just as Columbus was.

He told King Henry he should like to sail away to find lands for him. Everybody knew now that Columbus had really crossed the ocean and found new lands for his king.

So King Henry gave John Cabot some ships and men. Cabot took his son Sebastian, and put out into the northern ocean in May, 1497. This was before Columbus had landed on South America. So, while Columbus was sailing for the King of Spain, Cabot was sailing for the King of England.

Cabot had more men and ships than Columbus

His voyage was more dangerous, because of the cold winds and icebergs he met.

Icebergs are huge blocks of floating ice, sometimes as large as mountains. They come from the Northland. They are very dangerous, for a ship may run against them on dark nights, and be smashed to pieces.

Columbus did not see any icebergs. He sailed across the sea farther south, where it is warmer.

But if Cabot's voyage was more dangerous than Columbus's in some ways, it was far better in others. His sailors obeyed him, and they were not so much afraid to set out to cross the sea.

Columbus had shown that it could be done without falling off the edge of the earth. It is easier to do things after the way has been shown, as Columbus once said.

When Cabot found land at last, it seemed a very cold country, for they had crossed the sea so far to the north. It was quite different from the warm islands Columbus had found. This land was the new continent of North America.

Cabot took possession of the land for the King of England. He planted a great English flag in the earth to show that he did so. Then right beside it he placed the flag of his own country, Venice.

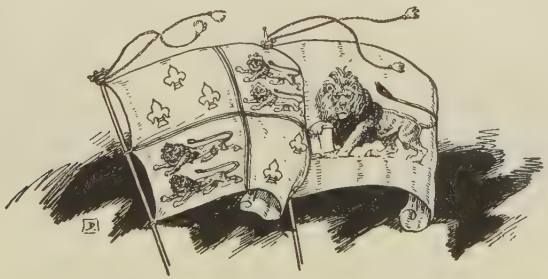
He must have said to himself, "I am sailing for

the King of England. I claim this new land for King Henry. But I am not an Englishman. I will place my own flag here, too. This will show that I have not forgotten my love for Italy."

There were no people to be seen where Cabot landed, but he knew men had lived there. He found some trees cut down, a snare that had been made to catch animals, and a big bone needle. The people must have used this to mend their fishing nets.

He took the snare and the needle home to show to the king. He thought the men had run away when they saw the ship coming.

Cabot did not stay and explore as long as Columbus did, but he sailed home and told the king about the cold country. Now King Henry wasn't satisfied with what Cabot told him. He wished to know more about North America. He wished to know if gold and silver could be found there.



THE NEW CONTINENT

THE very next year King Henry of England sent Sebastian Cabot across the ocean to see what he could find. John Cabot had probably died, but no one knows. Nothing more is ever told about him in history books. This seems strange when we remember that he discovered the continent of North America. It seems strange that the English people should have forgotten him.

But he had taught his son Sebastian about boats and geography, so Sebastian could go to sea. The king gave Sebastian a big ship for himself and three other smaller ones. Sebastian and his men carried some bright-colored cloth and caps and shiny beads to please the Indians, if they found any.

They sailed about as long and as far as John Cabot had sailed. Then they turned toward the south, because a great pack of ice from the north floated down in their way.

A little farther south, Sebastian Cabot discovered an island, which he named New Found Land. Near there he saw a great many large codfish in the water.

One sailor told a story about this when he got

home. He said, "We used to watch from the deck of the ship and see white bears come down to the shore and catch fish out of the water."

Cabot followed the coast of North America, which is the continent where we live, for many miles, sailing toward the south all the time. But he did not find any gold or riches. The food in his ships was almost gone, so he sailed back to England.

King Henry was disappointed because Sebastian Cabot had found no gold. Cabot told the king about the good place to catch cod, but he wasn't interested in that. He wished for gold.

WHITE BEARS CAME DOWN TO THE SHORE.

A few years later the English people began to go over near Newfoundland to fish. Ever since then the "Grand Banks," as they are called, have furnished plenty of fish for England to buy and sell.

Although King Henry did not care much about it, the land that the Cabots had discovered belonged to England, just as the land that Columbus had discovered belonged to Spain. And we must always remember that John Cabot and his sons were the first to discover North America, the great continent where we live.

After a few years, Sebastian Cabot went to Spain and made some voyages for the king of that country. On one voyage he crossed the ocean farther south, as Columbus had done.

He discovered the mouth of a great river in South America. But the Spanish king wanted gold, too, and did not care about finding new rivers.

So Cabot went back to England to live. Here he died, an old man of eighty. There is a picture of him which shows how old and wise he looked then.

He has a globe in his hand and is pointing out places on it with a compass. His hair is very white, and he wears a little black velvet cap.

DON DIEGO

WHEN Columbus set sail on the Sea of Darkness, the King of Spain promised him many things, if he found new lands.

He was to have his share of treasure, and he was to be governor of any lands he might discover. Then, when he died, his son Diego was to be governor in his place.

But you remember that Columbus had a very hard time again, after his friend Queen Isabella died. People were jealous of him, because he had been so wise and brave.

He was thrown into prison in spite of all he had done for his country. And King Ferdinand did not keep his promises to him about the new lands.

This unkind treatment nearly broke Columbus's heart. At last, he, who should have been honored by all Spain, died a poor and neglected man.

After Columbus had died, his son Diego went to law against the king. He wished to be made the governor of the group of islands that his father had discovered. These islands are called the West Indies, because Columbus thought he had sailed to the Indies or India.

By this time people had begun to think that Columbus had not sailed round the world to India, but had really found a new country. Amerigo Vespucci was one of the first to believe this.

Finally the king made Don Diego governor of the West Indies. He sailed away with his wife and relatives across the ocean to Hispaniola. Here he lived for many years and became very rich by pearl fishing.

When Don Diego went to the West Indies, there was a Spaniard in Hispaniola named Ponce de Leon.

De Leon was one of those who had sailed to the new land with Columbus on his second voyage. He stayed in the West Indies for many years, and was made governor of a part of Hispaniola.

But when Don Diego was given Hispaniola, he did not wish de Leon there. So de Leon took Porto Rico, another island, for his own.

Here he became very rich, but he was so cruel to the poor Indians that the king took the island away from him. So he set about to find some new place, where he could govern as he pleased.

THE SEARCH FOR FAIRYLAND

IN those olden times people believed many strange things — things we should call fairy stories.

They believed that there was a way to turn iron and other metals into gold. Wise men were always trying to do this.

They believed that a drink could be made which would keep people who tasted it alive forever. This drink was called the Elixir of Life.

So, when de Leon lived in the West Indies, many wonderful stories were told and believed about the new lands.

One of the strangest was the story of a wonderful spring or fountain surrounded by precious stones. This was a fairy fountain, from which flowed beautiful, sparkling water. The water was the Elixir of Life.

Whoever could find the magic fountain and bathe in it would be made young and strong. Whoever should drink of the water would remain young forever.

De Leon was an old man. He wished more than anything else for the two things which this fountain

could give him. He wished to be made young, and then to remain young forever.

So he made up his mind he would find the Fountain of Youth. He fitted out some ships with his own money, and sailed away to fairyland to search for the Fountain of Everlasting Youth. For only in fairyland can such fountains be found.

THEY FOUND MANY SPRINGS.

De Leon and his men saw many new islands, large and small. They landed upon each one, for they did not know where the wonderful fountain might be.

They spent many days and tramped weary miles over the islands to make sure they should not miss what they were searching for.

They found many springs. At every one de Leon stopped and bathed and

drank of the water. Each time he did so, he thought to be changed from an old man to a youth.

But nothing ever happened. So he knew he had found only common springs.

Finally, one Sunday, they came in sight of the most beautiful shore they had yet seen. They supposed it to be another island, and named it Florida. This is a part of the Spanish name for Easter Sunday.

It was early spring and warm, and the leaves were bright. The land was so covered with flowers that their fragrance was carried from the shore to the ship.

It looked like fairyland indeed to the tired Spaniards. Surely here they must find the fairy fountain, surrounded by sparkling gems.

But the waves were high, and they could not land at once. There were no wharves built, such as we have now. Only Indians lived there then. So they waited for quiet weather.

When de Leon stepped on shore, he claimed the land for Spain, because that was his country. Then he searched and searched for the magic fountain, but it was not there. How discouraged he must have been!

At last the Spaniards gave up and sailed away. They followed the shore of Florida for many

miles. They explored the coast and found new islands.

Finally they sailed for home, with de Leon still an old man. How sad he must have felt to give up his dream of becoming young again!

The land which de Leon named Florida was not an island at all. It was a part of our own great continent of North America, which Cabot had discovered.

We still call it by the Spaniards' name. Every spring when the orange trees are in blossom, it looks as fair as it did to the Spaniards, when they first saw it.

The king made de Leon governor of the new country he had found. Now Spain owned that part of North America, as well as a part of South America.

Some years later, de Leon sailed for Florida again with many people. He hoped to make a settlement there.

But the Indians attacked them. Many of his men were killed, and he himself was wounded by an arrow. He sailed back to Cuba and died of the wound.

THE SOUTHERN CONTINENT

WE remember that, on one of Columbus's last voyages, he discovered a very large body of land. He thought that this was another island near India, but we know now that this land is larger than any island. It is called the continent of South America.

Our land was named America after Amerigo Vespucci. The northern continent is called North America; the southern continent is called South America.

Between America and India is another large ocean, which we call the Pacific. So Columbus hadn't been near India at all, for the world is much larger than he thought.

The lands which Columbus had discovered belonged to the King of Spain. That was the way they used to do things. If any one sailed away and found a new country, it belonged to his king or his queen.

England claimed North America where the Cabots had explored. Spain claimed the part of North America which de Leon had called Florida.

Besides, Spain owned the part of this great continent of South America that other Spaniards

had explored. This was much larger than Spain itself. And all because Queen Isabella had helped Columbus to sail away across the Atlantic Ocean.

Spain was glad of her new possessions. It made her feel very rich to own so much land. Besides, every one thought that gold and other precious things would be found in the new country.

So it became the fashion for men in Spain to cross the Atlantic to explore and search for treasures.

Every one who sailed back to Spain had some tale to tell of the wonderful things to be seen. Some told of golden temples. Some told of giants eight or nine feet tall. Others told of countries where "the sands sparkled with gems, and golden pebbles, as large as birds' eggs, were dragged in nets out of the rivers."

Of course none of these things were exactly true. But the men who visited the New World were much excited about it. Perhaps it seemed to them as if they really had seen all the wonderful things they told about.

How men must have longed to sail away from Spain across the ocean to see what they themselves could find!

And so a little of the eastern coast of South America was explored within a few years after

Columbus had first crossed the Sea of Darkness. Many of the islands he found were settled by Spaniards.

But no one had sailed around the end of the new continent, and no one had journeyed across it. So the Spaniards did not know what was on the western coast, and none of them had ever seen the Pacific Ocean.

Now the continent of North America and the continent of South America are joined together. A narrow neck of land called the Isthmus of Panama connects them. In the next story we shall read of a man who marched across this isthmus and saw the mighty ocean on the western side.

THE MAN WHO HID IN THE BARREL

SOME ten years after Columbus's last voyage, the Spaniards made the first settlement on the continent. This was on the Isthmus of Panama, which they called the Isthmus of Darien.

One of the officers of this settlement, or colony, was a man named Vasco de Balboa. This is the way it happened.

Balboa had been living in Hispaniola, an island which Columbus found. He wished to join a ship that was sailing to the Isthmus of Darien. But he owed many debts in Hispaniola.

Now men who owed money could not leave the island without permission. Balboa was afraid he could not get permission. Yet he wished very much to sail in this ship.

So, before the ship started, he hid himself on board in a large barrel or cask. When the ship was far away from shore, Balboa jumped out of the cask.

How surprised the men were! They had thought that the barrel held provisions. Instead it held a man.

"Who is this?" the men cried. "Who is this that hid in our cask?" Then Balboa told them about it. The captain was very angry at the trick played upon him. He did not wish to help Balboa break the law.

He thought of landing Balboa on some barren island to punish him. But Balboa begged him not to do this. And the captain did not. It would have been too cruel.

By and by their vessel was shipwrecked near the mainland. Balboa had been on that coast before. He remembered an Indian village where they might

get help. So he led the starving men through the forests to this village.

It was there that the Spaniards made the first settlement on the continent. And that is the story of how Balboa came to be with them.

"WHO IS THIS?" THE MEN CRIED.

One day Balboa heard from some Indians that there lay a great ocean on the other side of the high mountains west of the settlement. When Balboa heard this, he was weighing some gold that the Indians had brought to him.

A young Indian chief, who had given him the gold, said to him, "Is this yellow stuff what you leave your homes to find? I can tell you of a country where they eat and drink out of golden dishes, and gold is as cheap as iron is with you.

But you must sail on a great ocean to find this country. And you must take many men with you."

Balboa was a brave man. He felt as if he must go and find out about the new ocean and about that golden country.

So he, with some other soldiers, set out to climb over those high mountains west of the settlement. One of the soldiers was named Francisco Pizarro, and by and by you shall hear more of him. You shall hear how he really found Peru, the golden country, of which Balboa had heard.

It was not a pleasant journey that the Spaniards made. There were no paths and the way was long and rough. They suffered from heat and hunger. They fought their way through tribes of unfriendly Indians.

These Indians had never seen guns. They thought that the Spaniards held thunder and lightning in their hands.

Finally, after many days of toil and hardship, the Spaniards succeeded in reaching the top of the line of mountains.

How glad Balboa must have been! Soon he would know whether he was to see a new ocean. How proud he would be if it were truly there!

THE SOUTH SEA

THE Indians with Balboa told him that from the highest point of all he could see the new ocean. So Balboa made his soldiers halt. Then he climbed alone to the top.

We suppose he did this that he might be the first white man to look upon the new ocean.

He reached the top and looked down the other side. There, far below him, lay a great blue sea. It was shining in the sunlight and stretched as far as the eye could reach. North, south, and west it stretched, to where sky and water seemed to meet.

Balboa threw himself upon his knees and gave thanks. He thanked God that he had been the man to find it. Then he called to his men to climb. After they, too, had seen, they all sang a hymn of praise.

Balboa was glad and proud to be the first Spaniard to find that ocean. He marched down the mountain side to get to it. When he reached the shore, he waded straight into the sea. Taking out his sword, he waved it over the water.

He named it the South Sea, but we call it the

HE WADED STRAIGHT INTO THE SEA.

Pacific Ocean. And he said, "I take possession of this sea in the name of the King of Spain," just as Columbus had said, when he stepped on the new islands he found on his first voyage.

Now Balboa heard from the Indians near the ocean more news of the golden country he was seeking. He heard stories of gold and precious stones and kings and wonderful palaces.

Some one showed him a drawing of a queer looking animal which lived there. This animal was called a llama. The people used it for food, for wool which grew on its back, and to carry burdens.

The llama was about as tall as a sheep. It had a long neck and a head like that of a camel. Its feet were made for climbing, and it could go up steep places which horses could not climb.

Afterwards the Spaniards used the llamas to carry loads of gold from one place to another.

Balboa returned to Darien another way. He visited many different tribes of Indians. He made nearly all of them his friends. From all he got riches.

One gave him two hundred forty large pearls. Balboa was told of some near-by islands where there were plenty of them. One of these he called the Island of Pearls.

Other chiefs gave him golden ornaments worth much money. So his journey was a successful one. He had discovered the South Sea. He had made the Indians friendly. And he had gathered much gold.

Now Balboa's good fortune began to change. A new governor was sent to Darien. This governor was not like Balboa.

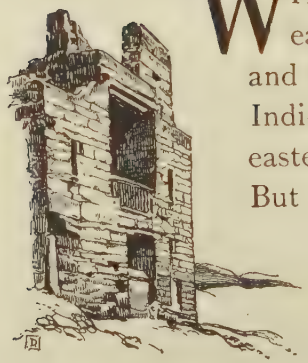
His captains were sent out to explore, but they made enemies of Balboa's Indian friends. They stole the Indians' gold. Sometimes they burned their towns and killed the Indians. And, worst of all, they took hundreds back to Darien for slaves.

Finally the governor sent Balboa to explore. Balboa thought he should like to go to the Pearl Islands. While he was gone, the governor heard untrue stories about him. These stories made the governor very angry.

He sent for Balboa to come to him. While Balboa was on his way, he was met by some soldiers. The governor had sent them to arrest him. Their captain was Francisco Pizarro.

The soldiers took Balboa to the governor. He would not believe that Balboa was his friend. He wished to be rid of him. So, without giving him a fair trial, he had Balboa put to death.

SAILING TO MEXICO



WHILE the Spaniards explored the eastern coast of South America and made settlements in the West Indies, Cabot sailed along the eastern coast of North America. But no white man had stepped foot in a country which lies between North and South America. This country is called Mexico.

The Spaniards wished to own all the new lands they could. They wished to have many people belong to the King of Spain. And they wished to become rich quickly by finding gold and precious stones.

The island of Cuba is not far from one part of this new country of Mexico. Cuba is the second island which Columbus found.

A rich man named Cordova, who lived in Cuba, sailed away to search for slaves on other islands. His pilot was a man who had been, when a boy, with Columbus on one of his voyages.

This pilot steered the ship so that it came to the mainland between North and South America.

The Spaniards found so many strange and wonderful things in this new country that they were very much surprised. When they sailed home and told what they had seen, the governor of Cuba was surprised, too.

The very next year he sent another man to Mexico to see what he could find. This man explored more of the coast between North and South America. He was so pleased with the country he visited that he named it "New Spain," after his own land.

He found the Indians quite different from those on the islands. They built houses of stone; they

wore more clothes and had more gold and silver. He traded for some of the gold and silver to take back to Cuba.

When he returned, he found that the governor of Cuba was sending other ships to Mexico. The men who sailed in them were to learn more about the country and the people. And they were to try to teach the people about God. For none of the Indians had heard of Him.

The governor of Cuba had a friend whose name was Hernando Cortez. He made Cortez the captain of the fleet. Just before the ships were ready to start, the governor became very angry with Cortez. Then he wished to take the ships away from Cortez and make some one else captain. But Cortez heard about it, and this is what he did.

He did not wait to get all his provisions or guns or powder, but he set sail one night without telling the governor.

When he landed on the mainland, he found a Spaniard there. The Spaniard had been shipwrecked on the coast some years before. He could not get back to his home.

His companions had been killed by the Indians. But the Indians had allowed him to live with them.

How glad this Spaniard must have been to see his own countrymen once more!

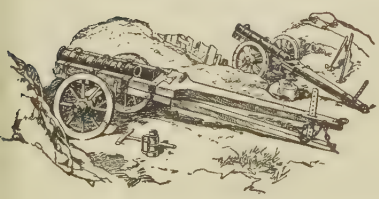
He went with Cortez to tell him what the Indians said, for of course he had learned to speak as they did.

Then Cortez sailed away along the coast toward the north and landed again. There he was met by some Indians who had rich presents for him.

They had heard of Cortez from the Indians where he first landed. So they were all ready to greet him. They thought if they gave him presents he would not harm them.

THE FIRST TREASURES

By this time word had been taken to the King of Mexico about the strange white men who were in his country. The name of this king was Montezuma, and he lived in the City of Mexico.



Along all the roads in his kingdom swift runners were always waiting. One runner would take a message and run as fast as he could to the next man. He would take it and run with it to the next. Each runner

could go very fast, for he did not have to run very far.

The Spaniards were still near the coast. The City of Mexico, where Montezuma lived, was about two hundred miles away. But it did not take him long to hear of the Spaniards.

Cortez said to the Indians he met, "I have come from a great king across the ocean. I wish to see Montezuma. My king wishes to send a greeting to the Mexican king."

This speech frightened Montezuma. It frightened him to have such strange white people in his country. He did not know what they might do. Maybe they would try to take his kingdom away from him.

So he sent messengers to Cortez, saying that he must not march to the City of Mexico.

These messengers took to Cortez shields and helmets made partly of gold. They gave him bracelets and sandals of gold, statues of birds and animals made of gold, and mantles of beautiful feather work. Best of all were two round plates of gold and silver, as large as carriage wheels.

Cortez was delighted with these treasures. He shared them with his men and put one fifth away for the King of Spain.

The Indians had never seen horses nor heard

guns. So Cortez had his horsemen ride up and down. At first the Indians thought the man and the horse were one animal. Then Cortez had his cannon fired. The Indians were astonished and frightened at the noise.

CORTEZ HAD HIS HORSEMEN RIDE UP AND DOWN.

Cortez thought that the messengers would be afraid of him and would tell Montezuma how wonderful the white men were.

He saw some Indians busy with pencils. He found they were making pictures of his men and ships and cannon to send to Montezuma. The

Mexicans had a way of writing with pictures, not with words.

Of course so much gold and silver made Cortez wish all the more to go to the City of Mexico. He decided not to mind Montezuma, but to go in spite of what he had said.

So he and his men marched northward, while his ships followed along the coast.

THE SINKING OF THE SHIPS

WE should remember that the governor of Cuba had become an enemy of Cortez. When Cortez thought of this, it troubled him. He did not know what the governor would tell the King of Spain about him.

Maybe the governor would persuade the king to send to Cortez and bid him leave Mexico. Cortez did not wish to do that. So he took all the presents which Montezuma had given him and sent them to King Charles of Spain.

This King Charles was Queen Isabella's grandson. Cortez also wrote the king a letter, tell-

ing about the rich country he had found. He hoped this would make King Charles friendly toward him.

The Indians whom Cortez met on his march were kind to him. These Indians belonged to Montezuma's kingdom. They were called Mexicans, or Aztecs.

All the Aztecs worshiped different gods, not one God as we do. There was a god of fire, a god of water, a god of wind, a god of grain, and many others. The god of war they worshiped most of all.

They built temples and set up statues or idols. They covered these idols with gold and precious stones.

On the altars of the temples they kept fires always burning. These fires were not allowed to go out. On the darkest nights they made the cities light.

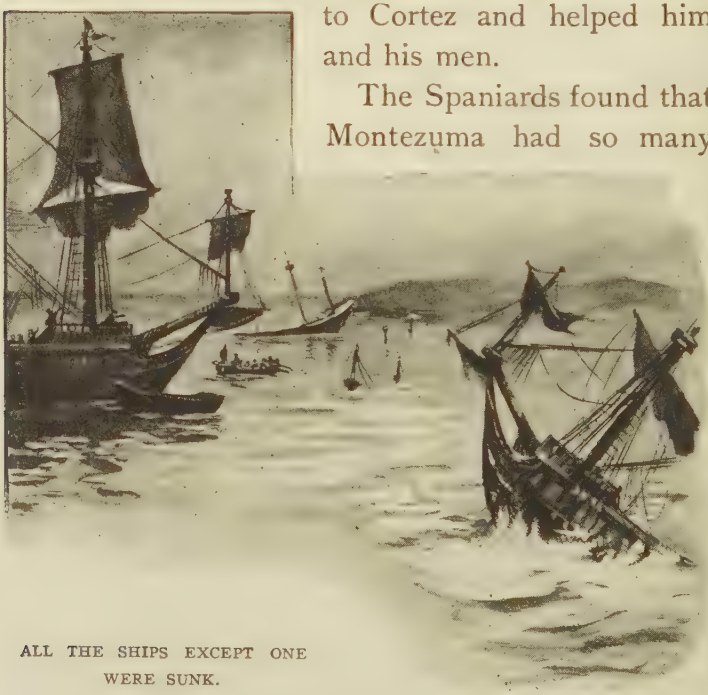
Some of the Aztecs believed that Cortez and his men were gods. This was very lucky for Cortez.

There was an old Aztec story about the god of the air. Hundreds of years before, some higher god had become angry with him. So the god of the air had to go far, far away into another place.

But when he was getting into his magic canoe, he said, "I will come back sometime. Either I or my children will come back to Mexico."

And so, when they saw the Spaniards, some of the Aztecs believed that this old story had come true. Of course those who believed it were friendly to Cortez and helped him and his men.

The Spaniards found that Montezuma had so many



ALL THE SHIPS EXCEPT ONE WERE SUNK.

soldiers that it would be hard to conquer him. They began to be afraid they would be killed.

Some of them longed to sail back to Cuba. Cortez was not willing to do this. He did not wish to meet his enemy, the governor of Cuba, and he did wish to stay in Mexico and conquer the country.

So he made up his mind to have his ships sunk, and then there would be no way for his men to go home. This was a daring thing to do, for, after that, whatever happened, he and his men would be obliged to stay in Mexico. Even if Montezuma should conquer them, they could not get away.

So, when all the ships except one were sunk, he and his men really began their march inland toward Montezuma and his City of Mexico.

The Spaniards and the friendly Indians had built a village so that Cortez could have some place of his own in that strange country.

This village was named Vera Cruz. Vera Cruz means the "true cross." Some of the Spaniards were left at Vera Cruz to guard it while Cortez was away.

WONDERFUL SIGHTS

THIS march of Cortez and his men through Mexico was a very hard one. At first the country was level. Soon they began to climb the mountains. Cold winds blew.

Many of the Indians with Cortez died. They were used to a warmer climate in the valleys. Some of the horses died, too. Cortez could not well spare the horses. He needed them because the Mexicans were afraid of them.

The Spaniards saw many things that were new to them — strange birds and trees and flowers. At one place they saw a volcano. That is a mountain which sometimes has smoke and fire pouring out of its top.

All along the march the Spaniards passed Aztec villages and cities. They found the people paid taxes to the king, of things which they made.

Cotton dresses, robes of feather work, vases, plates and bracelets of gold, reams of paper, and also grains and wild animals were paid to the king.

In the large cities, storehouses were built to hold these things. If a man did not pay his taxes, he was sold for a slave.

There were courts to settle disputes. The judges were appointed by the king.

The people were very honest. They had no fear of thieves. The houses had no bolts nor locks. If a person stole, he was sold for a slave or put to death.

Cortez had heard of a country called Tlascala, which was always at war with Montezuma. He thought to himself, "If I can gain the Tlascalans for my friends, we can all fight Montezuma together. That will give me many more men."

So he turned his march toward Tlascala. When he reached the country, he found a wonderful thing. A stone wall nine feet high and as wide as a large room had been built by the Tlascalans. This wall ran around the level part of their country to the mountains. It was to protect their country from the Aztecs.

Every Aztec king had wanted Tlascala for part of his kingdom. Great armies were sent out to capture it. It was surrounded by enemies all the time.

So the Tlascalans had to live on what grew in their own country. They had no cotton, nor any salt. But they did not care, for they had their country safe from the Aztecs.

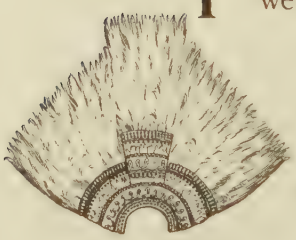
At first they would not make friends with Cortez.

But he fought with them until he had conquered them. Then they said to him, "We promise to be your friends and to help you fight Montezuma."

We shall see how well they kept their promise.

After resting with the Tlascalans some days, Cortez went on his way toward the City of Mexico. Many of his new friends marched with him.

THE CITY OF MEXICO



THE Tlascalans and the Spaniards were many days in reaching the City of Mexico. On their way they were set upon by the Aztecs. But they won all the battles.

They marched through fields of grain, and climbed over high mountains. They saw a very high mountain covered with snow. It was a volcano. The Indians said, "No man can climb that and live."

Cortez sent some of his men to do so. This was to show how brave the Spaniards were.

They climbed almost to the top. Then smoke, sparks, and cinders came out from the crater and

nearly choked them. So they went back. But they took some icicles with them, to show that they had been near the top.

At last the Spaniards came in sight of the City of Mexico. It was situated in a valley. Many other cities were in the same valley.

Two large lakes were near the center of it. One was salt water and one fresh water. These lakes were divided by a water gate.

The City of Mexico was built in the salt water lake. Great roads of stone were made right through the lake from the shore to the capital. Many of the streets of the capital were canals, so canoes could float through the city.

In the lakes were floating islands. These were huge rafts covered with earth. On these grew flowers and vegetables. Some of them looked like fairy gardens floating upon the water.

The tops of many of the houses were covered with earth, so that flowers could grow there. In the gardens grew many things that we know. Bananas, vanilla for flavoring, cacao, from which we make chocolate, tobacco, and Indian corn were plentiful.

A wonderful tree grew there. Its name is the aloe tree. From its leaves the Aztecs made paper and a thatch for their roofs. A drink came from its juice. Its roots when cooked were good to eat.

Thread, from which cloth was made, came from its fibers. Pins and needles came from the thorns on the end of the leaves.

Near the middle of the City of Mexico was a great open space. This was the market place. There were no stores in the city, but people brought their goods to the market place. Fairs were held there the last day in every week.

AZTEC MAKING A FEATHER ROBE.

For money they used gold dust in quills, pieces of tin, or bags of cacao.

Every kind of thing was sold in the market place. Vases, plates, fish and animals made of gold, cloth made of cotton and of rabbits' hair, tools, provisions, and flowers were sold.

Most beautiful of all was the feather work. This was made by pasting feathers on fine cotton cloth. They were pasted so closely together that the cloth did not show at all.

Beautiful robes of different colors were made of feathers. No one could do this work so well as the Aztecs.

All these things the Spaniards saw when they came to the City of Mexico. It seemed a wonderful place to them.

When Montezuma heard that Cortez was near, he sent messengers to invite him into the city. He thought it best to seem friendly toward him.

Then the Spaniards marched across the lake on one of the wonderful stone roads or causeways. Montezuma and many of his nobles met them and gave them presents of gold.

When Aztecs met each other, they did not shake hands as we do. Each man would touch the earth with his right hand and then raise it to his head.

Cortez put around Montezuma's neck a chain made of pieces of glass. The Mexicans did not make glass, so it seemed valuable to them. Then Montezuma took the Spaniards into his city.

AZTEC CHILDREN AT SCHOOL

ONE of the first things the Spaniards did in the city was to visit the great temple. This was a high tower made of stones. Near the temple lived hundreds of priests. It was their duty to keep the fires on the altars always burning.

The priests were also the teachers. They had schools for girls and schools for boys.

The children learned to sing, to read and write picture writing, and to do arithmetic. The girls learned to weave cloth and to make feather work. The boys were taught to be priests and soldiers.

Many history stories of the country were made into hymns.

The picture writing was really like drawing. It was done on cotton cloth, on nicely dressed skins, or on a kind of paper made from the aloe. No one knows just how to read this writing now.

Sometimes the writing was rolled up when no one was using it. Sometimes it was folded like a screen. Then it had covers of wood. This kind of book was more convenient.

The arithmetic the Aztec girls and boys studied

was not like ours. They did not use figures as we do. The first nineteen numbers they wrote with dots. Six was six dots, twelve was twelve dots, and so on.

Number 20 was a picture of a flag. Two flags

AZTEC PICTURE WRITING.

meant 40. Three flags meant 60. A plume was 400. A purse was 8,000. For a fraction they would draw only a part of the picture. For $\frac{1}{2}$ of 20 they would draw one half of a flag.

They did not learn:

7 days = 1 week
4 weeks = 1 month
12 months = 1 year

Instead, they learned:

5 days = 1 week
4 weeks = 1 month
18 months = 1 year

At the end of their last month there were five extra days that did not belong to any month. These made 365 days just like our own year.

THE EMPEROR MONTEZUMA

WHEN the Spaniards had been in the City of Mexico a week, they began to feel very much afraid. This was because there were so few of them and so many Aztecs.

Montezuma was kind, but they did not know when he might set his soldiers against them.

They were no better off than before they had entered the city. They had not conquered Montezuma, and at any moment he might try to kill them. They could not run away, for their ships were sunk.

At last Cortez thought of a plan to help them. It was to capture Montezuma and keep him a prisoner. Then the Mexicans would not harm the

Spaniards, because they would be afraid of harming their king.

So the Spaniards took Montezuma to the palace where they lodged and made him a prisoner. Cortez then persuaded Montezuma to say that he and his land should belong to the King of Spain.

After this was done, the Spaniards went through the temples and pulled down all the idols.

Montezuma was a prisoner all through the winter. He governed his people, but he governed them as Cortez told him.

In the spring Cortez heard that many ships had come to Vera Cruz. He did not know whether they were sent by the governor of Cuba. He was afraid the men had come to capture him. He could not tell how many men would be against him.

Here was a new enemy even worse than the Aztecs. His own countrymen would be harder to beat, for they would have guns and weapons like his own.

But at least he must go to the coast and see what could be done.

He took a few of his comrades and marched toward Vera Cruz. He found the men were sent by the governor of Cuba to fight him. They did fight, but he won the battle and made the soldiers

his friends. So his enemy really gave him more men to help him.

Then Cortez started back to the City of Mexico. When he reached there, he found that the Aztecs and his soldiers were fighting together.

Cortez thought that Montezuma could make the Aztecs stop. So he took Montezuma to the top of a high tower and had him make a speech to the people.

At first they listened. They were glad to hear their king's voice. Then they grew angry with him, because he told them not to fight against the Spaniards. They began to shoot arrows and throw stones.

Montezuma was hit. He was wounded so badly that in a few days he died. How sad he must have felt to have his own people turn against him!

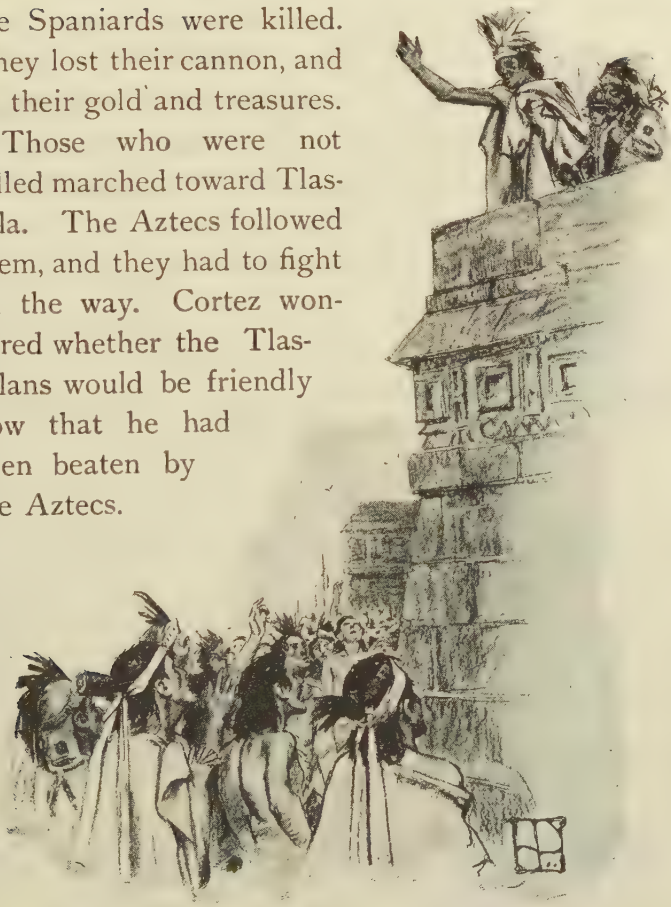
Then the new Mexican king told Cortez that the Aztecs intended to fight until they killed all the Spaniards. So Cortez made up his mind to leave the city if he could.

He could not march over the causeways, for the Mexicans were guarding them. One night he had a bridge built of boats. The Spaniards started to march over that, but the Aztecs discovered them.

Then there was a terrible battle, and many of

the Spaniards were killed. They lost their cannon, and all their gold and treasures.

Those who were not killed marched toward Tlascala. The Aztecs followed them, and they had to fight all the way. Cortez wondered whether the Tlascalans would be friendly now that he had been beaten by the Aztecs.



MONTEZUMA MAKES A SPEECH TO THE PEOPLE.

If they should turn against him, all would be lost. He and his soldiers would surely be killed. So he was anxious to find the Tlascalans still his friends.

THE CAPTURE OF MEXICO

WHEN the Spaniards reached Tlascala, they were glad to find the Tlascalans as friendly as ever. Then they made up their minds to go back and conquer the Aztecs.

So Cortez got together all the men that he could and marched again toward the City of Mexico. Thousands of the Tlascalans marched with him to fight for him.

Cortez had boats built in Tlascala, so that he could attack the City of Mexico from the lake.

These boats were carried in pieces from Tlascala to the lake, and then put together. The Tlascalans did this. The pieces had to be carried many miles through the enemy's country. It was a wonderful thing to do, because the Aztecs attacked them all the way.

The Aztecs tore up places in the great stone causeways that led across the lake to their city. Then their soldiers guarded the causeways.

When the Spaniards came to the broken places, they filled them in and kept on fighting. So they pushed their way slowly toward the City of Mexico, fighting all the time.

After nearly three months of struggle, the Spaniards again stood in the center of the city.

The Aztec capital did not look so splendid as when they first saw it. Many beautiful buildings had been destroyed by their cannon. Hundreds of poor Aztecs had been killed in the terrible battles.

Hundreds had died of hunger and thirst. The city was built in a salt lake. The drinking water for the people came from a mountain near the shore of the lake. It was brought to the city in pipes laid along a causeway.

Cortez had the pipes destroyed. Then those in the city had nothing but salt water to drink. Of course that is not good to drink.

It was a pity to spoil so many wonderful things that the Aztecs had made. The City of Mexico was afterwards built up again by the Aztecs and the Spaniards. But it was never so beautiful as at first.

A TLASCALAN WARRIOR.

The place where Montezuma's lovely gardens had blossomed became dry earth. The thick forests were cut down by the Spaniards. They did not seem to care for these things. They cared most of all for gold.

Cortez did not become very rich. Other people got the treasures as well as himself.

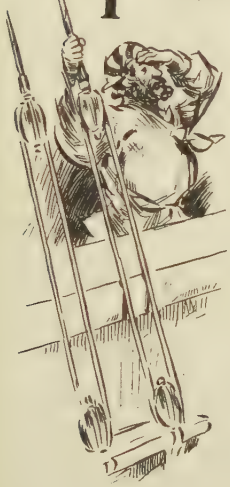
King Charles was not always grateful to Cortez. He forgot how well Cortez had served him. He became so unfriendly that at one time he forbade Cortez to come to court.

So Cortez lived many years in Mexico. But he was not content to stay in one place. He explored the countries south of Mexico and found other interesting people.

He sent parties to find the South Sea, of which he had heard from the Indians. This was the same ocean that Balboa had discovered.

Because of Cortez, Mexico, or New Spain, as it was called, belonged to Spain. It was a large and rich country, and Spain owned it for many years.

ANOTHER GREAT SAILOR



THE very same year that Cortez sailed from Cuba to Mexico, another brave man started out from Spain on a long voyage.

This man was Ferdinand Magellan. He was a Portuguese. Portugal, we remember, was the country where Columbus lived for some years.

People were still searching for a short way to sail to India across the Atlantic Ocean. They had sailed along the shore of North America, and found no way to cross the continent.

They had sailed along the shore of Mexico, and found no way there. They had sailed along a part of the eastern coast of South America. But they found no way there.

Ferdinand Magellan thought that perhaps they had not sailed far enough south to find the way. He wished to try in that direction. So he went to the King of Portugal for ships and men. But the king would not help him.

King Manuel of Portugal already had one way to

sail to India. This way had been found by a man named Vasco da Gama.

Da Gama did not sail across the Atlantic Ocean, but sailed around the end of the continent of Africa. Then, by steering north and east, he reached the land of spices. So the King of Portugal did not care for another route.

Then Magellan went to King Charles of Spain, and this king gave him ships and sailors. So, while Cortez was conquering Mexico, Magellan searched for a short route to India. Both men were serving King Charles of Spain.

Magellan set out from Spain a few months after Cortez left Cuba. He had to cross the Atlantic Ocean before he came to South America.

Many ships had safely crossed the sea since Columbus's first voyage. And many had started out and never reached the other shore. It was a dangerous undertaking in such small ships.

Magellan had five vessels, and he and his men searched the coast for a passage to the South Sea. This was the ocean which Balboa had discovered.

Magellan knew that the South Sea was on the western side of South America.

But what was on the other side of the South Sea? Perhaps beyond it lay the Spice Lands. If he could

only discover a way to get into that sea, he could sail across it and find out.

For many months Magellan searched the shore for a passage from one ocean into the other, going always southward.

Each time he came to the mouth of a great river, he sailed his ships up the stream. Perhaps one of these rivers might lead him across the continent.

But he always had to turn his ships about and sail back to the Atlantic Ocean. Many times he must have been disappointed. The continent was always in his path.

Finally some of his men grew so discouraged that they banded together against Magellan. They took some of his ships and tried to sail home to Spain.

But Magellan could not have this. He needed all his ships and his men to help him. So he captured those vessels and made the bad sailors prisoners. Then he sailed on southward, determined to find a passage.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE PASSAGE

WHILE Magellan was sailing south, the weather grew colder and colder. For the southern part of our earth is as cold as the northern part. Winter came on, and this made it very uncomfortable for the men.

But if one tries hard enough to do a thing, sometime he will succeed. And Magellan was like Columbus. No matter how hard his voyage was, he never thought of giving up.

So at last he succeeded. He sailed so far south that he came to the end of South America. There he found what seemed to be a passage between South America and some islands.

The story is told that one night Magellan was standing on the deck of his little ship. As his vessel sailed along, he was watching the dark line of the shore. He was wondering if he should ever find a way through it. Suddenly the shore seemed to open and there the passage lay before him.

He sent two of his ships in to see if it was really a passage. A great storm came up. The ships were absent for several days. Magellan thought that they were lost.

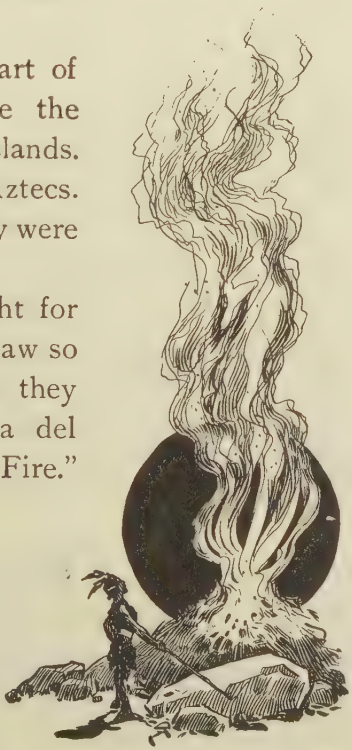
But at last they came sailing back with all their flags flying at their masts. They were sure that this water would lead them into the South Sea.

Then Magellan set sail with all his ships to find his way through the passage. It took him more than a month. There were so many openings among the islands that he could not tell which to take.

The people in this part of the world were not like the Indians on Columbus's islands. They were not like the Aztecs. They were so tall that they were almost giants.

They used fires at night for signals. The Spaniards saw so many of these fires that they called the country Tierra del Fuego, that is, "Land of Fire."

The men on the largest ship did not wish to sail through the opening. They wished to return to Spain. So one night they deserted Magellan. Most of the pro-



THEY USED FIRES AT NIGHT FOR SIGNALS.

visions were on this vessel, and it left Magellan without much food.

At last, after many days, Magellan found the passage growing very wide. Soon he was out on a big, blue ocean again, and he knew that he had found the way!

He was so glad that he wept. Then the guns were fired, for the sailors were glad, too.

We call a passage between two pieces of land a strait. We call this passage the Strait of Magellan, after the one who discovered it. This is a good way to honor the man who tried until he succeeded.

So the way to the South Sea was found at last. It was not between North and South America, but around the end of the southern continent.

Still Magellan was not satisfied. He wished to know whether India was on the other side of this big, blue ocean. So he steered his ships north again and west, to see if he could find India.

THE SHIP THAT SAILED AROUND THE WORLD

WHEN Magellan sailed through his strait, he steered north. This was to find a warmer climate. Then he turned west.

His vessels were not well filled with provisions, and he was not well prepared to cross a wide ocean. He hoped to find land soon, where he could get fresh water and food.

But day after day and day after day he sailed without seeing land. The water in his casks was so stale the sailors could scarcely use it. The biscuits had become worm-eaten.

Then at last he found an island. How glad every one was! But on the island there was nothing to eat nor to drink. No one lived there. So the disappointed men turned the ships away and sailed on.

They were almost starved. They caught and ate rats that lived in the ships. They tore the thick hide from the masts and ate that.

And all this time the ships sailed on over that big, blue sea. For nearly four months they sailed on and on.

They had good weather all the time. Because there were no storms, Magellan named this ocean the Pacific. Pacific means "peaceful," and the ocean has been called by this name ever since.

Perhaps the sailors did not care about their wonderful voyage. They were starving. They had come to a part of our world where it is very hot. The fierce sun beat down upon them. Many fell sick and died. And all this time the ships sailed on and on.

How the sailors must have watched and watched for land! At last they came to an island where people lived. Here they found fruit and other things to eat. Then they sailed away and soon came to more lands.

Magellan named these the Philippine Islands in honor of Philip, King Charles's son. Here Magellan found many natives. They gave him oranges, cocoanuts, spices, and meat.

There was a quarrel between the Spaniards and some of the natives, and poor Magellan himself was killed.

Then two new leaders were chosen and the ships started away. Finally they reached the Indies, the land of Magellan's dreams, the land Columbus wished so much to find.

By that time, one ship alone was fit to sail the

sea. This was the *Victoria*. The crew loaded her with spices and then started for home.

They steered south of Africa. That was the route which the Portuguese, Vasco da Gama, had found. After a terrible voyage, they reached Spain at last.

So the little *Victoria* had sailed around the world. We can guess how her crew must have fired their guns when she came into port at last! Think of the eager people running to the wharf to see the wonderful men who had really sailed around the world.

Then remember that brave Magellan lay dead in a far-away land, and could not hear the bells ring in his honor.

THE ROUTE OF MAGELLAN'S SHIP "VICTORIA."

PIZARRO AND ALMAGRO

WE know that the first settlement made in South America was on the eastern shore of the Isthmus of Darien. We know how Balboa crossed the Isthmus and discovered the Pacific Ocean.

After a few years, a new governor made a new colony, called Panama, on the western side of the Isthmus. Then ships could be built there to sail up and down the western coast of South America.

The soldiers who went in the ships often landed and explored the country inland. They made their way across forests and mountains and among warlike tribes of Indians.

Many Spaniards were killed. Others found their way back, after visiting new countries. They were all hunting for gold. And there was another reason that made some of them journey through the wilds. It was to tell the Indians about God.

Finally the Spaniards explored so far toward the north that they came to some of the men who had been with Cortez in Mexico. These men had been sent toward the south to explore.

When they had met the soldiers from Panama, they had proved that there was no passage for ships between North and South America.

All this time many strange stories were being told in the new colony of Panama. These were about a wonderful country full of gold, that was toward the south. The Spaniards named this country Peru.

At last two men became much interested in the stories of this golden land. They decided that they would go to see if they were true.

One of these men was Francisco Pizarro. He had been with Balboa when Balboa discovered the South Sea. Pizarro had been a poor boy who tended swine. He could not read nor write. The other man was Diego de Almagro. Both men had lived in Spain and had gone to South America in the hope of finding adventures and gold.

Neither had money enough to buy ships or to hire men to go in search of Peru. It was hard to get any one to lend them money. People did not quite believe there was such a place as Peru.

At last a priest got from a rich man enough money for Pizarro to start with one ship. Almagro stayed behind to get more money and more men.

Pizarro followed the coast of South America for many miles. He did not know how far he must go before reaching the Golden Country. It was the time of year when there are many storms near that coast. Pizarro's ship was nearly wrecked.

He and his men landed at different places along the shore and went inland searching for Peru.

They found vast forests where the trees and vines were so thick that they could hardly push their way along.

They found great swamps and were sometimes lost in them. Many of the soldiers caught a fever in the swamps and died there.

They saw many strange animals, bright-colored birds, and snakes as large as the trunks of trees. But they found not a trace of the Golden Land of Peru.

Then Pizarro had to send his ship back to Panama for supplies, food, and ammunition. While it was gone, he and his men nearly starved to death.

They had nothing left them to eat. They picked up shellfish on the shore. They gathered berries that grew wild in the woods. Sometimes the berries poisoned the men who ate them.

Once they came to a small Indian village where they found a little food. Some of the Indians wore about their necks chains and beads of gold.

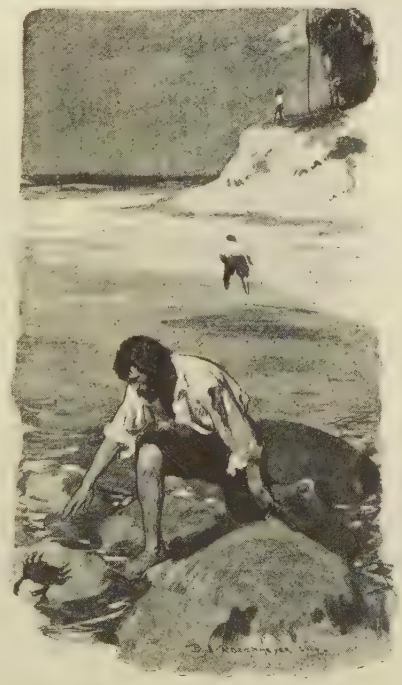
The gold was better than food to the Spaniards, for it was what they had come to seek. So they took courage. By and by their ship came back to them loaded with food. Pizarro and his men went on board and sailed still farther south.

But their vessel had become so battered by storms that she could not stand the rough seas much longer. So Pizarro decided to go north near Panama and try to get a better ship and more men to help him.

He carried with him all the golden trinkets which his men had taken from the Indians. He thought to himself, "If I show my gold to the governor and the people, they will begin to believe in the Golden Country.

"Some one will surely lend me more money, and more men will wish to go with me to search for Peru."

He and Almagro had decided that they would never give up. They would search until they found the land of their desires, the Golden Country of Peru.



THEY PICKED UP SHELLFISH ON THE SHORE.

PIZARRO'S SECOND ADVENTURE

FINALLY Pizarro and Almagro borrowed enough money to buy more ships and supplies. Then they again set sail for their Golden Land.

This time they went even farther south, and nearly the same things happened to them as before. They found more gold. They had to fight against hunger and thirst, and against the Indians, whose gold they took away.

Always on their voyage they saw near the shore of the continent, lines or ranges of very high mountains. These were higher than any they had ever seen before. They were so high that their tops were always covered with snow. They were so high that often clouds hid a part of them.

But when the clouds blew away, there were still the mountains, their white tops shining in the sun. They stood like sentinels, keeping guard over the coast. The Spaniards could not sail away from them. These were the Andes mountains.

At last the Spaniards came to Tumbez, a large Indian village on the coast. Here they were kind to the people, so the people did not fight against them.

They saw many wonderful things. They saw the llamas or Peruvian sheep, of which Balboa had been shown a drawing. They saw men with huge ornaments of gold attached to their ears. They saw a temple, the walls of which were covered with silver and gold.

The Indians had never seen white men. They could not understand where they came from, nor why they came. Pizarro said to them, "We have come to teach you about our God, of whom you have never heard."

HUGE ORNAMENTS OF GOLD ATTACHED TO THEIR EARS.

The Indians had never seen horses. They had never heard guns. When these were fired, they thought some one was shouting.

The Spaniards had on board the ship some fowls. The Indians heard the rooster crow, and they asked what he was saying.

There was a negro with Pizarro. The Indians could not believe his face was really so dark. They thought it was painted, and they tried to rub off the color.

The Spaniards learned that all the country belonged to a powerful Indian king, called an Inca. They began to think that so few of them could never go to war and conquer the Inca, for the Inca had thousands and thousands of soldiers.

And if they did not conquer him and his people, how could they get the gold that was in his country?

They found that the Indians worshiped the sun. It was their god. They built temples where the priests prayed to it. They believed that all the Incas were the Children of the Sun.

The Inca owned all the country. He owned all the gold mines. The people did not use the gold for money. It was used to make the palaces and the temples beautiful.

Finally the Spaniards learned a great deal about the Inca and his country and his large armies. Then they knew that they must sail back to Panama to get more ships and men before they went inland to conquer the Indians.

So they did; and when they reached Panama, Pizarro was sent across the Atlantic Ocean. He was to ask the King of Spain to give them more money and more men to go back and conquer Peru.

The king took the golden ornaments that Pizarro had brought him for a present. He was well pleased with them. He liked the thought of getting

more gold. So he agreed to help Pizarro and Almagro, if he should be given one fifth of all the treasures that they found in Peru.

He made Pizarro governor of the new country. He sent with him some men who were to weigh all the gold and see that the king received his share.

Pizarro had much trouble in getting men enough to go back with him. He needed a large army to conquer the Inca.

Hernando Cortez, who was then in Spain, helped him. Cortez believed what Pizarro told him about the Golden Country, because he himself had seen such wonderful things in Mexico.

But most of the people did not believe the stories. Besides, they had heard what hard times Pizarro's men had had on his other voyages. And they were afraid they should never get back home, if they went to see if the stories were true.

Pizarro had four brothers, whom he took with him. He made one of them captain of the fleet of ships that the king helped him to buy.

As soon as he could, he sailed back to the Isthmus of Darien. He took his supplies and his soldiers across it, and made ready to go on his last adventure to seek for Peru.

THE PERUVIANS

WHILE Pizarro and Almagro were sailing south, I must tell you more about the Indians who lived in the Golden Country.

That country, we remember, was called Peru by the Spaniards. The people who lived there were called Peruvians. They were Indians, but they were not like the natives that Columbus found, when he landed on his new islands. They were more like the Aztecs.

The Peruvians had lived in South America for many, many years before the Spaniards sailed across the sea. Nobody knows how long they had been there, nor where they came from.

We have read that they were governed by a king, or Inca, as they called him. The Peruvians believed that the very first Inca and his wife came from the sun. So they called the Incas the Children of the Sun. That was why they worshiped the sun. They thought it gave them their first Inca.

When an Inca died, one of his sons would become the Inca. So the boy who was to be Inca in his father's place was trained very carefully.

He was taught how to be a good soldier, and how

THE INCA WAS CARRIED IN A COVERED CHAIR.

to be a priest. He was taught all the laws, and many wise things about the people, and how to govern them. If he would not learn these things, then he could not be the next Inca. Some brother of his must be taught instead.

Peru was divided into four parts. Each part

was governed by a relative of the Inca. Four great roads were built from the capital of Peru. One road went to each of the four parts of the kingdom.

The capital of the country was a city called Cuzco. It was in the center of the kingdom. It was the richest and most wonderful city of all. It had palaces and convents and temples, all decorated with gold and silver.

Along the great highways that led to the four quarters of the kingdom were buildings of stone, several miles apart. These were used for resting places by the Inca or his army, when they were traveling.

The Inca went about his kingdom every few years. He was always carried in a covered chair on the shoulders of chosen men. It was a great honor to help carry the Inca.

If any one of the men fell, he was put to death. This was because the Inca was so precious to his people that no one must be careless.

When the Inca traveled, all the people along the way would crowd the roads to see him. They would sweep the stones from the roads, and then strew the way with flowers. They would take the Inca's baggage, and carry it to the next village.

Sometimes the Inca stopped and spoke to them,

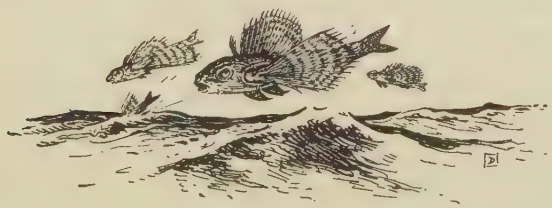
or held a court to settle disputes. Then the Indians were very happy.

There were no horses in Peru, until the Spaniards took them there. The only way the Inca had of sending messages or news was for people to carry word. So, like the Aztecs, the Peruvians had stations along their great roads.

Houses were built, five miles apart, where swift runners lived. A runner would take a message and run as fast as he could to the next station. Then a new man would take the message from there to the next house, and so on.

Of course this was much quicker than having one man take the message the whole distance. For he would soon get tired of running.

Sometimes these runners brought to the Inca fish from the ocean, or game or fruit from some distant part of his kingdom. They ran so fast that it was always quite fresh when it reached the Inca.



THE PERUVIANS (*continued*)

THE Peruvians had no way of writing down their thoughts. They had not made up a picture writing, as the Aztecs had.

They kept account of things by tying knots in cords made of different colored threads. This was much harder to learn than our arithmetic and writing.

The Inca owned the whole country. A part of it he gave to the Sun. Everything raised on that part belonged to the priests in the different temples of the Sun.

Everything that was raised on another part was for the Inca and his relatives. And the last part was for the people.

At a certain time of year, all the men and women worked together to plant the land belonging to the Sun. Next they planted the land belonging to those who were old, or sick, or to soldiers off at the wars. Then they tended their own lands. Lastly they tended the lands of the Inca.

The Inca owned large flocks of llamas. Once a year they were driven together. Then many were killed for food for the people at court. The rest were sheared.

The officers of the Inca would give to each family

as much llamas' wool as was needed for clothing. The people would spin and weave and make their clothes. The officers would furnish them with cotton, too, for thinner clothes.

A FLOCK OF LLAMAS.

When their own things were made, then they were obliged to labor for the Inca. Everybody, even the children, had to keep busy in this country of Peru.

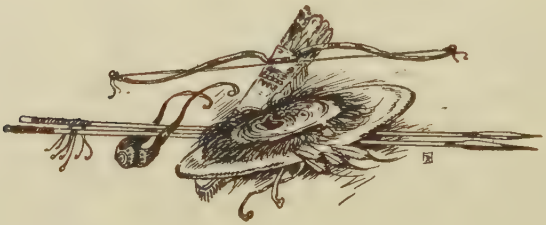
You can see now why the Inca did not have the gold and the silver made into money. The people did not need it. They had everything they needed

given them by the Inca, or they raised it themselves. So the Inca kept the gold and silver, and made beautiful things with them.

Of course nobody could get rich in this country, for after his own work was done, he must labor for the Inca. He must fill the Inca's storehouses, or plant his land, or make roads or bridges or canals. But then nobody could be poor, either. Everybody had enough.

The Incas kept making Peru larger and larger. Their soldiers would fight with some tribe of Indians living near Peru, and conquer them. Then the Inca would own their land, and they must become his people.

The Inca's soldiers had no guns. They had bows and arrows, spears, and lances, tipped with stone or copper. They did not know about iron. They had slings, too, and could shoot very well with them.



THE INCA ATAHUALLPA

ON their third voyage, Pizarro and Almagro had more men, more horses, and more supplies than ever. They sailed at once to the friendly town of Tumbez, where they had seen such wonderful sights.

As soon as they landed, a few natives set upon them. When the natives were driven off, the Spaniards found that the village was deserted.

All the Indians had gone away. They had pulled down their temples. The gold that had covered the walls was nowhere to be found. The Spaniards were greatly disappointed.

Pizarro spent several months exploring the country near the coast. He was kind to all the natives, and soon they were friendly again. He found much gold, which he sent back to Panama to pay for his ships.

He heard that the Inca knew he was in Peru, and had made a camp with a great army to await him. So he began to march inland toward the Inca's camp.

The Indians were very friendly and gave the

Spaniards food, as they passed through their villages. And in every village the Spanish priest told them about our God.

The Spaniards had with them two young Indians, who had been to Spain with Pizarro. They had learned to speak Spanish. They could tell the Peruvians all that the priest said.

One day the Inca, whose name was Atahuallpa, sent a messenger to Pizarro. The messenger took a present of fine cloth embroidered with gold and silver. He invited Pizarro to visit the Inca's camp.

Pizarro thought that the Inca invited him to go to the camp just to get him into a trap. Pizarro had less than two hundred men; the Inca had a great army. He could easily kill all the Spaniards, if they went to his camp.

But Pizarro decided to go and see what would come of it. So he and his men began to climb across the Andes.

The way was so steep that the Spaniards had to walk and lead their horses. There were paths, but they had been made for Indians, and not for horses.

Sometimes these paths ran along the edge of a high cliff. If any one slipped, he would fall down hundreds of feet, and be dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

The tops of the mountains were covered with

snow. The men nearly froze, because they were used to the valleys, where it was very warm. Some of the horses died of cold.

At last they were across and near the Inca. He was camped at a place where there were some hot springs. The water from such a spring is warm enough for a bath, instead of being cold enough to drink.

Pizarro sent his brother and Hernando de Soto and twenty of the soldiers to see the Inca. He was waiting for them. About him were gayly dressed Indian nobles. The Inca's clothes were not so gay, but he wore around his head a fringe of red. Only the king could wear this.

Hernando de Soto was a soldier of the governor of Darien, who killed Balboa. He was a splendid horseman. He knew that the Inca had never seen a horse. So he struck spurs to his, and dashed over the plain, wheeling him round and round.

Then coming back, he rode straight toward the Inca. He did not stop his horse until it was almost near enough to touch Atahuallpa. It seemed as if he would ride over him.

The Inca was a brave man and did not run away. He did not even show that he was astonished.

Then the Indians gave the Spaniards wine to drink out of large golden vases. When it was

finished, the Spaniards invited the Inca to visit their camp. Then they rode back to Pizarro.

They told Pizarro of the golden vases and of the great army. Pizarro knew that his few men could not conquer that army. So he thought of a plan to capture the Inca and keep him from his soldiers.

DE SOTO RODE STRAIGHT TOWARD THE INCA.

A ROOM FULL OF GOLD

PIZARRO told his men his plan to capture the Inca. The next day Atahuallpa came to visit the Spaniards. He sat in a covered chair made of pure gold. His highest nobles carried the chair.

A priest met him and said to him, "We Spaniards have been sent to Peru by the King of Spain. He is a great king, greater than you. All Peru belongs to him."

This made Atahuallpa very angry. He said, "Peru is my country."

Just then the soldiers fell upon his guards and killed many of them and took the Inca prisoner.

The Inca's soldiers did not know what to do without him, so they did not attack Pizarro. This was just as Pizarro had planned.

Pizarro now began to march inland. He took Atahuallpa with him. He took the gold and the silver dishes that were in Atahuallpa's camp.

In every city he found precious things. He found great storehouses full of grains and beautiful linen and woolen cloths. The Peruvians kept these houses always full in case they should be in need.

Atahuallpa did not like to be a prisoner. He

saw that the Spaniards longed for gold. So he thought he would try to buy his freedom.

One day he was in a room with Pizarro. He said to Pizarro, "I will fill this room, as high as I can reach, with gold, if you will let me go. And I will fill the next room with silver."

CARRYING HEAVY LOADS OF GOLD.

Pizarro answered, "If you will do this, I will set you free."

The Inca asked for two months to fill the rooms. It took many days for the swiftest runners to go to the distant parts of his kingdom. Then it took still longer for men to come back to him, carrying heavy loads of gold.

So the Spaniards waited. For many weeks they saw the Indians come into camp carrying silver and gold dishes, platters and vases. They brought goblets and ornaments from the royal palaces.

They brought golden imitations of different plants and animals. Among the plants, the most beauti-

ful was the Indian corn. The ear was of gold; the husk, the broad leaves, and the stalk were of silver; the silk, too, was of silver.

One day Pizarro heard that the messengers the Inca had sent out for gold were telling all the Indians to join together and kill the Spaniards, and set the Inca free.

So he decided that he must kill Atahuallpa, if he wished to be out of danger. Then the Indians would never have any one to lead them again. It was a dreadful deed to do, but he did it.

Soon after the Inca was killed, Pizarro began his march farther inland to Cuzco. He had heard that the city was full of treasures, and he wished to get still more.

But the Indians were now very angry with Pizarro. They destroyed many storehouses so that the Spaniards could not find food. They also began to hide their silver and gold in caves in the mountains.

It seemed a dreadful thing to them to have strangers come to their land, take away their treasures, kill their king, and make slaves of them.

THE GOLDEN COUNTRY AT LAST

PIZARRO and his men had a wonderful journey to Cuzco. They found many strange things made by the Peruvians. There were swinging bridges to cross. These hung over deep cañons.

They were made for foot passengers and not for horses. They would swing back and forth when the cavalry crossed. Sometimes horses and men fell off and were dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

The Spaniards found hard roads miles long, as good as our roads now. They found steps cut in the rocks on the sides of the mountains, up which their horses must climb.

They found farms everywhere. In places where the ground was too dry for things to grow, the Indians had built canals, miles long, to bring water from some river.

At the foot of the mountains, where it was warm, the Indians planted things that grow best in hot climates. On the sides of the mountains, where it was cooler, they planted what would grow best there.

Nearer the top, where nothing but grass would grow, was the pasture for the llamas. The soldiers

saw immense flocks of these llamas, which all belonged to the Inca. They were watched by his shepherds.

The soldiers found buildings made of better bricks than we have now. They found houses, palaces, and forts, built of huge stones.

SOMETIMES HORSES AND MEN FELL OFF.

The shoes of the Spaniards' horses wore out on this march. As they had no iron, they shod their horses with shoes of silver!

In many places the Indians attacked Pizarro and his men and fought them as hard as they could. But the Spaniards had better weapons and coats of mail. They always won the battles.

At last they entered Cuzco, the capital of Peru,

and saw that wonderful city and the Temple of the Sun. They found many gold and silver statues in the temple. The lovely gardens outside were filled with gold and silver flowers.

But the Spaniards never had enough treasures. They had become too greedy to be satisfied.

They had to fight against the Indians for many years, because the Indians did not wish the Spaniards to govern them. The white men were cruel to the Peruvians and made slaves of them. They forced them to work so hard in the fields and mines that many died.

And all this time the Spaniards could not agree with one another. They quarreled about everything. Almagro was killed and then Pizarro. So neither of them had a chance to go home to Spain and enjoy his riches.

Then the king sent over to Peru other governors to take care of the country. It was such a rich land that he wished to keep it always for Spain.

So for many a day Spain owned much of the continent of South America. The Spanish people used the mines of silver, gold, and precious stones to make themselves more rich and powerful.

THE ADVENTURE OF A FRENCH SAILOR

A FEW years after Cabot had crossed the ocean, some Frenchmen began to sail their little boats to Newfoundland. So did the English and Portuguese and Spaniards.

They were all jealous of one another. Each thought the wonderful fishing place belonged just to his king.

But Francis, the King of France, was not satisfied with the good fishing. He wished to have his share of the New World.

He had heard of the country of Mexico. He had heard that King Charles of Spain had become rich with the gold Cortez sent him. Francis of France also wished to become rich.

So the very year that Pizarro started for Peru, King Francis sent an Italian, named Verrazzano, across the Atlantic. Verrazzano was to explore the northern continent and to search toward the north for a passage to the Indies.

Perhaps he might find a shorter way than Magellan had found. King Francis hoped that he would. Then, in the rich Indies, the king could

make a new and richer kingdom for himself. For France was quite poor at this time.

Verrazzano sailed along the coast of North America just where Cabot had sailed. Only Verrazzano steered north, and Cabot had steered south.

The French sailors had not been in that part of the world before. They could not believe that people lived there. Yet when they came in sight of the shore they saw fires burning. They saw strange looking people crowding down to the edge of the water.

These were Indians, watching the ships of the white men. The ships seemed wonderful to them. They wished the Frenchmen to land and pointed out a good place. They made signs of welcome.

But many of the Frenchmen had not seen Indians before. The copper-colored people looked very strange to them. Their skins were dark. They wore no clothes as did the Frenchmen. They had feathers stuck in their long, black hair. Worst of all, the Frenchmen could not understand what the Indians were saying.

They were not quite sure they really wished to go among them. But they needed in their ships fresh water to drink. So a boat was rowed to the shore with casks to be filled with water.

The surf was very high and the men could not

land. There were no wharves in those days. But one very brave sailor jumped overboard and swam toward the Indians with a present of beads.

When he reached them, he became afraid. He threw his gift among them. Then he turned and

THE INDIANS ANSWERED HIM WITH YELLS.

tried to swim back to the boat. But the waves dashed him upon the shore among the Indians.

They seized him by his arms and legs and carried him away from the water. He called for help, and the Indians answered him with yells. They did not know that he was afraid, and he did not know that they were his friends.

Next they lighted a fire. The Frenchman thought they were going to roast and eat him. The sailors watching in the ships thought so, too.

But no! They carefully warmed him and dried his clothes. Then they led him to the water and watched him until he reached the boat.

THE FRENCHMEN AND THE INDIANS

VERRAZZANO'S ships sailed toward the north, searching for a passage to India and China. One day a party of the sailors landed on the shore. They found some native women and children hiding in the grass.

It was then that the Frenchmen forgot how kind the Indians had been to one of them. They did a wicked deed. They stole one of the little Indian children and carried him on board their ship.

Then Verrazzano sailed on north, until he reached the place where New York City now stands. He did not see houses and stores and busy streets. He saw nothing but rocks and trees and land and water.

And he saw a great harbor dotted with canoes. These canoes were filled with Indians dressed in skins and wearing feathered headdresses. Their faces were daubed with paint. They had come out to welcome the white men.

As Verrazzano sailed along the coast farther north, he found that the natives were not so friendly. Perhaps fishermen from Newfoundland had visited that coast and ill-treated them.

At any rate, they would not let the Frenchmen go on shore. They shot arrows at them when they tried to do so, and gave yells which we call war whoops.

But they were willing to trade with the sailors. They gave beautiful furs for fishhooks, knives, and pieces of iron.

This is the way they traded. They stood on high rocks at the edge of the sea, and the Frenchmen rowed close to the rocks.

Then the natives dropped one end of a cord down to the boat. The sailors tied to the cord what they wished to trade. When the Indians pulled it up, they threw down their furs.

These Indians were not like the Aztecs. They were not like the Peruvians. They were not so civilized.

They did not live in houses. Their homes were wigwams made of skins or bark. They did not have one king to govern all the people. But each company or tribe had a head man, called a chief. He was their captain.

There were many different tribes of Indians.

Often the tribes went to war against one another. They called this going on the warpath. They painted their faces and bodies and took their weapons. Then they went silently through the woods, hunting for their enemies.

But when they found them, they were not silent. They would give their horrible war whoops. Then they would kill as many as they could.

The natives had no guns, but shot with bows and arrows. The arrows were tipped with sharp pieces of stone. They had stone hatchets, too, which we call tomahawks. They used these for weapons.

We call an Indian man a brave; an Indian woman, a squaw; and a baby, a papoose. The squaws had to work very hard while the braves hunted or went on the warpath.

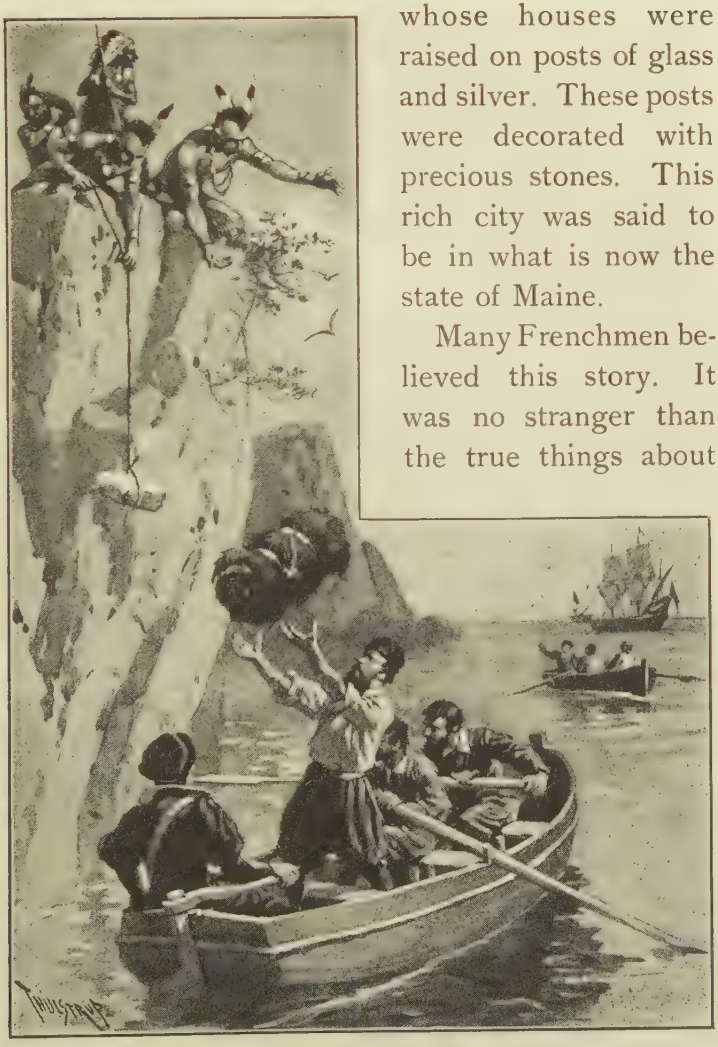
When Verrazzano reached Newfoundland, he had to sail home, for his food was nearly gone. He had found no rich country, nor any northern passage to the Indies or to Cathay. This was the name which people gave China.

But his sailors were so excited over the voyage that they made up strange stories about it. One story was that they had sailed near a wonderful country called Norumbega.

They said that in this country there was a city

whose houses were raised on posts of glass and silver. These posts were decorated with precious stones. This rich city was said to be in what is now the state of Maine.

Many Frenchmen believed this story. It was no stranger than the true things about



THIS IS THE WAY THEY TRADED.

Mexico. People wished more ships to be sent across the ocean to explore.

France began to feel as if she owned a share in the New World. In a few years a man named Jacques Cartier set sail from France to search for a northern route to the Indies and to Cathay.

WHAT JACQUES CARTIER FOUND

THE King of France next sent Jacques Cartier across the ocean to search for a way to Cathay. Cartier had been a sailor all his life. So he was glad to sail away to a new country and see what he could find.

He steered past Newfoundland and found himself in a large gulf leading westward. So he felt sure that at last he was on the road to the Indies. This was the gulf of St. Lawrence.

When he landed on the mainland, he raised a great cross made of rough timbers. On the middle of the cross was a shield with three fleurs-de-lis. The fleurs-de-lis were the lilies of France.

They were the sign of the French king, just as

the eagle is the sign of our own country. Many French explorers raised a cross with fleurs-de-lis, to show that the place belonged to their king.

Cartier liked very much this new land, which he had discovered. He found wild strawberries, wheat, and peas growing there. He saw lovely red and white roses blossoming. But winter was coming on, so he turned his ships toward home.

The very next year, Cartier set out again for America. He steered at once for the new gulf which he had discovered. Sailing through this, he came to the opening of a passage, leading westward. Then he felt sure that he had at last found the way.

How disappointed he must have been when he found that his passage was only a river!

He did not think of the honor that would be his for discovering this great river. He did not seem to care because he was the first white man to sail upon its waters. He wished it were a strait, leading to the Indies.

But at least he must explore this new country that he had gained for France. So he sailed up the great river, which we call the St. Lawrence.

He landed upon an island where the trees were covered with wild grapevines. Then he sent some of his large boats still farther up the river to explore.

UP THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

THE Indians were very friendly to Cartier. But for some reason they did not wish him to sail up their river. They thought they could frighten him away.

So three of them dressed in black and white dog skins. They painted their faces black and fastened on long horns. Then they got into a canoe and floated down the stream to where Cartier was.

They pretended that they came from an Indian god who lived up the river. They said, "Our god has sent us to warn the white men that they will die if they go on up the stream."

Of course this did not frighten Cartier. He laughed at the Indians. Then he sailed up the river to see what he could find. It was autumn. He found the banks of the St. Lawrence covered with trees whose leaves had turned to red and yellow.

He saw wild grapevines heavy with grapes. He saw waterfowl and many wild animals. He heard the chirp of blackbird and thrush. But he saw and heard nothing to frighten him.

At last he reached the place where the city of Montreal now is. He found a thousand Indians crowding the bank. They were dancing and yelling with delight. They gave presents of fish and maize to the Frenchmen. Then they took the Frenchmen into their town.

THE INDIANS THOUGHT THEY COULD FRIGHTEN CARTIER.

These Indians lived in long houses made of poles and covered with bark. Many families lived in one house. They did not move about as some other tribes did.

They lived by fishing and planting. They dried and smoked their fish. They pounded their grain

between flat stones, to make flour. Then they made it into dough and cooked it on hot rocks.

The Indians thought that Cartier was a strange god. They wished him to touch all who were lame or blind or ill. They thought this would make them well.

Cartier gave them knives, hatchets, beads, and rings. Soon he sailed down the river to his ships.

Winter came on and this was hard for the Frenchmen. They longed for sunny France, where the winter is not cold. But where Cartier built his little fort, it was different.

The ground froze, the river froze, and the sailors nearly froze. Great snowdrifts rose above the sides of their ships. The masts and sails were covered with ice.

Then a still worse thing happened. The Frenchmen began to fall sick. Cartier did not know how to cure them. Soon many died. Cartier became afraid that the Indians would find this out and kill the rest.

He did not dare let the red men visit the fort. If any came near, he had his men make noises and hit the walls of the fort. He did this so that the Indians might think they were well and very busy.

One day Cartier saw a native who had been ill just as his sailors were. This Indian told Cartier

to make a drink from spruce boughs for his sick sailors. Cartier did so and they began to get well.

When this dreadful winter was over, Cartier sailed back to France. He took with him some Indian chiefs. One of them was a great story teller.

He told of a land of gold and rubies; of a tribe of white Indians; of men who lived without food; of others who had but one leg. He was such a story teller that Cartier wished the king to hear him.

Cartier sailed to America once more. He hoped to make a colony in New France. This was the name given to Canada, the part of the continent he explored. But he did not succeed. His men would not work hard enough.

They hunted for what was probably quartz crystal, because they thought it diamonds. They picked yellow stuff out of slate, because they thought it gold. How people must have laughed at them if they took it back to France! Sometimes we call it fools' gold.

They did not like to clear the forest away and plant seeds. And they dreaded the cold winter that was coming.

So Cartier took them home. It was not until years later that the French did make a settlement in the country which Cartier found for his king.

THE MARCH OF HERNANDO DE SOTO

HERNANDO DE SOTO was a soldier of the governor of Darien when Balboa was beheaded. Afterward he followed Pizarro to Peru.

He was the horseman who tried to frighten the Inca by riding his horse almost over him. He became very rich in Peru. He had a large share of the treasures that Pizarro found.

When he returned to Spain, he asked the king to make him the governor of Florida.

Now Spanish Florida went as far west as the land goes. It was not just the little piece which de Leon had explored. It was a very large part of our continent.

Several companies had tried to explore this great tract of land. Many Spaniards had lost their lives there. Some had wandered in the forests for years. But whoever returned had wonderful tales to tell of riches which he could not carry home with him.

Hernando de Soto was very rich with the Incas' gold. He believed Florida was another wonderful country like Peru. He wished to go and see for himself.

THE SOLDIER CAUGHT HIM UP ON HIS SADDLE.

So he took several ships and many men and sailed to Cuba.

From there he went to Florida. He had with him priests and workmen and soldiers. He also had two or three hundred horses, a large herd of swine, and many bloodhounds.

The very first night that the Spaniards slept in the new land their troubles began. The Indians fell upon them and tried to kill those who were camped on shore.

If only the Spaniards could have known that they would never be safe from these enemies, perhaps they would have sailed back to Cuba. But instead they spent three dreadful years wandering over our continent.

De Soto's men found, near their camp, a deserted Indian village. So de Soto moved his soldiers there. Every day he sent out men to capture the natives who had lived in this village. He wished them for guides, and he wished to learn from them things about the country.

He could not talk to them well, for he did not know their language. But he gave every Indian he caught a present for his chief, and then let him go.

The presents made the chief very angry. "I hate the white men," he said. "Have you forgotten those Spaniards who killed my mother? Have you forgotten how they hurt me? Bring me no presents from them, until you can bring me their heads."

That was the way most of the Indians felt. For the Spaniards who had explored their country, before de Soto came, had been very cruel to them.

De Soto learned from the natives that there was a Spaniard living with another tribe. He sent men to rescue him. One party came upon a small band of Indians. All the Indians but two got away and hid in the forest.

The soldiers were just about to kill one of these men, when he cried out, using a Spanish word:

"Are you a Spaniard?" shouted a soldier.

"Yes, yes!" answered the man.

So the soldier caught him up on his saddle and rode off with him to de Soto. De Soto thanked God that this poor man was found. He had been a captive of the Indians for many years.

He could hardly speak his own language at first. He had almost forgotten how it sounded. But he had learned the languages of many Indian tribes.

De Soto was glad to have some way of making the natives understand him. The poor Spaniard was glad to be with his countrymen once more.

Now de Soto marched toward the north. The country was full of swamps. Sometimes the Indian guides led the Spaniards into them. The march was very hard. The soldiers lost courage. They found no gold and they wished to give up the search.

But de Soto would not give up. Always he heard of countries a little farther on, where gold could be

found. And should he turn back when gold was within reach?

Along the march the Spaniards stole the maize which the Indians had raised. Sometimes this left the Indians starving. They captured the natives and made them their slaves. They chained them in couples so that the slaves could not run away. They stole the Indian women for servants.

They were so cruel that they did not act at all like Christians. Everywhere the Indians learned to hate them. And so the first year of the Spaniards' wandering was passed.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

THE country through which the Spaniards marched was often beautiful. The soil was rich. But they could not stop to plant things. They must hurry on for gold.

Their provisions began to give out. The woods were full of deer and wild turkeys. There were fish in the streams. But the soldiers were not good hunters and fishermen. So they often went hungry.

They did not dare kill all their pigs. They must keep some of them. So at last they suffered much from want of meat.

Still they found no gold. But always they heard of it from the Indians, and it seemed only a little farther on. So on they wandered.

At one place an Indian queen came to meet de Soto. She was not afraid of him. She threw around his neck a heavy string of pearls, which she had worn. She gave him presents of mantles made of feathers.

She saw that he liked the pearls best. So she told him where her people had buried large quantities of them. The Spaniards dug where she told them and found many pounds of pearls. But they were not very valuable ones.

When de Soto marched away, he took this kind queen captive. He meant to carry her with him, but she escaped.

De Soto then turned toward the south. If he had kept on northward, he would have found a little gold. But he did not know this, and so he traveled away from it.

At last he came to a large Indian village. It had many houses and was surrounded by palisades. A palisade is a high fence made of pointed sticks, set close together.

De Soto attacked this town. His men set it on fire. Many Indians were killed. The Spaniards did not care for this. But they did care because most of their own baggage was lost in the fire they themselves had kindled.

Their clothing was burned and so was the food their slaves carried for them. Perhaps they wished they had not set fire to the Indian village.

De Soto learned that he was within a week's march of the coast. He heard that two ships, filled with provisions, were sailing up and down, searching for him. He tried to keep this news from his soldiers. He feared they would desert him and go back to Cuba.

But some of his men heard of the ships, and they did plan to desert. Now de Soto was a very proud man. He did not wish news of his bad luck to reach Cuba.

One hundred of his men had died since he started. He had lost his pearls. He was ashamed to have people know that he had not found gold.

So he did not even send word to his wife, who was governor of Cuba while he was away. When he learned that some of his soldiers planned to desert him, he started at once to march on again.

One night the Indians attacked him and his men. They shot arrows covered with burning

grass among the huts of the Spaniards. These set the huts on fire.

The Spaniards were so surprised that they could not save even their clothes. Their blankets and

"NO," SAID OTHERS, "IT MUST BE A RIVER."

saddles and weapons were burned. Nearly all their hogs and many of their horses were lost.

So they had to forge new swords and make spears. They dressed themselves in skins, and braided mats of dried grass for blankets. This was hard for them, but they had deserved it.

On and on they wandered through the wilderness, until one day they came in sight of a large piece of water.

"Another lake," some cried. "Now we must travel far around this."

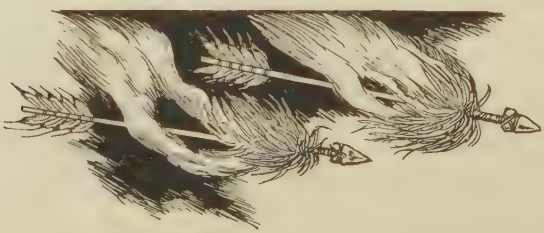
"No," said others. "This is not a lake. See how swiftly the water runs past us. Who ever heard of a lake flowing along? It must be a river."

"But whoever saw such a wide river?" said some of the soldiers.

And indeed it was wide. It was so wide that the Spaniards could not tell an Indian from a deer, on the farther side.

The water was thick and yellow with the mud it carried along. The Spaniards called it the "Grand River," but we call it by the Indian name Mississippi, which means "The Great Father of Waters."

De Soto and his men were not glad to find this great river. It was in their way. They wished to march on, and this mighty stream stopped them. They must halt and make boats in which to cross. So they set to work building boats to take the army across the wide Mississippi.



LOST IN NORTH AMERICA

At last de Soto's boats were finished, and his whole army was across the Mississippi.

Now the Spaniards wandered on, still hunting for gold. They found none, but they found some wonderful springs. These were salt water, instead of fresh water springs.

They learned about the bison, or American buffalo, which lived farther north. They bought skins of these animals from the Indians. These skins made very warm robes.

At last de Soto, too, became discouraged. He said he would turn his march toward the ocean. Then he could send to Cuba for more soldiers and supplies.

He sent out men to find the nearest way to the sea. When they returned, they brought bad news. In eight days they had been able to go but a little way because of the great swamps and dense forests.

De Soto was worn out with hardships and disappointments. He could not bear this last misfortune. He fell ill with a fever. Then one day he died in his camp near the "Father of Waters."

His soldiers did not wish the natives to know this. They had been told that de Soto was the son of the Sun and could not die.

So one dark night they wrapped him in mantles made heavy with sand. Then they rowed to the middle of the river. They gently sunk de Soto's body there.

And there he has slept ever since — his grave in the wonderful river he discovered.

His soldiers and their new leader then tried to find their way to the Spanish settlements in Mexico.

THEY GENTLY SUNK DE SOTO'S BODY.

They wandered far to the west and lost themselves in the great forest. They asked the Indians they found, but none of them knew the way. The Indians everywhere attacked them. The Spaniards were sick, starving, and in despair.

At last they turned back to the great river. They would try one more way to save themselves from dying. They did not know where the river flowed, but they would sail down it and perhaps find help.

In six months they had built seven frail boats. They used every scrap of iron they had for nails and spikes. Then they twisted the inner bark of a tree for ropes. The Indians gave them mantles of matting for sails. They stole the Indians' maize for food. They killed all the hogs and most of the horses for meat.

They were many days reaching the mouth of the Mississippi. Then they did not know that they were in the Gulf of Mexico. They noticed that the water was not salt for many miles after they had left the bank of the river.

They knew that sea water is salt. Could they really be out on the sea then? This was because the great river is so strong that it sends its fresh water many miles from land. But the Spaniards did not understand it.

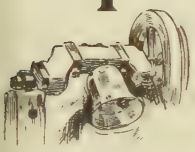
They did not know which way to steer, but they turned their ships westward. They kept close to the coast to watch for a settlement. They sailed nearly two months in their frail ships, looking and looking for help.

Then one day they saw a Spanish flag floating in the breeze. They knew they had at last found friends. How they must have shouted when they saw their own flag once more!

They were half naked and nearly starved. They looked more like wild beasts than like men. But they fell on their knees and kissed the ground when they landed among their own people.

They thought of their many friends left in the pathless forests. Some were dead; some were captives of the Indians. They thought of brave de Soto, laid to rest in the deep river. Then they thanked God that they were saved and with their countrymen once more.

THE KING'S TREASURE HOUSE



THERE was a brave Englishman whose name was Francis Drake. He sailed the Spanish Seas and captured many treasures from the Spaniards.

Spain had become a rich and powerful country. She was not willing to share her riches. She owned much new land. She wished to own all the new waters. So she claimed the Gulf of Mexico for herself. She also claimed the wide Pacific.

No English ship had ever sailed on the Pacific, and Spain made up her mind that no English ship ever should. Since Magellan's voyage, no one had sailed through his passage. The waters were too stormy.

So Spain felt very sure about keeping the South Sea for her own. Her treasure ships from Peru sailed safely to Panama. Then the gold was carried on mules across the Isthmus of Darien.

It was stored at Nombre de Dios, a town on the Atlantic shore. At this place there was a building called the King's Treasure House. It was filled with gold and silver belonging to the Spaniards.

In those days the English and Spaniards were not friends. They hated each other. The English

sailors would often fight against the Spanish sailors. Sometimes they would capture or sink each other's ships.

Brave Englishmen would sail over the waters Spain claimed, seeking for ships to attack. These waters were called the Spanish Main.

At last one Englishman planned a daring deed. This was Francis Drake. He planned to sail across the Atlantic to Nombre de Dios. Then he meant to capture from the Spaniards the gold and silver in the King's Treasure House.

So Francis Drake sailed his ships near to Nombre de Dios. Then he hid them in a little cove. When it was dark, he and his men silently rowed toward the town.

HE RAN TO RING THE ALARM BELLS.

They made no noise. They spoke in whispers. They wished to surprise the

Spaniards. Then their enemies would not be guarding the Treasure House.

But the moon came out. And as Drake's men were creeping up the stairs of the wharf, a Spanish sentinel saw them. At first he thought them ghosts. He did not know that any Englishmen were in that part of the world.

Then he turned and ran with all his might to ring the alarm bells. The bells waked all the Spanish soldiers. They came running to see what was the trouble.

Drake was caught. But he knew what to do. He began to fight the Spaniards in the market-place.

While he was fighting, he said to some of his men, "Run to the King's Treasure House. You will not find many guards there. Break open the doors. Take what treasure you can. Carry it to the boats. I will keep these soldiers busy fighting."

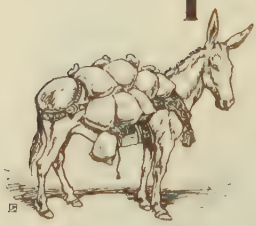
So the Spanish soldiers fought Drake, and did not think to watch their Treasure House. When Drake's men broke down the doors, they saw piles and piles of bars of solid silver.

Just then mules came galloping to the door, driven by some Spaniards. These mules were to take the treasure away to a safe place till the fight should be over.

But the Englishmen captured them. They loaded the silver on their backs. Then they drove them swiftly down to the boat.

Drake and his soldiers soon came, too. Drake had been wounded and his men carried him. But they hurried on board and started toward their ships. Soon they and their silver were safe.

FRANCIS DRAKE'S WISH



FRANCIS DRAKE sailed the Spanish Main for six months after he captured his first treasures. He did not go home to England. He wished to trouble the Spaniards more. He hated them and longed to take all their treasures from them.

He learned from the Indians when a mule train, loaded with gold, would cross the Isthmus. This gold came from Peru. It would go into the King's Treasure House at Nombre de Dios.

There was no use in trying to attack the Treasure House again. The Spaniards would be sure that

UP THE TRUNK OF A GREAT TREE DRAKE CLIMBED.

it was better guarded. But one thing Drake could do. He could leave his ships and march inland.

Then he could lie in wait for the caravan of mules. He could attack the Spaniards in charge of them. Maybe he could capture the gold they carried.

Led by an Indian guide, a few of the Englishmen started. They marched by night and hid by day. They were always in fear of meeting Spaniards. At last the guide led Drake to the top of a hill. Up the trunk of a great tree Drake climbed. Then he looked about him. He looked toward the south. He saw something that no Englishman had ever seen.

Far beyond the mountains, and hills, and valleys something blue lay shining in the sun. It was the South Sea, the great Pacific Ocean.

Never had English eyes looked upon those waters. Never had English ships sailed upon them. When Francis Drake saw that blue ocean stretching westward, he wished to sail upon it.

He seemed to care for nothing so much as to steer his ship through those waters. He fell on his knees and prayed a prayer. His prayer asked God to grant him his wish of sailing an English ship on that Spanish Sea.

That night an Indian came to camp with news that the mule train was near. Drake hid his men in the tall grass near the trail and waited.

One hour passed. All was quiet. Two hours passed. The English still waited patiently. Then came the sound of hoofs. Soon the pack train was in sight. Now was Drake's time to capture it.

But before he could tell his men what to do, something happened. A foolish Englishman leaped up and yelled. In a second the mule train had run away.

So Drake and his men never got that gold. The Spaniards hid it in the woods and hid themselves, too.

Then the Englishmen had to get back to their ships. The Spaniards were now on the lookout for them. But they dodged their enemies safely and reached the coast. They built a raft and floated

about on it until they reached their ships. Then they were safe from the Spaniards.

They had had adventures enough, and Drake turned home at last. One Sunday his ships anchored in Plymouth Harbor in England.

The people who were in church heard that Drake had come home. They could not wait for the service to be over. Out rushed every man, woman, and child, leaving the pews empty — they were in such a hurry to see bold Francis Drake and his ships, loaded with Spanish treasures.

The silver which Drake had taken from the King's Treasure House made him very rich. He was so rich that he could buy a fine castle and have many servants. But Drake did not care for these. He wished for one thing only.

This was to sail an English ship on the South Sea. He wished to show the Spaniards that the South Sea was not theirs. He wished to prove to them that he was not afraid to sail upon it.

The Queen of England was Queen Elizabeth. She was glad to have such a brave man as Francis Drake for her sailor. She was willing he should sail the South Sea if he could.

So Drake set out with five ships. Every one thought he was going to Africa to trade. If he had told where he really was going, the Spaniards

would have heard of it. Then they would have been on their guard.

THE ENGLISH DRAGON

FRANCIS DRAKE and his five ships sailed across the Atlantic Ocean. They reached the coast of South America. They anchored in a harbor where Magellan had anchored more than fifty years before.

Two of Drake's ships gave out and he was left with only three. Drake meant to sail through the Strait of Magellan and into the Pacific Ocean.

Then he meant to cruise about, capturing Spanish ships. It was a daring thing to do. He did not seem to think that some of them might capture him.

When Drake reached the Pacific Ocean, he renamed his ship the *Golden Hind*.

A great storm came up and Drake was driven far below South America. He saw the waves of the Atlantic and the Pacific sweep together. One of his ships was lost and one sailed back to England.

So the little *Golden Hind* was left all alone to sail the South Sea.

Drake steered the *Golden Hind* northward into the forbidden waters of the Pacific. Not a Spaniard was seen, till he came to a Spanish town on the coast.

Here were Spanish ships in the harbor. They had no thought of seeing an English vessel on that side of South America. So they saluted and beat a welcome on their drums.

But Drake soon showed that he was an Englishman. He captured the ships and sacked the town. He got from the fort gems and wedges of pure gold. Then he sailed on north.

At one place where Drake landed, he found a Spaniard asleep, with thirteen bars of silver piled beside him. He was waiting for a Spanish ship.

When he awoke, he found a ship had called, but it had been an English one. Drake had taken the silver.

Farther on, Drake landed again to see what treasures were coming over the hills to the coast. Along a trail came a boy whistling, as he drove eight llamas. Each llama carried black leather sacks full of gold.

The sailors were wild with delight. So much Spanish gold for their own! But Drake meant to have still more. He had heard of the treasure ship

which carried gold from Peru to Panama. What if the *Golden Hind* could capture her?

Already news was being sent up the coast by

THE FIGHT WAS SOON OVER.

land that "The English Dragon" was near. That was the Spanish name for Drake. He knew he must sail swiftly, to be ahead of the messengers.

He heard that the treasure ship had started. He knew he must overtake her before she reached Panama. It was a race for gold. The wind fell, but Drake's brave sailors towed the *Golden Hind* by rowing the small boats.

They hardly stopped to eat or to sleep. They must catch *The Glory of the South Sea*, the Spanish treasure ship. They must not lose her.

One afternoon the lookout shouted, "Sail ho!" Every man on board knew that a fight was coming. Soon they were close to *The Glory of the South Sea*.

She stopped and waited for them. Her captain did not know that "The English Dragon" was near. He thought the *Golden Hind* was a Spanish ship.

The fight was soon over and the treasure ship was Drake's. On her were emeralds and pearls, tons of silver, and pounds of gold.

There was treasure enough to make all of Drake's men rich. They had no need to look for other ships to capture. The *Golden Hind* could hold no more heavy gold and silver. So now for England!

Drake did not dare go home by the Strait of Magellan. All the Spanish ships would be waiting to catch him. He must go some other way. He

steered up the coast of North America, hunting for a passage through. But he found none.

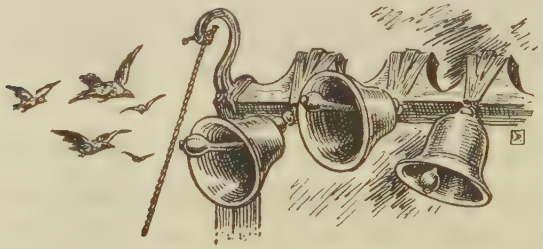
Then he knew that he must sail across the wide Pacific as Magellan had sailed. He had taken some charts of the Pacific from a captured Spanish ship.

This was good luck, for only the Spaniards knew the way across the ocean. He steered by these charts to the Philippines, then around Africa, and so back to Plymouth Harbor. "The English Dragon" was at home once more.

Bells were set ringing. Messengers rode to London to tell the queen. The news spread.

People said, "Francis Drake has come home."—"His ship is loaded with Spanish treasure."—"He has sailed around the world." Every one was glad to have him safe in England.

So Francis Drake's wish came true. He wished to sail an English ship over that Spanish Sea. He wished to show the Spaniards that the sea was not theirs. All of this he did.



SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN

THIS is a story of another Frenchman. His name was Samuel de Champlain. He came across the sea to find out all he could about New France.

People had learned that there were many wild animals in the new country. Their fur was very valuable. France wished to keep all these furs. She did not wish any other nation to be able to buy and sell them.

So it seemed best to make settlements in New France. If the French made villages, other nations could not claim that part of North America. The people who settled there could buy furs from the Indians. They could trap animals and get the skins themselves. Then they could send the skins to France to be sold.

So Samuel de Champlain crossed the ocean several times to explore New France. He looked for good places to make settlements. He noticed whether the climate was hot or cold, and whether the soil was rich enough to make good farms.

He looked to see what trees, berries, and vegetables were found in New France. He learned all he could about the Indians who lived there.

One day he landed in what is now the state of Maine. There he found Indians who did not plant maize. They lived by hunting and fishing. They made snowshoes to use when the snow was deep in winter. The heavy animals they hunted would sink in the soft snow at every step.

The Indians on their snowshoes would not sink, so they could overtake the animals and kill them.

These snowshoes looked very queer to the Frenchmen. They were like racquets, with which they played a game. But who ever heard of walking on racquets?

Farther south Champlain found Indians who lived in big huts. These huts were covered with oak bark and surrounded by palisades. Several families lived in each one.

They painted their faces red and black. They shaved the tops of their heads. The rest of their hair grew long. In the long hair they twisted feathers.

They did not live by hunting. They had gardens. In these they planted corn, several grains in a hill, as we do. With the corn they planted beans. Besides these vegetables, they raised squashes, pumpkins, and tobacco.

All these things grew in the New World and did not need to be brought from France.

The Indians had no plows with which to turn up the earth. They used a sort of spade made of wood. They also used the shells of large crabs for shovels.

In another place Champlain found that the Indians used hollow logs for canoes. The inside of the log was burned out with fire.

THE FRENCHMAN STARTED AFTER THE RED MAN.

It took great care to make these canoes, for the fire must not burn the edge of the log. If it blazed too fast, they poured on water to stop it. Canoes like these tipped over very easily. The Indians had to sit carefully in the middle of them, unless they wished a ducking.

Champlain visited the harbor of Plymouth, where the English settled fifteen years later. There he found the Indians living in round wigwams covered

with mats. At the top of each wigwam was an opening for smoke to pass out.

Near almost every wigwam was a garden. These Indians did not have storehouses for their corn. They did not keep it in their wigwams during the winter. Instead they put it into sacks of grass.

They dug trenches in the earth and laid the sacks in the trenches. They covered them with piles of sand.

At every place where Champlain stopped, he learned more about the Indians. Sometimes he learned good things, sometimes bad things. He found that they were not always honest, that they would steal if they could. And at last he found that he could not trust them to be friendly.

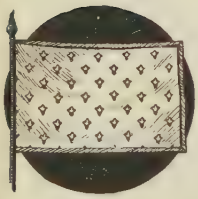
For at one place some of his men landed to get water at a spring. An Indian ran up and snatched a kettle from one of them. Of course the Frenchman started after the red man to get his kettle.

He was shot with arrows by other red men, who were watching. The French on board the ship then fired at the Indians. Champlain's gun burst and nearly killed him. But the Indians ran into the woods, and the sailors got back to their ship.

Soon after this Champlain steered north again. He had learned more about the coast of New Eng-

land than any other man knew. And he could tell his king much about the Indians and how they lived.

HOW CHAMPLAIN WENT ON THE WARPATH



SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN had made a little settlement at Quebec, on the St. Lawrence River. One day a young Indian chief visited Quebec. He belonged to the Algonquin tribe of Indians.

Everything he saw at the white men's village astonished him. He wished to have the white men for his friends.

So he said to Champlain, "In the spring my people go upon the warpath. We go to fight our enemies, the Iroquois. Come with us and help us."

Champlain was always glad to travel. He liked to see new places. So he promised that he would go.

When spring came, Champlain and some of his men went to meet his friends, the Algonquins. Most of them had never seen white people. They could hardly stop looking at the Frenchmen.

Champlain and the Indians paddled up the St.

Lawrence. After a few days they came to the mouth of another river. This empties into the St. Lawrence. We call it the Richelieu.

Up this river they turned. Their enemies, the Iroquois, lived toward the south. The Algonquins had told Champlain that he could go all the way in his sailboat. But Champlain found, in the Richelieu, rapids which he could not pass.

He had heard from the Indians about a great lake near them. He wished to see it for himself. He wished to see the islands in it and the forests about it. He wished to see the high mountains which surround it.

He said to the Algonquins, "My friends, the Algonquins, have not been honest with me. They have not told me the truth. But I will be honest with them. I promised to go on the warpath against the Iroquois. I will keep my promise."

He sent most of his men back to Quebec in his sailboat. But he and two of his soldiers went on with the Indians.

The Algonquins were much pleased because Champlain did not turn back. They kept saying that they would show him beautiful things. They carried their canoes through the woods past the rapids. When they came to smoother water, they got into the canoes again.

THEY CARRIED THEIR CANOES THROUGH THE WOODS.

At night the party always stopped. The Indians built shelters of bark. They cut down trees around their huts to protect them from the enemy. Several braves would go out from camp to see if any Iroquois were near.

If they found none, they all went to sleep. No

one kept watch. They had no sentinels. Champlain did not like this. He thought it was careless.

He said, "Some night your enemies will surprise you. You will not be ready to fight them. Then they will kill you."

But the Algonquins said, "We are too tired to sit up all night and watch. This is the way we have always done." And they would not listen to Champlain.

The Algonquins believed in dreams. Every morning they asked Champlain what he had dreamed. One night he dreamed that he saw the Iroquois drowning in the lake. When he told the Indians this, they were very happy.

They said, "This means that we shall kill our enemies."

At last the Richelieu became very wide. Soon they entered the lake which now bears Champlain's name. It stretched as far south as Champlain could see. On the left rose the ranges which we call the Green Mountains. On the opposite shore were the Adirondacks.

Champlain said that he saw snow on the tops of the Green Mountains. But he must have been mistaken. It was July, and no snow would have been there in the middle of summer.

The Algonquins told Champlain that the Iro-

quois lived among the mountains on both sides of the lake. They were now near the enemies' country. So they traveled by night and hid in the woods by day.

One night, as they paddled silently along, they saw canoes moving on the lake in front of them. These canoes were the boats of the Iroquois.

The Iroquois landed and began to cut down trees to protect themselves. All night long the Algonquins staid in their canoes, singing and shouting. When morning came, they landed, too, and the battle began.

The Algonquins said to Champlain, "Shoot the Iroquois chiefs if you can. You will know them because they wear tall plumes."

Champlain answered, "I will do my best."

The Iroquois moved toward the Algonquins. Just then the Algonquins parted and Champlain stepped in front of them. The Iroquois were astonished. They had never seen a white man. They stopped.

Champlain raised his gun and fired. One of the chiefs fell. Then his soldiers fired, too. The Iroquois were afraid of the guns. They did not know what to do. So they turned and ran into the forest and the battle was over.

This is the way that Samuel de Champlain went

on the warpath with his friends, the Algonquins, and found beautiful Lake Champlain.

THE DUTCH SHIP "HALF MOON"

ONCE upon a time there lived an Englishman named Henry Hudson. He was a wise sailor. Many kings wished him to explore for them. But he decided to explore for the Dutch people.

Hudson started on his trip in the very same year that Champlain discovered Lake Champlain. He was to search for a short route to Cathay by sailing east and around Asia. But the sea so far north was full of ice, and the sailors suffered with cold.

So Hudson said he would turn west and search the shore of North America for a passage. We have read about other men who hunted for that same passage.

Hudson steered his ship along the coast where Champlain had sailed. He found many things which Champlain had found. His men did not trust the Indians, and were often cruel to them.

He saw French vessels, but kept out of their way. He was not sure the French would wish him to explore the country they claimed.

At last the Dutch ship sailed as far south as that part of our country which we call Virginia.

There, Hudson knew, was an English settlement. And there lived a friend of his, Captain John Smith. But Hudson did not stop. He did not think the English would wish him to explore the country which they claimed.

So he turned his ship north again and entered what is now New York Harbor. Verrazzano had stopped at this same spot nearly ninety years before.

It was September and about two months after Champlain had discovered his lake. The Dutch and English sailors were delighted with the harbor they had found. The water was deep and there were many fish.

The Indians they saw were dressed in deerskins. They were friendly and willing to trade with the crew. But the sailors could not trust them. Once the Indians set upon a small boat load of white men, who had been exploring the shore.

They shot arrows at the sailors. It began to rain, and the sailors' guns would not go off in the rain. One man was killed. It became dark, and they could not find their ship. So they rowed to and fro

during that long, stormy night. At last morning came and they saw the *Half Moon*.

The *Half Moon* then sailed up the stream which we call the Hudson River.

When the vessel anchored, she was visited by many canoes filled with men, women, and children. The crew did not allow any of these Indians to go on board.

But they traded with them. They exchanged knives, beads, and hatchets for oysters, beans, corn, pumpkins, tobacco, grapes, and furs.

At last the *Half Moon* reached the place where the city of Albany now is. Hudson decided to turn back, for the water was growing shallow. On the way down the river he had trouble with the Indians.

One Indian kept his canoe close to the stern of the *Half Moon*. When no one was looking, he climbed up the rudder to the cabin window. From the cabin he stole a pillow and two shirts.

A sailor saw him and shot at him. The next day many Indians attacked the Dutch vessel. The crew fired guns at them and drove them off.

Soon after this, the *Half Moon* sailed away for the Dutch city of Amsterdam. But when she reached England, some of the sailors made Hudson land. He did not wish to stop. He wished to get

back to the Dutch people, who had sent him on the voyage.

He wished to tell them where he had been and what he had seen. He wished them to know of the river he had explored and of the great bay where he had anchored.

Before he could set sail from England, King James forbade him to leave the country. Probably the king did not wish him to discover lands for other nations. Hudson was an Englishman. He had to obey his own king.

HE CLIMBED UP THE RUDDER.

So he did not explore again for the Dutch. But they must have been well satisfied with his voyage.

He did not find the way to Cathay, but he claimed for the Dutch a part of North America. Some years later the Dutch made a settlement where the city of New York now stands.

LOCKED IN THE ICE

HENRY HUDSON was next sent out by England to explore. He was to find a northwest passage to Cathay. People could not give up searching for that short route.

When his vessel reached Iceland, his men saw a mountain which spouted fire. This was a volcano. The sailors were afraid of it. They thought it meant that they would have bad luck on their voyage.

They found on the shore a hot spring. Here all the Englishmen bathed. One of the men said, "The water was hot enough to scald a fowl."

Near the coast of Greenland they saw many whales. Two came so close to them that the sailors were much frightened. They feared the whales would knock the vessel over. One swam under the ship, but did not upset it.

Then they began to see huge icebergs. One of these turned over in the water when they were quite close to it. This showed the sailors that they must keep away from icebergs, if they did not wish their vessel smashed into pieces.

The men became more and more afraid. Everything frightened them. Some of them really fell sick with fear.

They began to hate Hudson for taking them to that dreadful place, just as Columbus's men had hated him. They would hardly do their work.

Hudson did not know what to say. But there was another brave man on that ship. This was the ship's carpenter. He talked to the other sailors, and at last they went back to their work.

At one place, where some of the men landed, they found many round heaps of stones like haycocks. These mounds were hollow, and filled with birds hanging by their necks. They were Eskimo storehouses.

The sailors wished Hudson to take the fowls for provisions. But he would not stop long enough. He was in a hurry.

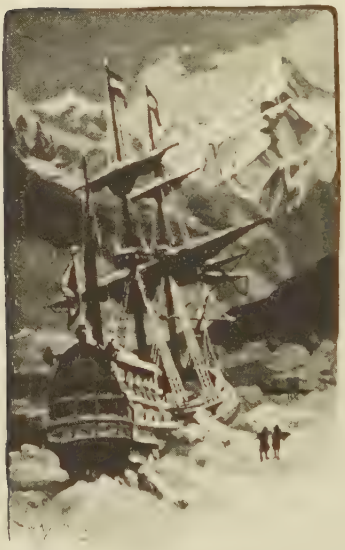
Every day he expected to discover the passage. He had sailed to the westward and was now in Hudson Bay. All the summer and all the autumn he searched and searched.

He searched so long that cold weather came on. Then he knew that he must spend the winter in that bay. During November his ship was frozen fast in the ice.

He had provisions for only six months. He

knew it would be longer than that before his vessel would be free from the ice which held it fast.

His crew were angry because they were caught in that cold country. They were angry when they thought of the store-houses full of birds. If only Hudson had taken those, they were sure they would have had plenty of food.



HIS SHIP WAS FROZEN FAST IN THE ICE.

That winter was a dreadful time. They were so far north that the cold was terrible. Some of the men died. Most of them had their feet frozen. They had very little to eat.

When spring came, the ice in the bay broke. The men could see open water about them. But their vessel was still frozen fast, and they could not sail away in her.

They wandered here and there in search of something to eat. Sometimes they even ate a kind of moss. This is good food for reindeer, but not for

men. One of the sailors said, "I believe the powder of a post would taste much better."

And so these poor people lived, and watched the ice melt from their ship. They expected Hudson to sail at once for England when the ship was free. We shall see whether he did so.

ADRIFT ON HUDSON BAY

At last the vessel was free from the ice. Did Henry Hudson turn toward home? No, he still wished to search for that passage. He was sure he should soon find it. Then he could sail onward to Cathay. There he could get plenty of food.

His sailors did not wish to do this. They had had enough of searching. They longed for England. So they tried to find some excuse to disobey their captain.

Hudson divided among his men what little food remained. He gave each one an equal share. But the sailors pretended that they thought he had kept more for himself than he gave to them.

One night they all rose, seized the ship, and made

Hudson a prisoner. The next morning they put Hudson, his son, and six men who were sick into a little boat and set them adrift.

When the carpenter saw what was going on, he said, "You are murderers. Don't you know that these men will die? They have no food. They cannot sail in this little open boat. If you do this, you will be hanged when you reach England."

But the sailors said, "We do not care."

Then what do you suppose that brave carpenter did? He said, "You are not honest men. I will not sail with you any longer. I would rather die than leave my captain as you are doing. If you are bound to set him adrift, I will go with him."

He took a gun, some powder and shot, an iron pot, and some meal. With these few supplies the little boat was left alone on that great bay.

The sailors then steered for home. But many of them became so weak from want of food that they died before reaching England. Those who lived suffered terribly. They were well punished for their dreadful deed.

And what became of those poor sick men set adrift in Hudson Bay? What became of Henry Hudson and the brave carpenter, who chose to lose his life rather than to desert his captain?

No one knows. When the English people heard

what had been done to Hudson, they sent out a ship to search for him. But the ship never found a sign of that boat load of brave men.

Perhaps they starved to death. Perhaps their boat was wrecked. Perhaps the fierce animals of the Northland killed them. We shall never know.

WORDS TO BE EXPLAINED AND PRONOUNCED

Little Christopher Columbus

Italian
Genoa
wharf
harbor
cargo
statue
fastened
Boston
wool comber
arithmetic

The First Voyage of Columbus

cousin
crew
countries
merchants
enemy
vessel
lashed
bombs
Portugal
remained
charts
convent
Filippa (fe-le′pä)

Columbus plans a Long Voyage

carved
perfectly
countrymen
paddle
islands
Diego (dē-ā′gō)
curious
traded
distant
spices
precious
India

King John of Portugal

interested
decided
splendid
discouraged
Spain

Columbus and Diego go to Spain

monk
prior
La Rabida (lä rä′be-dä)
Juan (hōō-än′)
Ferdinand
Isabella
court
route
messenger
palace
foreheads
nobles
suffered

Queen Isabella of Spain

explained
patiently
governor
honor
sorrowful
promise
France
bracelets
furnish
wonderful
journey

The Three Ships

Santa Maria (sän′tä mä-re′ä)
Pinta (pēn′tä)
Niña (nēn′yä)
Spanish
admiral
commander
uncertain
dragons
frightened
promise
solemn
courage
Palos (pä′lōs)
doubtful
prow
creaking

Land at Last

anxious
disgraced
beehives
copper-colored
forgiveness
scarlet
knelt
possession
acquainted
Indians
continents
Hispaniola
(es-păn-yo'lä)
climate
deserted
timbers
fort
guard

Sailing Back to Spain

occasion
procession
South America

America

discouraging
Columbia
records
proved
famous
Amerigo Vespucci
(ä-mä-re'go ves-poot'che)

John Cabot

discoveries
explorer
England
Venice
Sebastian
northern
dangerous
icebergs
Englishman
Italy
snare
satisfied

The New Continent

disappointed
globe
compass

Dōn Diego

treasure
jealous
honored
neglected
group
West Indies
relatives
Ponce de Leon
(pōn'thâ dā lâ-ōn')
Porto Rico
(pōr'to re'ko)

The Search for Fairyland

metals
elixir
fountain
surrounded
magic
everlasting
youth
Florida
fragrance
Spaniards
wharves
claimed
settlement
attacked
wounded
Cuba

The Southern Continent

Pacific
Atlantic
fashion
exactly
excited
eastern
western
temples
Isthmus of Panama
connects

The Man who hid in the Barrel

Darien
permission
provisions
barren
shipwrecked
Vasco de Balboa
(väs'ko dă bäl-bo'a)
Francisco Pizarro
(frän-thēs'ko pe-thär'ro)
mainland
unfriendly
toil
hardship
succeeded
colony
Peru

The South Sea

stretched
llama
burdens
ornaments
successful

Sailing to Mexico

Cordova (kor′do-vä)
pilot
companions
Hernando Cortez (er-nan′do kôr′tez)

The First Treasures

Montezuma (mon-te-zoo′ma)
Mexican
shields
helmets
mantles
astonished

The Sinking of the Ships

persuade
Aztecs
worshiped
idols
altars
conquer
Vera Cruz (va′rä krooz)

Wonderful Sights

volcano
reams
disputes
bolts
Tlascala (tläs-kä′lä)
Tlascalans (tläs′kä-länz)
capture

The City of Mexico

crater
icicles
situated
capital
vegetables
vanilla
flavoring
chocolate
canals
cacao
(kȧ-kā′o *or* ka′ko)
plentiful
aloe
(ăl′o)
canoes
thatch
fibers
quills
causeways
valuable

Aztec Children at School

weave
convenient
fraction

The Emperor Montezuma

governed
weapons
comrades
terrible

The Capture of Mexico

struggle
destroyed
grateful

Another Great Sailor

direction
Manuel (mä-nö-el′)
Ferdinand Magellan (ma-jĕl′an)
Portuguese
Vasco da Gama (dä gä′mä)
undertaking
determined

The Discovery of the Passage

Tierra del Fuego (te-er′rä del fwa′go)
strait

The Ship that sailed around the World

prepared
scarcely
biscuit
Philippine
(fil'ip-in)
natives
Victoria
port
eager

Pizarro and Almagro (äl-mä'grō)

swine
adventures
supplies
ammunition
poisoned
trinkets
desires

Pizarro's Second Adventure

ranges
sentinels
Andes
Tumbez
(toom'bath)
Peruvian
attached
powerful
Inca
(in'ka)
fleet

The Peruvians

Cuzco (koos'ko)
decorated
strew
stations

The Peruvians (*cont.*)

clothing
labor
lances

The Inca Atahuallpa (ä-tä-hwäl'pä)

embroidered
gayly
fringe
spurs

Hernando de Soto
(er-nän'do dā so'to)

A Room Full of Gold

linen
woolen
freedom
goblets
imitations

The Golden Country at Last

cañons
immense
quarreled

The Adventure of a French Sailor

Frenchmen
Francis
Verrazzano
(ver-rä-tsä'no)
gift
welcome
surf

The Frenchmen and the Indians

feathered
daubed
ill-treated
civilized
wigwams
silently
horrible
war whoops
tomahawks
squaw
papoose
Cathay

Norumbega
Jacques Cartier
(zhäk kar'tyā)

What Jacques Cartier Found

gulf
westward
St. Lawrence
fleurs-de-lis (flēr′dē-le′)

Up the St. Lawrence River

maize
pretended
warn
waterfowl
Montreal
families
dough
spruce
dreadful
rubies
quartz
crystal
diamonds

The March of Hernando de Soto

beheaded
tract
wandered
bloodhounds
guides
rescue
captive
couples
Christians

The Discovery of the Mississippi River

soil
quantities
escaped
northward
palisades
kindled
forge
braided
wilderness

Lost in North America

finished
bison
buffalo
disappointments
dense
despair
frail
spikes
naked
pathless

The King's Treasure House

Drake
daring
cove
ghosts
alarm
bars
solid

Nombre de Dios (nōm′brā dā de′ōs)

Francis Drake's Wish

caravan
trail
dodged
anchored
Plymouth
Elizabeth

The English Dragon

cruise
Golden Hind
forbidden
saluted
sacked
wedges
leather
emeralds

Samuel de Champlain

nation
racquets
squashes
crabs
trenches

How Champlain went on the Warpath

Quebec
Algonquin (ăl-gŏn′kwin)
Iroquois (ĭr-ō-kwoi′)
Richelieu (rē-shę-loo′)
rapids
smoother
shelters
protect
opposite
Adirondacks (ăd-i-rŏn′daks)

The Dutch Ship "Half Moon"

Hudson
Asia
Virginia
oysters
Albany
rudder
Amsterdam

Locked in the Ice

northwest
spouted
scald
whales
carpenter
Eskimo
November
reindeer

Adrift on Hudson Bay

murderers
weak